THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible] Weekly
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JAN. 4, 1913 5c. THE COPY

Beginning New Lives for Old—By the Author of One Way Out

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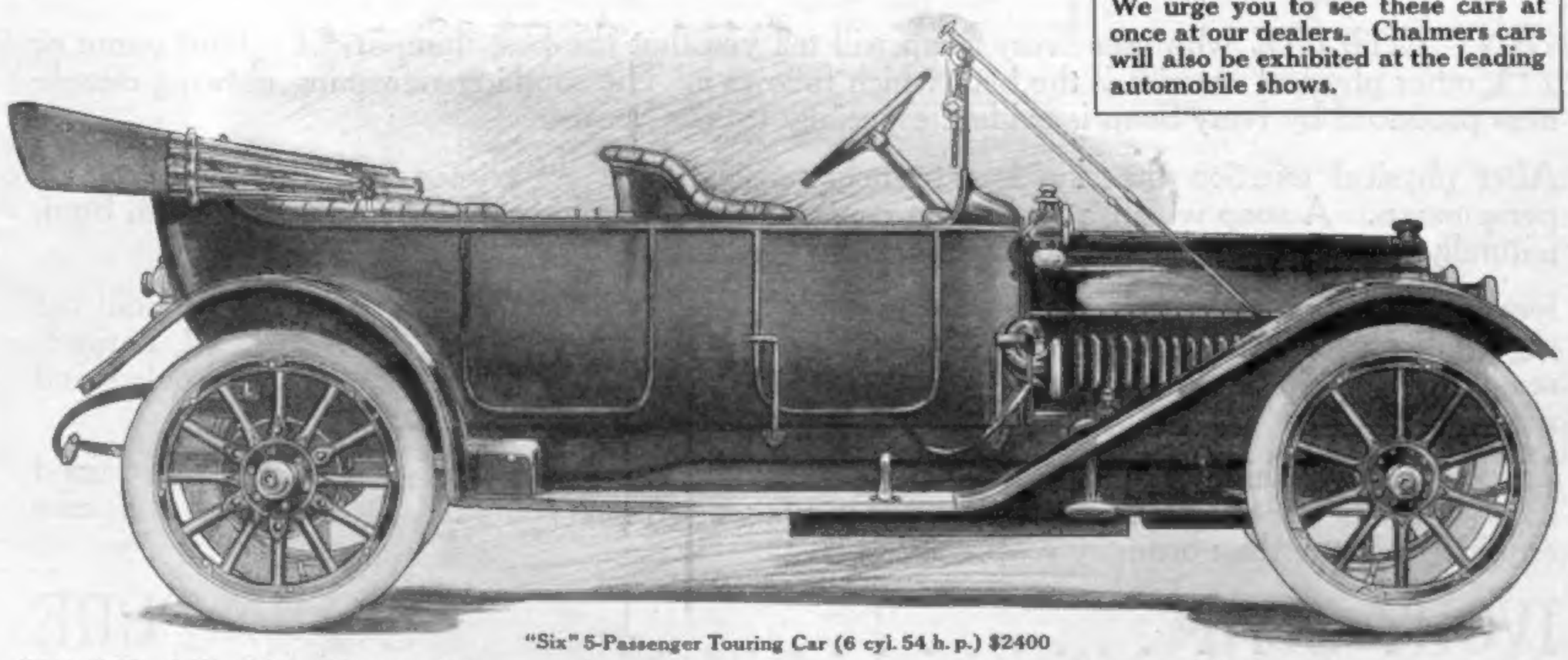

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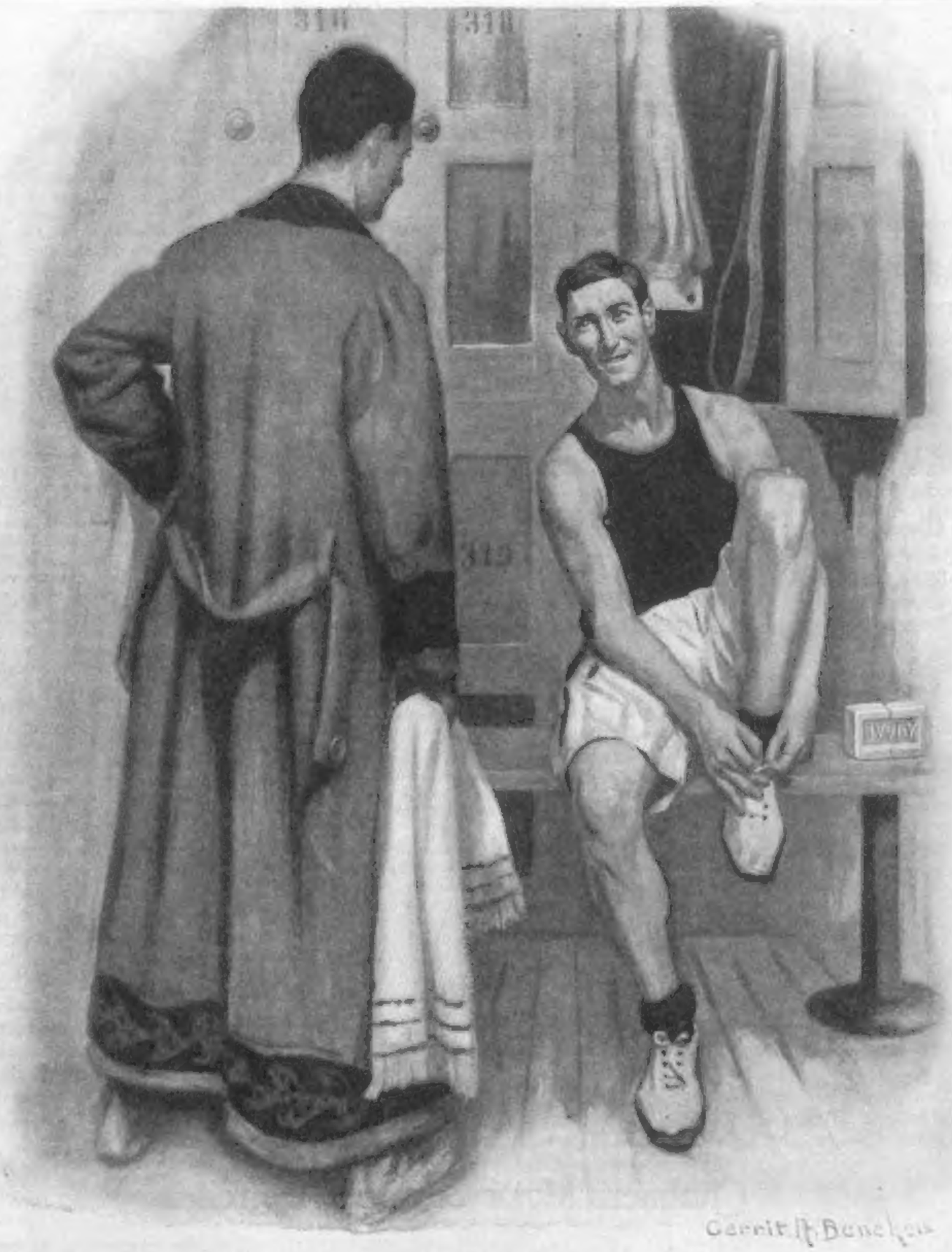

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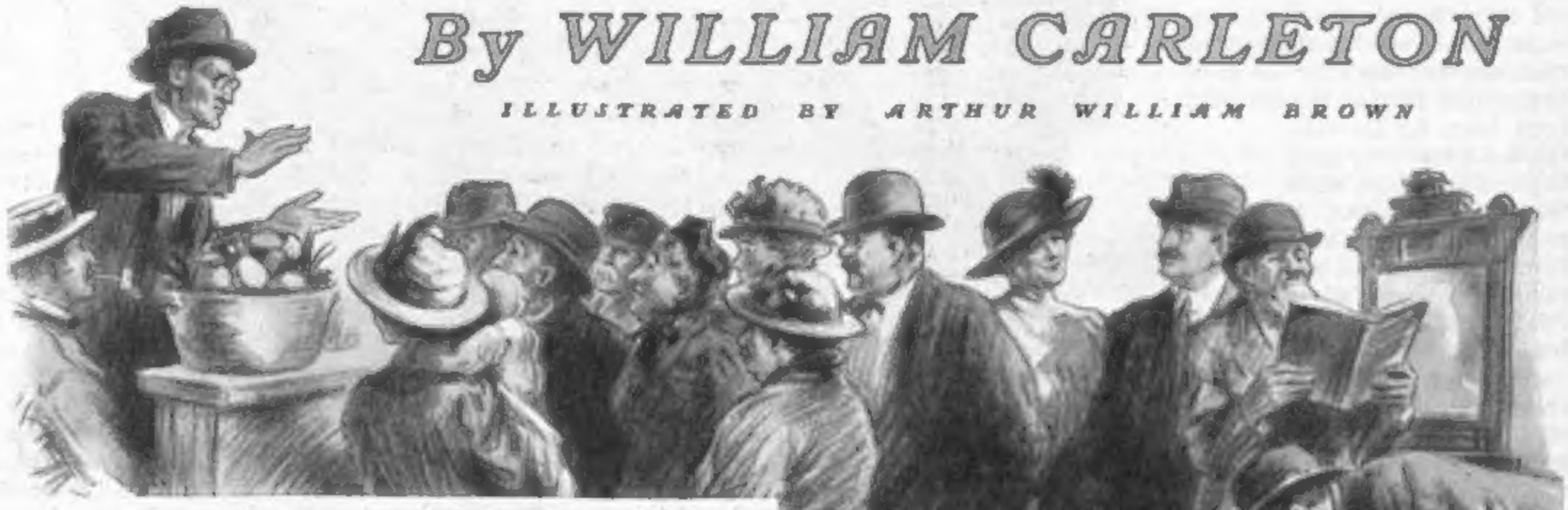
NEW LIVES FOR OLD

By WILLIAM CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



And in the Excitement of the Moment I Was on the Point of Bidding Six

THE first thing I did when I was fairly on my feet was to buy a farm. It was a matter of sentiment with me. All my family with the exception of my father had been farmers, and even he in his later years had talked wistfully of the independence of country life. His father had owned a fairly prosperous farm in New Hampshire and on his few acres had lived and died. He had raised there wheat for his flour, wool for his clothing, hides for his shoes, cream for his butter, and meat and vegetables for his table. He even made fairly good imitation tea and coffee, and sweetened the drink with maple sugar from his own trees. Grandfather Carleton, according to father, could have built a Chinese Wall about his fields and lived within its boundaries, asking favor of no man. I suppose it was the feeling of independence coming of this that made such a man as he a good American—the first to shoulder a musket for his country, the first to shoulder an ax and blaze a trail through the wilderness.

Ruth's folks, too, had all been farmers. She herself was born and bred on a farm, and I think it was that which gave her such good health and good courage. Though in the years of our struggle in the city I never heard her complain I knew that always in her heart she had a great yearning for the fields and open sky. She never spoke of this, but sometimes Ruth says a great deal when she doesn't speak. I know when I first told her of my plan she had to swallow hard to keep from crying.

One thing alone disturbed Ruth, and that was the thought that with success we were running away from our newfound friends.

"Somehow it seems as though we ought to stay right on here where we've made good and share our success with the others," she said.

"You talk as though we'd made our fortune and were going back to the Fatherland."

"I feel that way," she admitted.

"Well," I said, "the gang is part of me now and I wouldn't quit if I were worth a million; but we're in a position where we can afford more elbow-room now. Of course we can move back into the suburbs again if we want to."

She shuddered a little at that.

"Not back there," she answered.

"Then the only other thing is a farm," I said; "and you can think of it as a farm for the whole gang. What a place it will be for the kiddies—your own and the others!"

That was all the cue Ruth needed. On the spot she hatched plans enough to keep her busy all her life. It looked to me as though we'd need a Carnegie endowment to carry out all her schemes, but I didn't say anything. I'd felt that way before about her projects, and seen her end by putting them through on a few dollars. If Ruth had put into business the same amount of thought and brains and energy she put into her philanthropies she would have made a fortune.

When I First Told Her of My Plan She Had to Swallow Hard to Keep From Crying

I went to a real-estate dealer and there I received my first surprise. It wasn't my last however. Before I was through with this business I discovered I had as much to learn as I had during those first years as an immigrant; and I may as well say right here that my experience wasn't the kind I've read about in the Simple Life and Back-to-the-Farm stories. And because it was different is the reason I'm writing this. There's been just as much nonsense written about the farm as about the slums. One man makes it out a hell on earth and another man makes it out a paradise on earth. Both of them are wrong and both of them are right, but neither of them seems to me to have got at the heart of the matter.

In One Way Out I learned to my own satisfaction that if an immigrant succeeds where an American fails it proves there's something wrong with the American—and there is! True as you're living there is! Something is lacking in him that his ancestors had; something lacking that the immigrant has today. I thought I had learned this once for all, but when I got back into the country I had to learn it over again. The conditions were different, but the same facts held good.

I received a surprise, I said, at the very beginning. It came when the real-estate man handed me a list of almost a hundred places for rent and for sale, all within easy reach of the city. I had my choice of anything from one acre to a hundred acres; not only this, but they were offered me almost at my own figure and on my own terms. I found I could buy a farm as easily as a set of books. I don't think the agents would have refused a dollar down and a dollar a week.

I didn't know anything about real-estate values then; but, judging from the prices suburban property was bringing, I had an idea that a fairly decent place with buildings would cost me about ten thousand dollars. I found that for this sum I could get a fourteen-room Colonial house, with land enough for a park. After living where the same amount of land would almost make a ward, I was staggered. I thought there must be something crooked in the proposition; but I went to the other agencies and found the same bargains open to me. It seemed that farms were a drug on the market.

This was in a section of the country that had been settled for over two hundred and fifty years too! There's something to think about in that. It was within a ten-cent carfare of a region that was absorbing immigrants by the hundred thousand. It was on the very outskirts of a city that was howling about congestion and moaning over the high cost of living. Land was actually lying idle almost within sight of a market pleading for more produce. It certainly looked queer.

These facts, however, didn't concern me at the time. As soon as I made sure the facts were actually as represented I set about making a selection. To Ruth and me this was like living our honeymoon all over again. Perhaps it was more like living our youth again, for we hadn't ever passed our honeymoon. I would go over the lists with her in the evening and we'd check off the places that sounded good to us, and then on the first fair morning we'd start to hunt them up. She would

leave the baby at home with some of our good neighbors and we'd go as far as we could on the electric cars and then walk. I wanted to have a carriage, but she wouldn't hear of it because she wanted to feel free. Some days she pretended we were gipsies; and other days we were two Indians hunting a spot to camp. I didn't mind, because Dick was looking after most of the business now; so I could take my time without worrying about that. In this way we squandered whole days along the country roads, going through one old house after another and eating our lunch by the side of a brook or in a bit of woods.

I think there must have been something in our blood inherited from our ancestors, for we took to the open road as though we'd been born by its side. Oh, but those were good days—those days when we wandered about at our will in search of a home! It was June, and the fields were full of flowers and the air full of birds. Ruth knew them, every one, and greeted them like old friends, pointing them out to me. I could tell a crow from a robin, and a daisy from a buttercup; but that was about all. Yet to me also these wild things were like friends. I had never missed them, but after the first day I knew I could never do without them. It was just as I had felt about Ruth from the first time I saw her.

I suppose, too, that the contrast with our narrow quarters of the last few years had something to do with our joy in the broader prospect—not however that we had ever felt crowded. We had in our tenement all the room we needed and our lives had been so full that we didn't notice our quarters anyway. Our lives were still full; but, with more leisure and less strain, we wanted more than we needed. We were like pioneers—content at the start with a log cabin or even a tent, but with prosperity desiring larger and better quarters, more as a matter of comfort than necessity. We were now ready for a few of the luxuries of life, but we recognized frankly the fact that our new inclinations were luxuries. If success had been longer in coming than it was we would have remained where we were in perfect contentment.

It was hard for us to decide on any of the many old houses we explored, because to us they all looked attractive. The thing we both liked about them, in spite of signs of decay, was that they all seemed so firmly established. There was nothing flimsy about them. They looked as though they had become rooted in the soil like the big elms that grew before so many of them. It was as though the winds and the sun and the rain had tested them and found them honest. As Ruth said, in going into them you wouldn't feel as though you were beginning life again—as you might in a brand-new house—but as though you were only starting where the last owner left off.

After our experiences during the last few years we appreciated such details as those. There had been times in the immigrant days when way down deep in our hearts we had felt a little bit like people without a country. We were pioneers and we gloried in that, but we were pioneers without a Fatherland. We had no sunny Italy, no Emerald Isle, no gay France, not even a grim Russia to talk about over a pipe, at the end of the day, as our neighbors had. We had to go back a century or more to get home and, vivid as that past seemed, at times it was distinctly a past in which we had played no part. Now out here in the country, where we saw stone walls built by our forefathers, where the land had been tilled by them, where trees planted by them were still growing, where, if not direct descendants of our own, descendants of the old stock still lived, we felt closer to that history. So we thought if we went into one of the old houses built by our forefathers it would bring us still nearer home.

We spent almost a month this way, anxious to draw out the pleasure as long as possible.

"I'll know our home as soon as I see it," said Ruth. "I'll recognize it like an old friend."

So she did. One day toward nightfall—when in the country all the world seems to get mellow—we came upon a little story-and-a-half house connected by a shed with a ramshackle-looking barn. It was half hidden behind trees and lilac bushes on the top of a knoll that sloped to a small lake some fifty rods distant. There wasn't another house within sight of it—just woodland and pasture and fields. Standing on the doorstep, you wouldn't have believed there was a city within a long day's journey.

"Don't Expect a Man to Work in the Rain, Do You?"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

We had the key and went inside. The rooms were low-studded and the windows came down to within two feet of the floor. The ceilings were discolored and the paper was off in great patches where the roof had leaked; but in spite of this the place somehow was like home. Ruth took my arm with a tight squeeze and looked up at me.

"This is it, Billy," she said.

I wasn't so sure as she was until, all excited, she began to tell me what she was going to do. With the birds singing outside and the lazy sun streaming through the windows slantwise, she led me through every room, selecting her papers, making her changes, and placing her furniture.

"We don't want a single new thing in this house!" she exclaimed. "We want to keep it just as it was, and don't you see how it was?"

I hadn't ever lived in the country and so I didn't, but she made it so vivid to me before we left that evening that I felt as though I had been born here.

"We must visit all the houses in the neighborhood and buy what furniture we can right here," she said. "Maybe there'll be an auction. Country people are always selling off their old stuff, so we must keep our eyes open."

"I should think it would be a lot simpler to buy what we want in town and be done with it," I said.

"But we don't want to be done with it, Billy," she answered. "We can't come slam-bang into an old house like this. We must grow into it."

She was so happy that I didn't say anything more. I knew she was right, whatever I thought. I'd trust Ruth's instinct against my judgment any time.

I found I could secure some fifty acres round the house and this was what pleased me. The lot included woodland, pasture and field, mostly pasture grown up to alders and scrub-pine; but, however poor the land was, it was land—and that was what I was hungry for! I wanted to look out the windows and see land and walk over it and feel it beneath my feet, knowing I owned it. I wanted to feel that I had a certain section of these United States of America which belonged to me and my heirs forever and ever. To have this would seem like being taken into the firm.

When I came to look up the deeds I felt this more keenly than ever. I was able to trace the title back to an old Indian grant, for it had been held in one family over two hundred years and had changed title only twice since then. This in itself brought history mighty close.

I bought the land and house for twenty-eight hundred dollars, the house being practically thrown in. Because it was lopsided and old and in need of repair, it had no market value whatever. A flimsily built modern bungalow would have brought more. Yet, when I examined the timbers, I found them of oak, hand-hewn and as sound as a nut. The underpinning was made of great granite slabs and was as good as the day it was put in, though it had worked askew from the frost. Even the floors, though uneven and in need of propping, were sound. The roofboards and shingles had, of course, rotted; but here again the timbers supporting them had with time only become seasoned. When our great-grandfathers built houses they didn't build for decades, but for centuries. They didn't reckon the cost of the lumber. In a cottage they used beams big enough to support a church, matched them true and fastened them with hand-made spikes a foot long. I couldn't have bought the lumber alone for what I paid for the house. I couldn't have bought it anyway. You can't buy such timber as that any more.

I started work upon it at once because we wanted to get in as soon as possible. From the moment I paid the first installment—I bought it on time as a matter of convenience—we felt this to be our home. I couldn't spare any of my own men just then and felt, anyway, that so far as possible I ought to use local labor; so after considerable effort I rounded up three men to help me.

I came to know these fellows better later on, but at the start they were almost as foreign to me as though they had come from another country. One of them was a man of fifty, the second a man of forty and the third was a young chap, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three. I'll call the oldest one Hadley, though that wasn't his name. The last name doesn't count for much, anyway, because at the end of the week I was calling him Jim and he was calling me Bill.

Seth Sprague and Josh Chase will do as names for the other two and come pretty close to what their names really were. Josh was the young fellow—a tall bony lad, with shoulders already well rounded, and in many other ways looking as old as Seth, who might have been his father.

All three of them had been born in the neighborhood and had lived here ever since. All three of them came from old New England stock and had inherited small farms from their fathers; and I must say that their personal appearance was no great credit to that stock. This impressed me right off. Not only were their bodies undersized and spare, but their faces were thin and sallow. They didn't look healthy. They didn't look so healthy as the average immigrant; and yet they had been living in the country all their lives, with outdoor work in this fine air for a tonic and with country food to nourish them. They didn't look dissipated—just scrawny and underfed. If I had met one of them in the slums I would have said he was a case for the associated charities. I doubt whether Seth could have got past the immigration officials. The first time they opened their dinner pails, however, I saw I had missed my guess about their being starved. I never saw any three human beings get outside of so much food as they did. Three or four eggs, half a loaf of bread, a big slab of pie and two or three doughnuts to a pail made up their average lunch. They saw my surprise and Jim told a story, fixing it on Seth, though I suspect it was an old one.

He said that Seth happened into the grocery one day just after a drummer had opened a large tin of canned beef. The drummer took off a slice, which he ate with some crackers, and then shoved the can along to Seth, with the invitation to join him. Seth took out his pocketknife and began. He finished that pound can with the rest of the crackers and, allowing that this sort of whetted his appetite, ordered a second can. When he finished this the drummer, who had been watching in amazement, said: "Don't quit now; have another!" Seth replied that he didn't mind if he did, and ate the contents of the third can. Then, closing his knife and running the back of his hand across his mouth, he gave a sigh of satisfaction. "My," he said, "but that was a juicy morsel!"

This started a yarn from Seth and he fixed his on Jim. They were full of these stories and would stop work a dozen times a day to drawl them out. Seth said that a man who lived on the edge of the town had a wife who was a mighty good cook. One spring she planned to go away for a week and visit some relatives, but before going she cooked up enough food to last her husband a week. He was a hearty eater, so she spent three or four days at the task. When it came time for supper the first day she was gone the man felt so lonesome that he went out of the house and looked for some one to join him. He met Jim and asked him in. Jim said he had just had supper and wasn't feeling particularly hungry, but he would join in a cup of tea just to be sociable. He sat down at the table and ate up a two-quart pot of beans, and the man brought on a second pot. Jim ate that too. Then the man brought out a pie and Jim ate that. A second one followed and, to cut a long story short, before Jim finished he ate up every single thing there was in the house. His host didn't say anything until Jim rose from the table. "Well," said his host, "I'm glad you didn't come along when you were hungry."

I had more trouble handling those three men than I've ever had with a gang of a hundred foreign laborers. They didn't know enough to do the work properly by themselves and they knew too much to obey orders. When it

came to straightening up the underpinning I let them go ahead for a while on their own responsibility. This was a simple task which three men with crowbars ought to have done in half a day. At the end of the first half-day they had succeeded in harmonizing their various opinions as to how it ought to be done to the point where they determined they needed a jack-screw. One of them went off to borrow this and when he returned it was lunchtime. Then I took hold, and it was only by doing most of the work myself that we finished this job in two days. I used them to help only where I needed more muscle, and at that the three together couldn't lift so much as one of my stocky, closeknit Italian laborers.

I found it impossible either to lead or drive them. My attempts resulted in nothing but long-winded arguments or sulky threats of leaving; and I was paying them a dollar and seventy-five cents a day for unskilled labor. They were both lazy and incompetent. That's the frank truth.

I kept them along until the fourth day, which was cloudy with, at times, a light drizzling rain. I had got up at four o'clock in order to be at the house on time, for I was anxious to get this outside work done as soon as possible. At seven o'clock not one of the men had put in an appearance. I waited until half-past eight and then went off to see what the trouble was. I found Seth at home, smoking a pipe by the side of the kitchen stove. His wife was a pleasant-faced woman and the inside of the house was as neat as wax—in marked contrast to the clutter round the outside.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Dunno of any trouble," he answered as though surprised by my question.

"I've been down to the house over an hour waiting for you," I said.

"What for?" he asked.

"Aren't you going to work any more?"

"Don't expect a man to work in the rain, do you?"

"I guess it's too much to expect work of you in any sort of weather," I said.

I paid him for his three days and left him growling uncomplimentary remarks about me to his wife. I received the same reply from Jim. I paid him off, too, and went on in search of young Chase. I thought the boy and I together might be able to clear up some of the odd jobs. He wasn't at home. His mother thought he might be at the grocery store. I went down there and found him lolling against the counter.

"You aren't afraid of rain, too, are you?" I demanded. There were three more men there and he looked ashamed.

"It's my rheumatiz," he answered, feeling of his leg. "It's botherin' me a powerful lot today."

"Then you refuse to come to work?"

"I'd like to accommodate ye," he answered; "but, honest——"

"I don't want you to accommodate me," I said. "I want you to work for me."

He straightened up a little at this and answered back: "I won't work in the rain for no man."

He glanced toward the others and I saw them nod their approval. This stand was more than I had expected of him. It showed that he had some spirit of a certain kind after all.

"All right," I said. "Here's your money."

When I was leaving he roused himself once more.

"I reckon what you want, mister, ain't a man—it's a dago."

"You're partly right," I said; "I reckon what I want is a dago."

II

THIS was my first introduction to the old-stock farmer of whom I was to learn much more later on. Of course, in a real sense these men were not farmers; and yet they were farmers or nothing. They had been born on a farm, had spent their lives there, and still depended upon the land for whatever means of livelihood they had. They were willing to work out as a matter of accommodation or to pick up an extra dollar or so, but they certainly did not class themselves as laborers. I could agree with them in that, but neither to my mind were they real farmers—not as I conceived farmers to be from what my father had told me and from what I read in the magazines.

I don't suppose my ideal differed much from that of the average city-bred man who has never had the good fortune to spend even his vacations in the country. Perhaps I was a little more visionary about them than some, because my life in the foreign quarter had roused my patriotism and driven me back into history for comfort. From that source I had created in my mind as representative a tall, gaunt individual of the Lincoln type, with all Lincoln's ruggedness of body and brain. I pictured him as honest to his very soul, as industrious to an extreme, as shrewd and thrifty, as brave and long-suffering. So I still believe the old New Englander to have been; so I believe many of them are today. Perhaps I was unfortunate in finding at the very start three who did not live up to my standard, but I want to put down my experiences just as they came to me. If there were no more like these in the length and breadth of the whole land, here at least were three; and they were of the genuine old stock, uncontaminated by a single drop of new blood.

I received from people who read One Way Out much criticism to the effect that the experiences which befell me were not typical; that the conditions which I encountered would not hold in other places. Perhaps that is true; I don't know. As I tried to make clear before, I'm not an investigator or a sociologist or a writer of tracts. I don't claim to know any more than I have seen with my own eyes—that I have actually lived through. Nevertheless, I still believe that conditions, whatever they are, do not matter if a man tackles them in the right spirit. I believe that because I see—every day—men starting even, and one failing and one succeeding.

What I said in One Way Out I want to repeat here—I'm authority on nothing but myself. Just as Ruth and I, driven on by circumstances, went adventuring in the slums, so, driven on by other if not such urgent circumstances, we went adventuring in the country; and I approached my new and later life in a state of just as much absolute ignorance as I did the first. It was chance that led me to locate where I did; it was chance that furnished me with my neighbors; it was chance that furnished me with my opportunity. If this led me into an unexplored country and along paths never before trodden by man, I thank my lucky stars. I don't believe it, but I'm willing to let it go at that. I'm not much on argument.

This, then, is a plain statement of what I saw with my new eyes—the eyes of an immigrant into the country. It is a plain statement of what I did and of what I learned and of the people I met. I don't claim that it's either typical or important. The life of one man isn't apt to be. Here it is, however, without any further explanation or apology, for what it's worth; and if any one gets as much fun out of reading it as I have had in living it I won't consider I've wasted my time in writing it.

I proceeded to act at once on Seth's idea. I remembered having seen, back on the road, a little place which, at the time, I thought looked like the home of some foreign-born pioneer. It bore all the earmarks; it was unkempt, but a busy-looking place. There were evidences of many children and a consequent clutter of tin cans, broken bottles and old shoes; but I saw no farming tools and brokendown wagons in the yard. These things were all under cover in the shed. I noticed, too, that the yard was full of chickens and that every square foot of land round the house was being tilled. When I knocked at the door a woman appeared with a child in her arms and half a dozen more clinging to her skirts. She was a red-cheeked, black-eyed woman, as plump and happy-looking as you would ask to see. Somehow I felt instantly at home here. I surprised her by asking in Italian where her man was, and she answered that he was out back of the barn and bade one of the boys to run and fetch him for the signor. I said no—that I would go and find him myself. She protested that the signor would get wet and that he had better come in and wait. I felt half ashamed that she should class me with that sort of coddled signor and hurried off to find Tony.

I found him in an old hat and gray sweater, up to his knees in the black soil. He was a swarthy, well-muscled chap, with a face tanned to the color of sole leather. He looked like a villain of melodrama, but as I approached he smiled a greeting which revealed teeth as naturally white as a hound's. A couple of mongrel pups were nosing at his heels and ran at me ferociously, but stopped halfway and wagged their tails. With an oath in Italian he ordered them back and, belly to the ground, they obeyed him.

I introduced myself and he recognized my name at once.

"I have two cousins working for you," he said in a manner that made me feel it a compliment.

He told me their names and I remembered them well. They were good workmen.

"I've bought a house near you," I said. "I need a man or two to help me. Do you want a job?"

"Ah, signor," he replied with a shake of his head in apology, "if I did not have so much to do here!"

He waved his hand over the scant two acres of land back of him as though it were a principality.

"This is all yours?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered proudly. "This—the house—everything."

"You are doing well, then?"

"Well enough," he answered with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

"Then I can't hire you?"

"It would be impossible, signor," he answered as though some apology were due me. "The planting is not yet done and—by the good saints!—there are a thousand things to do on an estate."

It was good to hear the way he pronounced that word estate. There was enough dignity in it to make it seem in sober earnest like an estate.

"Do you know of any one I can get?" I asked.

"There is Signor Chase," he began, but I shut him off.

"Any of your countrymen, I mean."

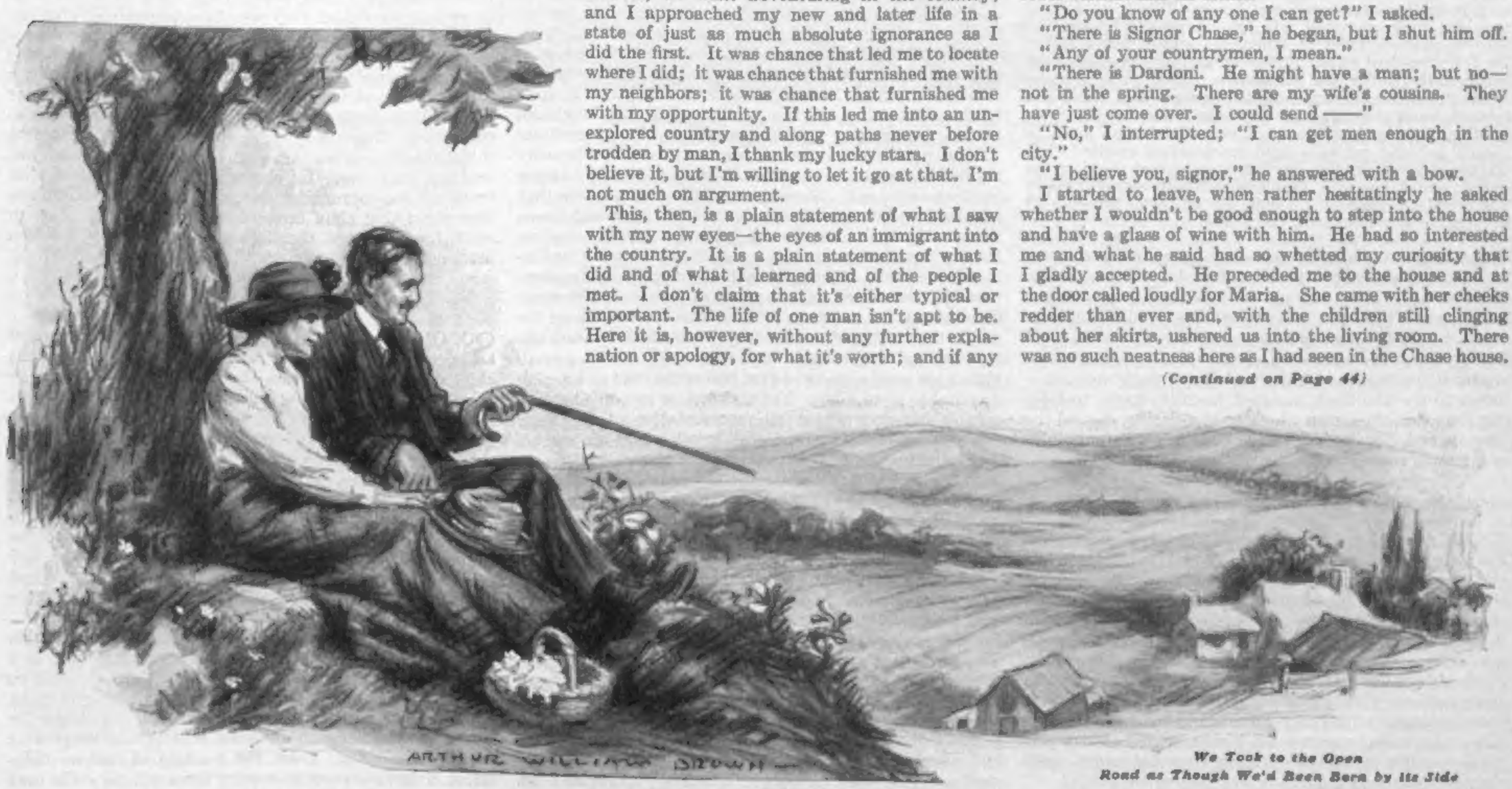
"There is Dardoni. He might have a man; but no—not in the spring. There are my wife's cousins. They have just come over. I could send ——"

"No," I interrupted; "I can get men enough in the city."

"I believe you, signor," he answered with a bow.

I started to leave, when rather hesitatingly he asked whether I wouldn't be good enough to step into the house and have a glass of wine with him. He had so interested me and what he said had so whetted my curiosity that I gladly accepted. He preceded me to the house and at the door called loudly for Maria. She came with her cheeks redder than ever and, with the children still clinging about her skirts, ushered us into the living room. There was no such neatness here as I had seen in the Chase house.

(Continued on Page 44)



We Took to the Open Road as Though We'd Been Born by Its Side

The Changing Elementary Schools

By WILLIAM HUGES MEARNS

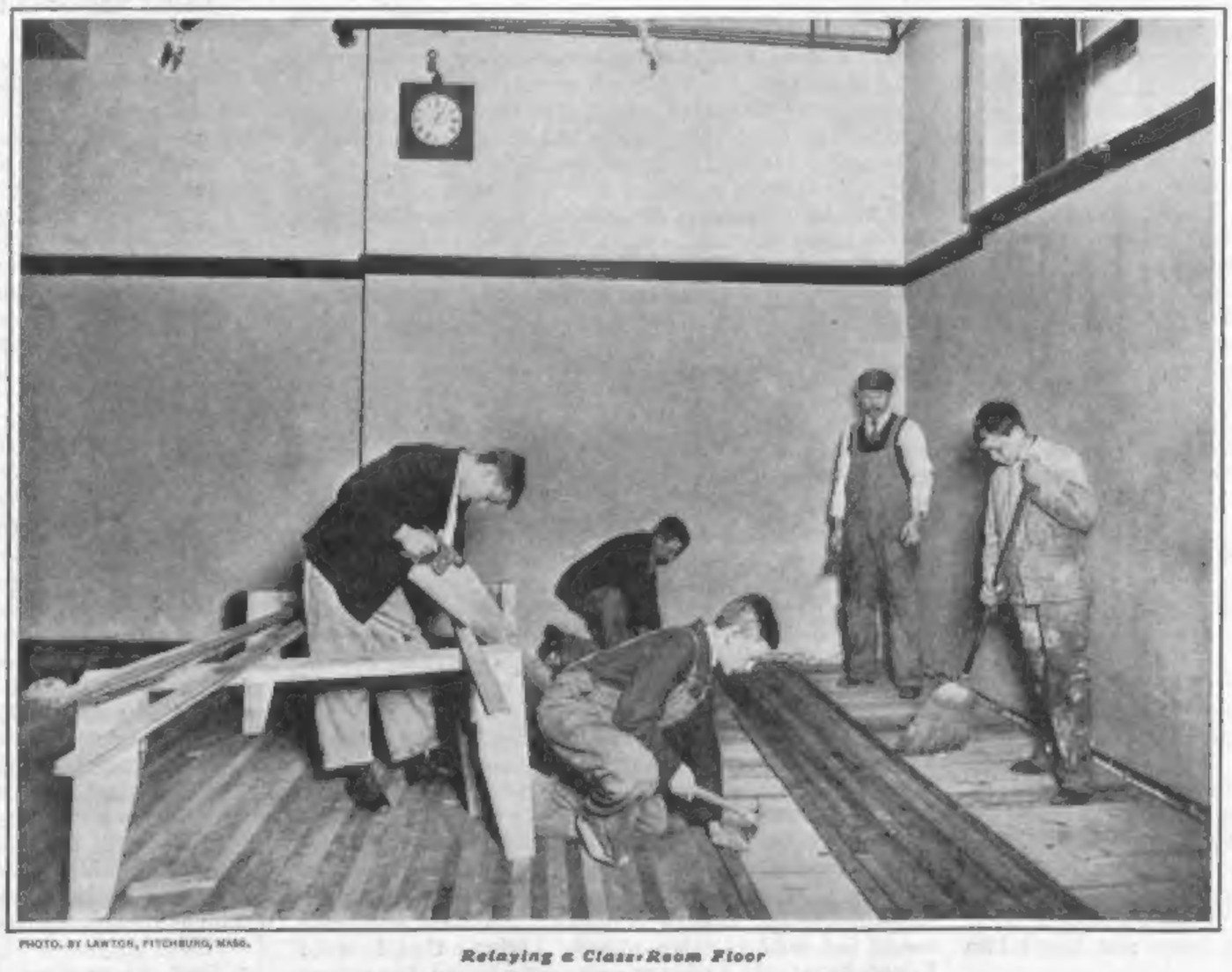


PHOTO. BY LAWTON, FITCHBURG, MASS.

Relaying a Class-Room Floor

THERE is no royal road to learning," said the well-known script at the top of the old copybooks. On another page it announced: "The way of transgressors is hard." Here is the uncomfortable dilemma that confronted the school-child of the generation preceding ours. If the pressure of daily lessons became too great, so that he played hooky, he caught it "hard," as a transgressor should; if he gritted teeth and stuck to it there was no promise of a pleasant road ahead. When he was treated to a particularly bad sample of pedagogic good sense—for instance, a smart whack on the knuckles when he slipped up on the location of the Cape of Good Hope—the teacher explained that there was no royal road to learning as yet; in fact the teachers of those days did their best to make the road a trifle more unroyal.

A good teacher was a stern man, capable by sheer will of keeping a roomful of healthy children for hours in the unwholesome attitude of dead silence. He was a man famous for long lessons badly graded, tough examinations, after-school detentions and expert hickory wielding. The man was frequently a woman, but the qualifications were no different. Like the baseball umpire of our own day, the ancient pedagogue had to stand the hard trial of public abuse; like our public men, he was subject to incessant caricature—crayon sketches mostly; he was mocked in public with irreverent names, albeit from a safe distance, and, like a soldier in hostile territory, had ever to be alert for the fatal thrust of the enemy. Our ancestors never tired of the old, old joke of the pedagogue and the bent pin.

Writes Thomas Carlyle in 1830:

My teachers were hidebound pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account books. Innumerable dead vocables they crammed into us—no dead language, for they themselves knew no language—and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything? How shall he give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag professors knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much—that it had a faculty called Memory and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birchrods.

The old régime in education—not altogether past—was founded on the theory that anything pleasant was certain to be wicked. If by any chance a pedagogue gave out a set of sums within the ready capabilities of his pupils he was instantly condemned as being terribly at ease in Zion. If he was kind and forbearing, forgave seventy times seven, appealed to affection—which has always wrought wonders—forgot to use the birch, laughed heartily, spoke to folks first, joined in the husking bees, went a-fishing, danced the Virginia reel, flew kites with the boys or played mumbly-peg, he was suspected by the whole community.

How the Germans Saved the Child

EDUCATION partook necessarily of the prevailing ascetic view of life. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the authority for a tyranny over childhood as harmful as their incessant bloodletting. Children did not speak except at the convenience of their elders. The devil was in children by right of eminent domain and should be exorcised daily. The devil was also in cards, even visiting cards. One could not be both respectable and a good dancer. The reading of novels was the outward sign of inward depravity. The playhouse and the play-actor would be together eventually in limbo—the actress was already there. Music was in questionable taste, save via trumpets and shawms—with what recklessness those old fellows played the fiddle!

Those were the days when men and women took this life seriously, believed in pain, looked askance at pleasure, drank prodigiously of brewed hops and rum, and exploited their children as cart-drawers—see the Report of the English Parliamentary Commission of 1842; as tailors' apprentices in "conscrumpshun hospitals"—see Alton Locke; and, with pious belief in the superiority of pain over pleasure, put them into the hands of flogging despots—see Nicholas Nickleby. This multifarious and fascinating world of ours, and the natural emotions of the people in it, were classed together in the awful triumvirate of the world, the flesh and the devil.

The school still echoes the old pain doctrine—in the silence of the classroom; the long book hours for little people; the grudging admission of music, of periods of play and of hours at the absorbing workbench; the detentions after school; the floggings that still go on in spite of the great swing toward kindliness. I once overheard two old pedagogues debate heartily on the proposition: "Resolved, That three feet of common garden hose heartily applied has more disciplinarian value than twenty bundles of birch switches." Ill-tempered, impatient persons that add to the difficulty of the way are often praised for so doing. Teachers that do not take the trouble—and an infinite trouble it is—to prepare each day's work afresh to fit the needs and abilities of each day's children; teachers that so little understand the minds of youth as to construe ignorance as impertinence; those who have no heart for pupils that fail; those who drop large numbers from the rolls and call it "holding a high standard"—this is a small but all too numerous band that makes the road to learning a veritable blind alley. Yet this sort of person—happily diminishing and not at all representative of American teachers—is often credited with much pedagogic virtue. The belief that pain is a blessing has by no means died out.

Fortunately for the child the Germans came along to save him. In their insatiable search for knowledge they really discovered him. From the beginning children have been inexplicably associated with the tree of knowledge. They were one of the fruits of man's first disobedience—a curse and a penalty. It is consistent, therefore, that a fair understanding and appreciation of childhood have been delayed until our own day. It began with sympathy for the workers, notably exhibited in the Report of the English Parliamentary Commission of 1842, and in the formation of worldwide anti-child-labor associations, and continued until our own times have been rightly named the Day of the Child. In the innumerable voyages to the new childhood the Germans are distinguished explorers and discoverers. They put the phenomenon of youngsterhood upon the pedagogic laboratory table and set themselves to the task, as only the patient Teuton can, of understanding it. The results have completely transformed the character of school education.

One group of Germans asked themselves questions in substance like the following:

1. Why is a desirable thing like education so thoroughly hated by children?
2. Why are schoolmasters, who give their lives to the service of others, so little appreciated by the ungrateful kinderkins?
3. Why do boys groan at the thought of running an errand, who in competitive races nearly kill themselves sprinting a voluntary hundred meters?
4. Why do so-called incorrigible children frequently turn out to be clever housewives or men diligent in their business, who stand before kings?
5. Why are children lazy and stupid in school and at the same time industrious and quick-witted on the playground?
6. Why do boys construct with feverish energy amateur aëroplanes, dynamos, box-kites, wireless apparatus, batteries, automobiles; why do they haunt the libraries for books on these special crafts; why do they pester elders for helpful information; why do they scan eagerly the work of professionals and yet have no interest in algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, chemistry and the other school branches that underlie all constructive superiority?
7. Why do girls make such little progress darning hose until they get babies?

Finally they asked themselves:

Is it possible to harness the marvelous energies of childhood to the performance of tasks really worth while?

As the result of nearly seventy years of the most minute and painstaking investigation, the Germans came to the conclusion that children were storage batteries of enormous potentiality and that they were always ready to give out power of great voltage, provided one did not use a non-conductor. They found also that the best conductor—one always present—was what they called *das interesse*, a word corresponding to our "interest." Children will work with antlike persistence if they have an interest in the proceeding. Tom Sawyer knew all about this. And that it is not the line of least resistance or the excuse of laziness, any one may prove by observing a body of youngsters build a dam in running water. Further, the Germans discovered that child interests were quite different from adult interests, and therefore the education of children must not be based upon what is interesting to adults.

The Doctrine of Interest

SO, ONE by one, the Germans took their branches of learning to pieces and remolded them nearer to the child's desire. As teachers they called themselves firmly to account and found therein the reason for an enormous waste of child energies and even of child lives, for the unnatural rigidity of the schools had been responsible for thousands of child suicides. Instantly the school became a place of interests. At workbench and desk pupils found the appeal adroitly put to them as children like it put. One notable instance was the total reform of foreign-language teaching; what had formerly been a dry recitation of rules and forms of grammar became systematized speech—alive, appealing, easy. Another was the growth of schools that met the needs of children whose interests lay along the line of hand-training and vocational studies.

The doctrine of interest does not forbid disagreeable tasks—it encourages them; nor is every classroom to be a playhouse. The Germans soon saw that any one will go thoroughly at an ugly job providing there is something at the end of it. Promise a boy a seat back of the catcher for the morrow's ball game and see how lightly he goes at mowing the lawn. Even the washing of dishes—hatefulest of tasks—becomes a thing for a girl to smile over

provided, as a reward, she is permitted later to make a layer cake. This illustrates the theory of the transferred interest that operates and sweetens the bitterest bits of work. It sends a mother cheerfully to the unending task of baby-bathing; in the form of two weeks at the seashore it brightens the eye of the busiest salesgirl; with the sure hope of a home of one's own it gives a whole family cheerfulness in daily deprivation; it enables a man to be diligent in the most distasteful of businesses. For the sake of the kiddies at home a plumber will sing at his work.

One must comprehend this much of the history of the public schools or the basis for all constructive advancement is lost. Unless it is understood how deeply our educational institution is rooted in a past and how thorough, nevertheless, has been the working of criticism within, one is apt to misjudge the fruits in the changing character of our public schools. Even schoolmasters are not always aware of the history noted above and, in consequence, are often found with their backs to the future, claiming to see nothing ahead; while some excited critics of the schools seem to be unaware of the real progress already made. We are not surprised, therefore, to see side by side the public school of yesterday that admirably develops book interests and the public school of tomorrow that does more than this—the one school silent as scholarship, the other roaring with the noise of hammer and saw and the enthusiastic voices of happy children at tasks near to their hearts.

The elementary department of the State Normal School at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, is a splendid example of the school of tomorrow. There boys and girls study from books as other boys and girls study, but, in addition, they are engaged heartily in work that growing children like—sawing, chiseling, planing, painting, printing, dressmaking, cooking, jellymaking, sweeping, dusting, bookbinding, typewriting.

Some Busy Boys

ENOUGH work has been discovered among the buildings of the normal school to serve all practical purposes of a course of instruction. The boys of the seventh and eighth grades are taught to attend to the ordinary repairs about the place. During the past year they repacked old faucets; scraped and refinished school desks and tables; replaced broken glass; took the lawnmowers apart for cleaning, oiling and sharpening; painted and rewired window screens; relaid a decayed basement floor; glued broken furniture; reseated chairs; and removed, turned and replaced rubber stairpads.

For the woodworking course they constructed their own workbenches; assisted in making kitchen tables; designed and finished the teachers' desks for an entire building; built partitions and lockers in a new building; made over large oak tables into round tables for the faculty room; constructed picture frames; changed the attic of one building into their woodworking shop, and sheathed the attic of another for their printery—since which they have kept the presses busy putting forth a miscellany of needful things, from daily spelling lists to the annual catalogue.

These same youngsters, under the guidance of a practical painter, bronzed steampipes to match the color of the walls; oiled floors; painted and papered schoolrooms and dormitories, and did some expert finishing of hardwood desks.

Before many weeks pass they expect to complete the laying out of an enormous athletic field dug out of the side of a hill, buttressed by an eighteen-foot stone wall and in one part tunneled to connect easily with the school. To be sure, they are not permitted to do the heavy work of excavation, but all the planning and estimating and a part of the actual labor is their business. A fine granolithic walk is entirely their own achievement, as well as the setting out of five hundred shrubs on the schoolgrounds.

Meanwhile the girls have been equally busy. After constructing their own sewing outfits and cooking aprons, caps and sleeves, they made the overalls and jumpers for the boys. Then they fitted curtains for the gymnasium lockers; made sheets and pillowslips for the dormitories; crocheted table mats for the dining room and became dexterous users of the typewriter. Besides, they mended table and bed linen; darned stockings; finished their own undergarments, ties, jabots, and—miraculous in these days!—constructed party frocks at an average cost of a dollar and seventy-five cents each for material. Of course they cooked, canned, jellied, swept, dusted, cleaned silver, starched, ironed and washed.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."
"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.
"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.
"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief.

This is not mere work; it is an excuse for the most intense sort of instruction. The teachers have caught the child doing something he would rather do than eat. Therefore he wants to know—he is on fire for knowledge. With eagerness these youngsters go at the interpretation of a set of specifications and the solution of the problems in arithmetic that are involved. They are even willing to stay in school several hours longer each day for the privilege of doing the work.

Many other schools in Massachusetts, like the Newton Independent Elementary School and the North Bennett Street Industrial School, Boston, are doing work similar to that of the Fitchburg school; but what in Massachusetts is treated as the successful experiment of an independent community becomes a matter of state regulation in New York. Here and there among the cities of the state are established, under the direct supervision and control of the State Educational Department, vocational schools that take care of the hand-minded children of the upper grammar grades. With a longer schoolday they complete a course of instruction that qualifies for entrance to the technical high school. Meantime these children have the joyful experiences listed above in the description of the Fitchburg school.

New York is the state to watch for the coming events in education. It has the unique organization of an almost complete state control of public education and, under men like Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education, and A. D. Dean, Chief of the Division of Vocational Schools, it is assured of intelligent direction. The communities of the state of New York contain a population of ten million persons, about one-ninth that of the whole country. Two million children are now on the rolls of its public schools. The single illustration we give below is, therefore, but one example of many that might be given.

Blueprint English

THE Peckham Street Vocational School, of Buffalo, is in the heart of one of the largest Polish communities in America. Names like Szczybura and Jankowska speak out from every shopwindow. Even the play language of children on the street is Polish. For some years a record was kept, which disclosed almost no school attendance for Polish boys after the compulsory school age—fourteen. The old frame buildings of the Peckham Street Vocational School, opened in this district a few years ago as an experiment, are now pitifully crowded with these eager foreigners who see something worth while in an education that fits their needs and will surely raise them above the working level of their fathers. In one small, low-ceiling room fifty-five boys were packed together, struggling determinedly with problems in arithmetic the solution of which they needed in their shopwork.

Another group was persistently mastering the hard English of blueprint specifications. In other rooms the feverish activity of saw, hammer and plane spoke hopefully for a coming Polish-American citizenry.

These new elementary schools have demonstrated that many failures of children in the work of the grades are due not to a lack of ability on the children's part but to a lack of consideration, on the part of the public schools, for the needs of hand-minded or practical-minded children. The regular school gives a onesided attention to the language-minded and therefore relies upon words and abstractions rather than upon the actualities of concrete life. Its grammar lessons and most of its arithmetic, history and geography lessons are of this type. Abe Martin must have had this sort of thing in mind when he said: "Some folks don't seem t' have nothin' but a lot o' information."

The Cleveland Elementary Industrial School was originally founded to take care of the boys and girls that

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PHOTO. BY GEORGE J. HARE, BUFFALO, N. Y.
A Study That is Never Dry

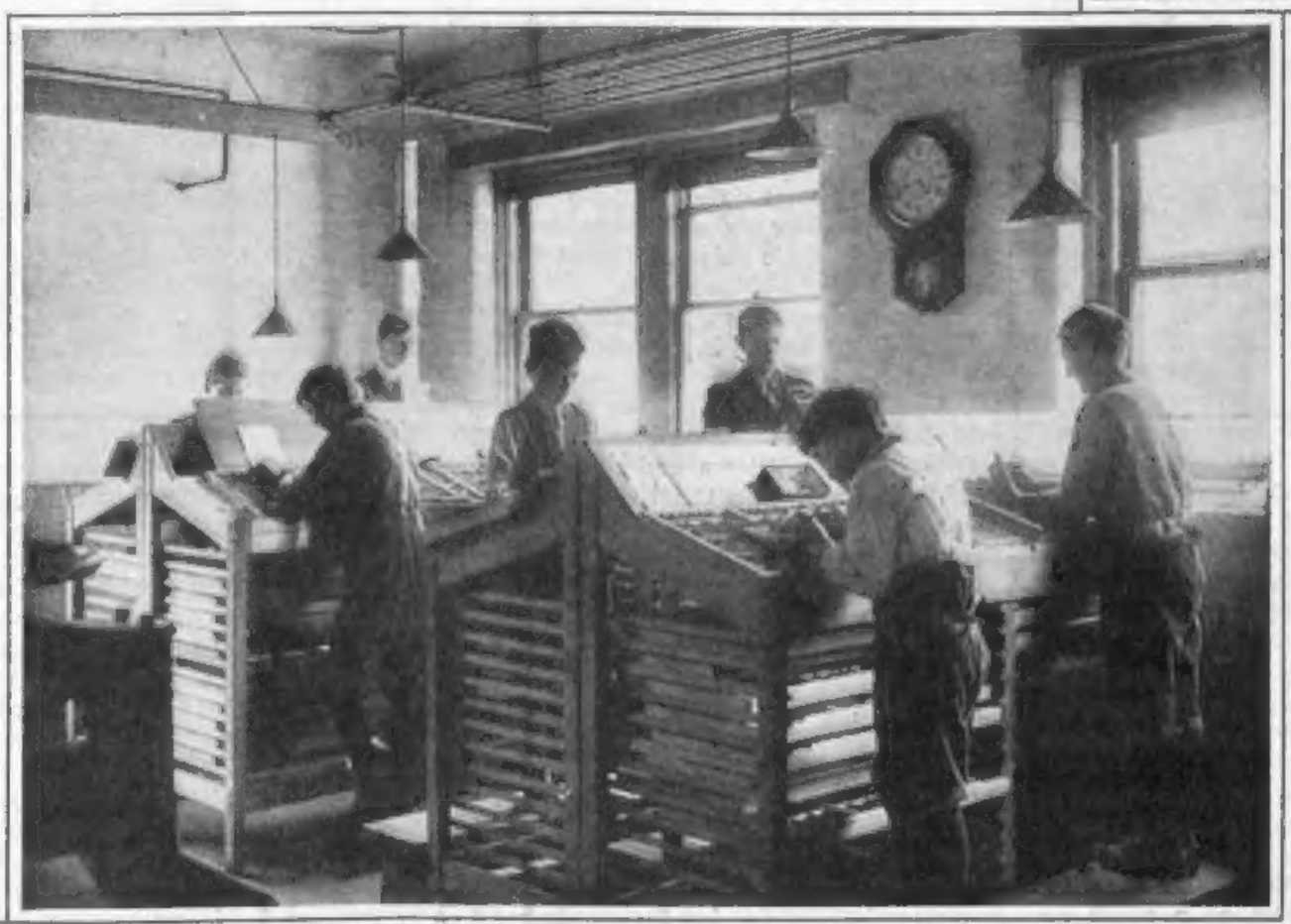

PHOTO. BY GEORGE J. HARE, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Twenty Minutes to Five and No One Wants to Go Home. In the Regular School Some of These Boys Were Truants

PHOTO. BY GEORGE J. HARE, BUFFALO, N. Y.
A Coming Electrical Engineer

THE GRAND ORGANIZER

An Episode in the Activities of "Reverend" Criddle

The Sabbath Sun Shone Down Upon Their Proudly Marching Ranks

By Harris Dickson

WHEN the Reverend Baltimore Criddle first plunked his heavy foot upon one end of Washington Street all the negroes wondered why the other end didn't tip up. Old Creaky quit nodding on his bench in the sunshine and jerked himself bolt upright. "Look yonder, Virgil; dat sho is one whalin' nigger."

Pop-eyed, Virgil stared through his big round specs—stared and envied, for Virgil Custard was merely a jackleg amateur of theology, while here strode the oily apotheosis of success.

The Reverend Criddle moved on amongst those negroes like a superdreadnought being launched amongst a swarm of smaller craft. Virgil's mouth flew open and he continued to stare at the majestic swing to the Reverend's long-tailed coat, at the glisten to his tall silk hat, at a white tie and generous area of shirtfront that more than justified Criddle's air of unconcerned proprietorship.

"Virgil," the old paralytic grinned, "reckin you'll ever turn out to be a preacher like dat? 'Pears to me, so fur you ain't done nothin' 'cept to spile a mighty good fiel'-hand. Youse purty big, but dat nigger he'll dress two hundred an' fifty pounds o' fresh meat in hog-killin'-time."

This shocked the sensitive Virgil. "You oughtn't to talk dataway 'bout a *minister* o' de Gospel."

Old Creaky leaned forward on his staff and chuckled. "I ain't long fer dis worl' an' got nothin' left 'ceptin' my tongue; sho is gwine to waggle dat."

Virgil knew there was no sense in disputing; Old Creaky had accumulated wisdom on that bench for more than ten years, blinking at the street cars and commenting upon the human procession.

Virgil always sat with Old Creaky in front of the empty store. Those flippant loafers hanging round Saul Jordan's barber shop next door jeered at the "pop-eyed parson," which grated upon his dreamed-of dignity. Virgil rose and followed Criddle, as one who had seen a glad vision of great joy. Old Creaky called after him: "Goodby, Virgil, an' ef you don't never come back dat'll be plenty soon ernuff fer me."

Two blocks down the street Criddle revolved in stately style and let his eye descend upon the younger man. "Good mornin', brudder; ain't you de Rev'rend Custard?"

Virgil beamed, but had no tongue to answer. This great man knew him and had spoken. Criddle smiled winningly, expansively, clear across the round moon of his face. Hitching his white tie to the exact center of that triangular shirtspace, he promulgated his invitation: "Foller along behind me to de Shinin' Light Restaraw; I wants ter hold a civil conversation."

Virgil toted his saddle-colored happiness up the street again, sailing safely in the wake of the enormous Reverend. Criddle stopped at the eating-house door and took Virgil's arm. "Le's you an' me git a snack."

Virgil had no suspiciona; he could not afford to be mistrustful about external affairs when all the rotunda part of him felt drawn in and tight-stretched, like a rawhide across a vacuum. "Elder, what mought be yo' name?"

"Criddle—Rev'rend Baltimo' Criddle."

"Does you stay in Vicksburg?"

"Not yit, but I'm fixin' ter light an' hitch in dis lan' o' darkness an' de shadder o' death."

This "shadder o' death" sonorously delivered gave Virgil an ecstatic shiver. "What fer you talk dataway?"

It took a most extensive smile to cover that parson's face, but he had it in the shop. "'Cause dat's my bizness."

Virgil paused. "Ain't dat a mighty curyus bizness?" Meditatively he scanned the Reverend Baltimore Criddle up and down and roundabout, there being considerable roundabout to the Reverend. Nobody imputes sinister motives to a fat man, and far be it from Virgil. Yet no man is a hero to his own valet. Even this meek and lowly student began to lose his dread. "Howsomever dat mought be, you sho looks like you gits a light snack now an' den."

"Gits 'em reg'lar," Criddle assured him; "an' sometimes extry. Le's set down."

In the back part of the Shining Light, through a halo of sputtering grease and the unforgotten smell of cookery, the Reverend Criddle swelled Virgil's hide with flattery and food. Well fortified within, he hankered for information. "Rev'rend, does you eat here all de time?"

"No; when I fust hit Vicksburg de Lawd commanded a widder 'ooman fer ter sustain me—an' I caused dat widder's heart to sing for joy."

"Dat's nice—an' 'cordin' to Scriptures." Virgil swallowed another chunk of potato.

The parson leaned forward. "Dey tells me, Brudder Custard, dat you lives here an' knows all de folks in dis town—dey got a heap o' confidence in you."

Virgil straightened up; his fork hung suspended. "I ain't nothin' but a young feller what never had no chance ——"

Reverend Criddle airily waved this modesty aside. "De chance is done seeked you out; folks recommends you powerful high and I wants a good man to help me."

Virgil felt that it was coming; people were not in the habit of feeding him for fun. "What bizness is you 'gaged in?"

The parson leaned back, gave his voice full swing, and intoned the anthem: "I'm de Gran' Organizer o' de Order o' Race Pride o' Friendship, Help an' Burial."

Virgil dropped his fork. "Say, you is? Dat's a mighty heap—ain't it?"

"Right tol'ble much," Criddle admitted; "an' I needs a man—a man like de Good Book say: 'De words o' his mouf is smoother dan butter.'"

Virgil licked a greasespot off the shiny lapel of his coat. "I does stan' well wid de white folks."

"'Tain't no white folks in dis. Ef twuz left ter white folks dere wouldn't be no Coffin Club."

"Coffin Club?" Virgil's eyes stuck out like those of a crawfish.

"Dat's what common niggers calls it; but 'tain't dat. It's a lodge—a lodge in a garden o' cucumbers, 'cordin' ter de Prophet Isaiah."

"How come?"

Criddle smoothed out a wrinkle in the tablecloth just as he smoothed the wrinkles out of Virgil's mind. "O' coase jes' dem cucumbers, dey don't 'mount ter shucks; dat's Scripter talk an' don't signify. In de midst o' life we is in death; man goeth ter his long home an' de mourners shall peerade roun' de streets. De main thing is de burial, an' dat's whar I comes in."

Chock-full of potatoes and piety, Virgil was beginning to feel the spiritual exaltation; Criddle warmed up. "De Good Book say dat de grasshopper don't lay up nothin' an' he shall be buried wid de burial o' an ass."

"Sho do; amen ter dat!"

"Dat's how come dese niggers jines de Coffin Club—dollar 'nitiation an' a dollar a munt'; when dey dies we buries dem wid a big peerade an' de brass ban', an' so fo'th an' so on."

"Say, you do?" Virgil gasped; the Elder leaned back, emitting philanthropy. His stock in trade was persuasion, which brought three good meals a day and a cool seat on the shady side of the street.

Virgil listened while the Reverend Criddle kept smiling and explaining, "De Lawd have called you fer de work o' His han'"—which settled it.

"What kinder job you goin' ter gimme?" Virgil didn't mean to be choosy. He simply wanted the vineyard of his labors to be pointed out.

"You won't have nothin' ter do, nothin' 'tall, 'cept git new members an' fetch 'em ter me. I c'lects de dollar 'nitiation. Me an' you 'vides dat; dat's our c'mission." Virgil began to take particular notice. "De dollar a munt' what every member pays reg'lar, we sets dat ter one side fer funerals as dey occur; funerals is nacherly bound to occur. Fust thing we do is jes' pitch in hot off de bat an' have a stavin' big funeral to begin wid—de brass ban' an' de fine hearse. Got ter be keerful an' give every member a pair o' white gloves an' sumpin to tote—a spear or sech. Dey marches to de graveyard gate an' locks dem spears togedder at de top, so de hearse drives onderneath wid all de mourners. After dem niggers sees dat, jes' one time, you can't keep 'em from tumblin' over each other to jine de Coffin Club. We starts dis club, say, on dis comin' Monday mornin', an' has dat lovely funeral on de nex' comin' Sunday—dat makes everybody feel nice and pleasant."

Virgil was swept away by Criddle's infectious enthusiasm—except for: "How you gwine to be sho an' hab a funeral right away? Whar you gwine ter git de remains?"

"De Lawd will pervide."

. . . . . .

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" That tumbledown, wood-front shanty just below Saul Jordan's barber shop had no premonition of its new coat of

paint; neither an annunciation of the spiritual renaissance of its interior. For many years old Gascue Bozey had mended shoes within, while the sun blistered it without. Rejuvenation came when the Reverend Baltimore Criddle rented it. While old man Gascue was moving out his cobbler's bench Reverend Criddle and Virgil Custard sweat with the drayman moving in a huge box that might have contained the Washington Monument. Silas Jeeter, the drayman, wiped his face on the oat sack that served him for an apron. "Dat box is heavier dan some o' dese tombstones what dey fetches here to de park. Whatcher got in it?"

"De fines' casket you ever seed in all yo' life." Criddle spoke loud enough for the assembled multitude to hear—which constituted the first official intimation given out from headquarters. "Sh!" he cautioned Virgil. "Don't say no mo'. Let 'em study 'bout dat an' argy 'bout dat till dey purty nigh bust. Den we kin tell 'em."

That first authentic tip set all niggerdom in a buzz, but the doors of the Coffin Club were closed and they could only peep through. The second tip was like unto the first, but more soulfilling and satisfying. Painters came, spreading a coat of black across the front of that leprous-looking shanty, then lettering in white, a foot high:

TRUE HOPE LODGE OF RACE PRIDE
OF
FRIENDSHIP, HELP AND BURIAL
REVEREND BALTIMORE CRIDDLE, SUPREME GRAND ORGANIZER

"I reckin dat oughter fetch 'em," remarked the Reverend Criddle to Virgil Custard.

It did fetch 'em—at first to peep and inquire, then to remain and stare. Negroes were prying in at the door long before Virgil and the Reverend had set their stage to impress the laity. The black-and-tan laity waited outside with impatience and entered with awe.

The room was hung in black. At first nobody could see the Reverend—except his shirtfront and white tie. In the very center reposed a black-draped and impressive table, upholding the calm dignity of a silver-mounted casket. Along one side of the room ran a counter, displaying an openfaced burial suit for a gentleman, one unexpurgated edition of graveclothes for a woman, and a trailing widow's veil—with all modern improvements that could cheer the late lamented. Beside these were exhibited white gloves in dozens, badges with gold tassels, fringy banners and sashes galore. Forests of shiny-headed spears ranged themselves about the wall; shepherds' crooks tied with mourning knots.

"Look Yonder, Virgil; Dat She is One Whalin' Nigger"

Virgil had watched all these wonders as they came out of the box—miracles and marvels produced with the ease of a magician who drags flop-eared rabbits from an empty hat.

Sister Kizzy Jeeter, wife of the drayman, had got first news about that box, and nobody beat her there to see it. She had a right to the first examination of that widow's veil. "Look, Evalina, ain't dis gran'? Look, Pearly!" Reverend Criddle acted mighty nice; Sis Kizzy always bragged her brags about how nice he acted. "You kin try it on, sister. Widders what wears dat veil is bound ter take on mightily at de grave. It makes 'em de life o' de funeral."

Aunt Kizzy adjusted those wonderful festoons about her head and gloated into the mirror. "Lawd! Lawd!" she sighed, as she laid the veil down and considered Silas Jeeter's health. "But he do have spells—he do have 'em!"

Old Creaky stood it just as long as he could, then tottered painfully from his bench, taking one rickety step at a time. The crowd on the sidewalk had him blocked off from the Coffin Club. He halted and complained querulously: "Lemme git in, brudderen; I ain't long fer dis worl' an' I wants ter see."

Pudgy little Tobias shoved those negroes right and left. "Come right in! You ain't gwine ter die—a creakin' door hangs a long time."

Virgil Beat the Byways and the Hedges So Diligently That Dollars Poured In

The moment had arrived when Reverend Criddle took the middle of the floor and unlimbered his voice for action. Old Creaky stood shakily, leaning on his staff, listening to the full round syllables that gushed from those reverend lips. "Hear me, brudders, an' likewise sisters; when de ear hears me den it blessed me, an' also when de eye seen me it give witness. De Lawd hab sent His servant ter organize dis True Hope Lodge o' Friendship, Help and Burial, an' pay de one great debt what nobody can't git away from. Ef youse mighty spry you kin dodge de 'stallment man; sometimes you manages ter run away an' beat de loan man. When de rent c'lector comes roun' he mought find yo' do' open an' yo' furnicher done moved out in de night; but whar shall you hide when Old Death stalks abroad, rattlin' his dry bones and knockin' on yo' do'? Whar kin yer run when de black-wing'd angel comes a-flappin'? What you gwine ter do when de grisly finger p'ints an' say, 'Come wid me, Sister Kizzy, or Brudder Creaky,' as de case mought be? D'ain't no hole in de yearth, needer in de bowels dereof, what kin kiver yo' defenseless head."

"Lawd! Lawd!" moaned Sis Kizzy.

"Dat's right, sister; de time fer mournin' is done arrive'. Whar shall you turn in dat 'stressin' hour when de Hebens tumbles down an' de stars is a-sizzlin' in de street? What yer gwine to do? Answer me dat! Is you gwine ter let yo' wife take up a c'lection 'mongst de white folks an' put ye in de groun'? No, my brudderen, an' likewise sisters. No! You kin res' peaceful in de arms o' dis lodge. De sun shall not smite thee by day, needer de moon by night, 'ceptin' we's right dar wid a fust-class hearse an' duly 'lected pallbearers. Dollar 'nitiation an' dollar a munt', cash in egvance."

Little Pearly grabbed Sis Kizzy's apron strings. "Oh, mammy, mammy, le's jine!"

Reverend Criddle lifted both hands. "Hear dat, brudders! Hear what dis chile say. Outer de mouf o' babes an' suckers comes de wisdom."

A wail went up from the door. "I ain't long fer dis worl' an' I sholy wishes I could jine."

"Shet up, Creaky!" Elder Kates, pastor of King Hiram's Church, had been listening from the sidewalk. Elder Kates would have swapped his left hind leg for such a voice to rouse the mourners. Most of those inside belonged to King Hiram's flock, so Kates felt called to shove in and see whither his lambs were being led.

Criddle always kept his eye skinned for Kates and his kind; local preachers made the best sort of bellwethers. He shouldered his way to the door, extending the hand of brotherly welcome. Unlike the Roman augurs, these two did not laugh in each other's face. "Come in, brudder, come in—I wants a word wid you. O' cose," he whispered, "we does all our buryin' right here at home an' pays de pastor five dollars per each. When one o' yo' flock dies you gits de job an' rides in de leadin' hack alongside o' me, right smack at de head o' de procession. Ef de 'ceased warn't a member o' nary church an' didn't hab no reg'lar preacher den de lodge s'lects a preacher fer dem special remains. Dat's how come de pastor what's got de morest members in our lodge he gits de bigges' majority o' de buryin's—at five dollars per each."

"Dat's mighty fair—dat is; an' I sholy recommends it ter my congregation."

"Hear dat, brudders"—Criddle turned his big voice loose in the silence—"Parson Kates indorses de True Hope Lodge—same as all de pastors does everywhar. We gwine ter open de books right now. Who wants ter be de fust one to jine? Preachers free," he whispered to Kates. And lo! upon that list of membership the name of Parson Ephraim Kates led all the rest.

Every negro who had flowed in with a dollar ebbed out with a receipt—except the stubborn Silas Jeeter. The drayman stood firm at the front door, jerking away from Sister Kizzy, who implored him, with one eye on that widow's veil.

When night fell and that scramble of j'iners cleared out Reverend Criddle had fifty-six dollars stacked on top of his new oak desk.

Virgil Custard yielded himself up to joy and reached for his half of the fifty-six. Reverend Criddle slapped his fat hand on the pile. Virgil insisted prayerfully: "You kin jes' 'vide it up right now."

"No, dat's agin de constitootion an' likewise agin de bylaws."

"When do 'vidin'-time come roun'?"

"Ev'y time us has a funeral. I don't git none o' dis an' you don't git none; not till den." Criddle removed all cause for controversy by sweeping the cash into his pockets. "We got to go by de constitootion an' bylaws," explained the Reverend.

"I sees it a-goin'." Virgil watched those fifty-six initiations going the way of all flesh into a dolorous cavity whence no dollar e'er returned. Hollow and hungry, he rambled to the door, stared out, and then came back. "Parson, I hear you specify 'bout dat widder 'oman what de Lawd c'manded to 'stain you. Do she want some mo' reg'lar boarders?"

Criddle rolled his eyes upward until the whites showed and sanctity illumined his brow. "De speerit sho is lit upon dis lodge; tomorrow dey'll be mo' a-j'inin', an' de nex' day, an' dereafter. All we needs is a big peerade an' den dey'll flock in same as sheep a-follerin' de shepherd."

Virgil tried to follow him in the spirit whilst he yearned in the flesh. "Dat's all right, parson, but what I needs is steady vittles."

Again those big white eyes rolled upward. "De Lawd will pervide."

"Dat's all right agin when it comes to pervidin' dem remains, jes' like you say. 'Pears to me we gwine to keep de Lawd mighty bizzy. Ain't pervidin' nothin' fer me 'cept a drygoods box in de back alley an' plum' fergot de grub."

"Feed my sheeps!" the parson murmured, far away from the material concerns of earth. "Here, take dis fo' bits fer grub; you kin sleep right in here on dat sofy."

(Continued on Page 33)

ON THE UPGRADE

The Persistence Route to Success

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Hi, There! Wake Up!"

WHEN I was ten years old my Uncle Hod said I was a fool, and if I ever amounted to anything it would be on account of my dodgasted pertinacity. My brains, he added, were built for a bulldog.

I have never quite forgiven Uncle Hod for the many cruel opinions he expressed concerning me during the eight years I lived on his farm up in Connecticut, but my children pray for the old fellow every night of their lives. One day recently my youngest girl asked me:

"Do you think Uncle Hod will ever get into Heaven?"

"Well," I answered, "just keep hammering away with your prayers. It's the only thing to do—keep hammering."

That, in a nutshell, has been the secret of my success so far as I've gone in life. True, I am not yet middle-aged and I'm not very high up. I am managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper, however, which isn't so bad as jobs go.

I have hammered myself through a thousand obstacles; I have literally clubbed my way by persistence past a great many men who were brilliant and cultivated chaps and far better fitted in most ways for the positions I have held. In some respects Uncle Hod undoubtedly was right. I am no genius. Since I omit my real name from these remarks I am willing to concede that I have mental shortcomings and woeful faults of education. I have tried to eradicate these defects as far as possible, but no man knows my present deficiencies so well as I know them myself. I look wise oftentimes and say nothing.

My Unique Training for Reporting

I WAS eighteen when I quit the farm and journeyed down to New York without saying goodby to my uncle. My parents were dead and I'd had enough of digging stones for Uncle Hod. My persistence didn't run on that tangent.

In New York I had a second cousin whom I had never seen. I'd heard of him as a man who earned a fabulous salary—just how I didn't know. Now I hunted him up and learned he was connected with the advertising department of a morning newspaper. He was glad to see me, so he said—very glad indeed. His only regret was that he couldn't offer me quarters at his house. His house, I discovered, consisted of a three-room apartment on the eleventh floor.

I suppose it was in self-defense that he got me a job. Anyhow he spoke to the head janitor of the newspaper building about me, and after some weeks of idleness I was put on as an elevator boy.

For two years I was an elevator conductor in this newspaper building. Thus I came to know the members of the staff and to absorb the newspaper atmosphere. Then one day I walked into the city room and hit Bill Brewster for a job as reporter. Bill was city editor.

I've never forgiven the reception I got. Brewster leaned back in his chair and laughed like a maniac. He refused to take me seriously.

So I made the rounds of all the New York papers and about that time I began to get good and mad. I didn't see why I should be branded forever as an incompetent because I'd been an elevator boy.

I thought the matter over a few days as I shot up and down my chute, and then I quit my job. I was still mad and I'd made up my mind to get into the newspaper game. When a fellow is mad, you know, he'll do a lot of things he wouldn't do if he felt good-natured.

The next afternoon I went over to a certain newspaper office—I'll call it the Sentinel here—and walked boldly past the doorboy into the city room. Finding a vacant chair among the reporters, I sat down.

There I sat all afternoon. At six o'clock I went out and got a bite to eat; then back I went. The doorboy did not question me this time. Until one o'clock in the morning I sat there. Rufe Robinson was city editor, and though I had applied to him for work a few days previously he failed to recognize me now. He had scarcely looked at me, you see, when I hit him for a job; and when he came out of his den from time to time that afternoon and saw me sitting there he supposed I was a friend of one of the reporters.

Alvy Snodgrass was night city editor. He supposed the same thing and did not molest me; but at one o'clock, as he was going out to lunch, he stopped short and looked at me. I was the only man in the city room at the time. I had appropriated two chairs; on the edge of one I had adjusted the end of my spine, while my feet and legs were stretched on the other. My overcoat was under my head for a pillow and I was smoking a pipe.

Alvy came over to me and inquired respectfully:

"Waiting for somebody?"

"No," said I; "I am waiting to be excused."

"Oh!" said he. "Are you on the staff?"

"I'm on the extra list," I answered, and my heart beat rather fast.

"Ah, I beg your pardon!" said Alvy. "Mr. Robinson forgot to mention it, I suppose. What did you say your name was?"

"Miles Buffington," said I—of course, in reality, I gave my own name.

"Well, you'd better knock off for tonight, Buffington," he told me obligingly. "And, of course, I have no objections to your being on the extra list—not at all—but we're jammed up tight here in this office and I didn't suppose Robinson wanted any more extra men. Those we've got now are not earning their salt; in fact, we've got to let out some of the regular men I fear. The old man is cutting down all round. Good night."

Next day I was back there shortly after noon. I watched the assignments given out and still I sat there. At five o'clock Rufe Robinson came over to me.

Snodgrass had not yet come on duty.

"Waiting for somebody?" he asked.

"I'm waiting for an assignment," I managed to say, expecting to be kicked out.

"I was talking to Mr. Snodgrass last night," I added, "and he said he had no objections to having me on the extra list."

I saw the lowering look in Rufe's eyes and I shouldn't have been surprised if he had swatted me. He didn't.

"Well," he said, after looking me over, "if Alvy wants you here, of course, I don't care; but you stand a mighty poor show. If you've got the ghost of a chance anywhere else I'd advise you to get out and take it. You can't earn your breakfast here, to say nothing of your luncheon and dinner and bed. Live at home?"

"No; I've got a room up on Eleventh Street."

"What papers have you worked on?"

"Not any," I confessed; "I'm just breaking in."

The city editor gave a sort of snort and walked away.

I had no further conversation with Robinson for two long weeks—or with Alvy Snodgrass either. For fourteen days I sat in that city room half the day and half the night and got not one solitary crumb of work. Neither the city editor nor the night city editor noticed me in any way.

I tell you some chaps don't know what persistence means. I know plenty of men who have tried to break into some line of work that appealed to them, but gave it up with one rejection. I know plenty who try to do things in a fainthearted way, but succumb to the most commonplace obstacles. I suppose I'd be running an elevator today if I hadn't been something of a bulldog, as Uncle Hod said.

How I Froze to the City Room

DURING those fourteen days and nights I grew to be a joke in the Sentinel office. Some of the boys knew me as an elevator conductor and somebody told Snodgrass. He, in turn, told Robinson, as I learned afterward. Robinson was for throwing me out, but Snodgrass said: "Freeze him out; that'll be less bother."

They froze me, but they didn't freeze me out. With bitterness, but with a heap of obstinacy, I stuck. I had been obstinate before. I've heard that when I was a baby I'd yell all night long if they didn't put my rag monkey to bed with me. I wanted that monkey and I meant to have it. Well, now I wanted a job on the Sentinel.

I suffered all sorts of gibes from the fellows; even the copy boys made a butt of me. In grim silence I suffered it all and sat quietly in the city room.

Then one morning, at two o'clock, Alvy Snodgrass suddenly stood before me. I had lengthened my hours in sheer desperation. I had been in that chair since noon and now I had fallen into a doze, with my pipe on the floor beside me. Awaking suddenly, I saw the night city editor.

"What did you tell me your name was?" he asked.

I told him as I sat up straight in surprise.

"There's been a murder up at the Blank Hotel," he said, speaking fast. "You're the only man in the office. Get up there in a rush and help out our police headquarters man. He's on the way over there now. Take a cab and hustle. We've got to have something for the city edition."

As I tumbled down the stairs, not waiting for the elevator, I felt a mighty triumph surging inside me. The mail edition was on the presses in the basement and the thunder of the great machines was the sweetest music I had ever heard—for it belonged to me and I to it. I had been recognized as a newspaper man!

There were few gibes after that. Rufe Robinson recognized me as a stayer. However crude I was as a writer I

He Refused to Take Me Seriously

got the news I was sent out to get—or I stayed on the job until the paper went to press. My best results were achieved not by exceptional shrewdness or brilliant diplomacy, but with a hammer. I persisted where many a man I knew quit and went back to his city room in defeat.

While I was still on the extra list, several months later, I was sent out one evening on a vague tip that a certain statesman of great prominence in the West had slipped into New York secretly, and had been seen in company with an equally prominent man—a financier of Boston. Snodgrass wanted to know what was up—that is a habit newspaper editors have. All the reporters who could be spared from other work were sent out to locate the twain.

Now there are certain places reporters always look in assignments of this sort—the leading hotels, clubs, cafés, and so on. Through various underground channels, such as an acquaintance with hotel clerks, head waiters and porters, it is often possible to run down big men who think they are in hiding.

Nevertheless, on this occasion the usual procedures failed to bring results. The Sentinel was the only paper that had the tip, but all the available Sentinel staff could not find the men wanted. At midnight all the reporters had confessed their failures at Snodgrass' desk—all except me.

I was the one stayer. It was a bitter night in winter and a blizzard blew up Broadway as I left a car at City Hall Plaza and made my way across the open toward Park Row. I was not in a pleasant mood, for failure was always very distasteful to me; in fact I was beginning to get mad. That, at least, was a good sign. I recognized it as the commencement of a fresh resolution.

I hesitated on the threshold of the Sentinel Building; then I turned and walked down Mail Street to Broadway again. I was not ready to quit the hunt.

Acting on an idea I began canvassing all the office buildings. There were many of them in New York even then, though they were not the skyscrapers we have today. Indeed, a forlorn hope it seemed; but it was action anyway. It was persistence! Most of the buildings were closed, and the watchmen or janitors in the lobbies gave me scant satisfaction when I inquired whether any of the offices were occupied. I had supplied myself with cigars, and these I supplemented with an occasional coin.

For an hour and a half I worked in this manner, proceeding slowly through the financial district. Then at the old Equitable Building on Broadway—the ruins of which are now being wrecked to make way for another cloud-topper—I was electrified to learn through a special policeman that the objects of my search were on an upper floor, together with the Secretary of the United States Treasury!

The Sentinel had a clean beat on this piece of news, the significance of which was more or less clear to the political writer in the Sentinel office who took the story from me and wrote it for the last edition. It was a big yarn, dealing with a Government bond issue.

I was heralded next day as a newspaper wonder. I kept my mouth shut as to my sources of information and the fellows on the Sentinel stood in some awe of me after that. It was years before I told the simple secret of that important beat—just a bit of bullheaded persistence.

Of course persistence will not work out that way every time. I concede that. There will be failures in plenty; but the law of averages is bound to boost along the man who persists. If you yell long and loud enough you are bound to get something. If it isn't a rag monkey it'll be a lump of sugar perhaps. You may get a slap occasionally, but if you keep on yelling folks will say of you as they said of me in my infantile days: "Give that brat something to shut him up."

So I was put on the regular reportorial staff of the Sentinel, and in a year or two my string of stuff every week ran between sixty and a hundred dollars. It was largely a space game at the Sentinel and the fellows who were the favorites with Rufe and Alvy got the cream of the work. I became a favorite because I delivered the goods.

Just to illustrate again how I went up through my habit of hanging on to a thing until something dropped I want to tell you an incident that led directly to an important event in my career.

I was sent out on a story of minor consequence one night—a yarn that had come to light in the Criminal Court Building that day. It had two or three angles, involving interviews with some families up in the northern part of Manhattan. I routed them out of bed, but got nothing beyond some tantalizing hints and the name of another family over in Brooklyn—a name that had not hitherto appeared in the affair.

It was after midnight and a very uncomfortable night, with rain and wind. I was soaked to the skin and the prospect of going to Brooklyn was not pleasant. Many a reporter would have kept still about the Brooklyn tip and passed the thing up. I was sorely tempted to do this myself, but habit is strong; so I called up Snodgrass and told him I was going over to Long Island on the fresh scent.

I landed the story at two o'clock. Hustling to a telephone I gave the facts to one of the Sentinel's copy editors, for the time was too short to get in and write the story myself.

Just as I was finishing with the copy reader I heard the voice of Snodgrass on the wire:

"Hello, Buffington! I want you to get over to the Pennsylvania Station in Jersey City and catch the two-forty-five mail train. Go to Harrisburg and meet the presidential special there in the morning. I want to take Johnson off the president's train and put you on—I need Johnson on other work. I'll wire you money and credentials. Now hustle up; you haven't a minute to spare."

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PITCHFORK PAT

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"Out You Go!" She Said Briskly

WHAT for you sittin' off all by yourself thataway, Pitchfork?" demanded the cook, as the Shoe-Bar men were eating supper.

"Because," said Pitchfork somewhat thickly, "there ain't nobody my ekal in this outfit."

And he continued to hoist beans on his knife with immense dignity.

The boss heard and he eyed Pitchfork where he squatted on a pile of bedding, wondering darkly where the redhead could have hidden the bottle.

After he had eaten, Pitchfork Pat—his name was Patrick Thaddeus Talmage, but, having once worked on a King County range, he had been christened with its brand—carried off a small pile of coals on a shovel and made for himself a private fire. By it he sat, solemnly warming his legs, and when Shorty would have horned in at his side he turned his face toward him and said:

"This here fire is for gen'l'men, and not for doggoned day-herders."

Upon which Shorty laughed and returned to the camp blaze. The outfit chuckled, but let Mr. Talmage severely alone, he being a citizen of uncertain impulses.

It would seem that Pitchfork's ruminations were of the gloomiest. He stared fixedly at the winking embers; from time to time he heaved a windy sigh and groaned as he eased his knees.

"It's a dawg's life," we heard him mutter.

At last he rose and went to rummaging in his bed, from which he drew his war-bag. This he carried off a matter of a hundred yards and deposited under a mesquit tree, then returned to the wagon to borrow a lantern.

"Dan," he said in the lugubrious tone of the wronged heroine of a ten-twenty-thirty drama, and I followed.

There was a varied collection of souvenirs in the mess he extracted from the bag. First came a ponderous, glazed album filled with photographs; next a feather cushion heavily scented; lastly a cotton contrivance of linked octagons colored blue and white alternately, which unfolded like a concertina to a most stupendous length. Pitchfork laid them out with gentle touch. His mood was one of tender melancholy; he gazed on these reminders of a misspent life, and there was a husk in his voice.

"A gal done give me that sixteen years ago," said Pitchfork, fondling the cotton article with his big speckled hands. "I wasn't much more'n a kid then. Gee, but she shore was peachy! Why, I'd play hooky from school back in the town where I was raised, Dan, and set all day in front of the fire-hall scheming how to get a dime to buy her soda pop with. Yes, sir!"

"What's it for?"

"You don't know? It works like this." He made a circle of it. "You wind it round like this and the dadgummed thing'll stand up of itself. See? It's to put on the table, with a lamp in the middle."

"Oh, aye—I see. It must be mighty useful to you, Pitchfork," I suggested, lost in admiration of the sense of fitness that had dictated the selection.

Pitchfork gathered it up and remarked severely:

"It ain't the thing itself. No, sir; it's the feelin' that goes with it. I've kept that there li'l' present all these long years, Dan. Yes, sir!"

"What became of her?"

"Well, she—anyhow, he was nothing but a long, slab-sided no-account. She done married the telegraph operator at the Katie Station. He was makin' fifty-five a month. Money'll get 'em most every time."

Again he unwound the centerpiece and laid it out on the ground. I placed the lantern in the middle—that was the nearest to the gift's use Pitchfork seemed likely ever to get.

"My, but she was shore lovely! She had great big blue eyes and could recite to beat hell. I mind the piece well: 'Sister'll be down in a minute; she says you're to wait if you please.'" He got it off in the exact singsong of adolescent elocution. "Yes, sir; them was happy days; but I'll be doggoned if I wasn't worried all the time too. Gosh, how I loved that gal! I shore wish I could remember her name."

The boss sauntered over to us and sat down. As the only safe protest against his company, Pitchfork repacked his souvenirs and relapsed into silence. The hour was late for a cow-camp and I speculated as to why the boss tarried. We conversed idly, Pitchfork taking no part. Very soon he began to fidget and emitted a loud yawn.

"Best go to bed," the boss advised. "I want you to go to the ranch tomorrow, Talmage, and you'll have to start before daylight."

"I'm tired, but I ain't a bit sleepy. I reckon I'll—I'll take a li'l' walk. It'll sort of soothe me."

"Walk?" the boss repeated—"who ever heard of a cowboy walking?"

"It'll sort of soothe me," said Pitchfork again, looking very guilty.

"All right! Walk it is. I'll go along with you. Want to come, Dan?"

Pitchfork, who had moved off a few steps, came back on hearing this.

"I know what you think," he said, and he wore a hurt air. "Yes, I do. There ain't no good in beatin' round the bush. You think I've got a bottle hid out—now don't you?"

"Why, Patrick Thaddeus," expostulated the boss, "what put that into your head?"

The cowboy grumbled something and carried the war-bag back to his bed. There the boss joined him and I heard him giving instructions in a low, casual tone, which meant that Pitchfork was receiving a reprimand.

Before the reluctant dawn reddened the eastern sky Pitchfork was in the saddle and ambling toward headquarters

with a message relative to gathering the beef cattle. He left it promptly with the manager at his house, and then stole round to the kitchen to pass the time of day with Donnalita, the halfbreed maid-of-all-work, whom he found bending over the oven as he tiptoed in at the door. It was easy to recognize the old blue wrapper, and Pitchfork executed a little hop and gave her a playful hug. Instantly the figure stiffened and a hand that was twenty shades whiter than Donnalita's clouted him across the cheek. "How dare you, you—you big oaf!" cried the manager's wife.

"Ma'am?" ejaculated Pitchfork, standing helplessly.

Mrs. Gee perceived that a mistake had been made and her ill humor fled. She began to rock with laughter.

"So you were a beau of Donnalita's too?" she gurgled. "She must have had a dozen. That's why I had to fire her."

"I always aim to be polite to ladies, ma'am," Pitchfork answered with a simper.

A smell of burning biscuits sobered Mrs. Gee and she turned her attention to the oven; not at all put out by the cowboy's embrace, she recounted her troubles to him as she deftly tested the scorched surface with a straw. Pitchfork was an old favorite.

"I declare I don't know what to do. It's just out of the question for me to do the cooking and look after the children and the house too; but I'll tell you flat, Pitchfork—I'll work my fingers to the bone before I ever hire one of them natives again."

"Huh-huh," Pitchfork agreed, wondering the while whither Donnalita had gone. "What for you don't send off for one?"

"Send off? Pitchfork Pat, you're crazy! Gracious alive, I've sent off a thousand times. Sam advertised in all the St. Louis and Kansas City papers, but not a single one could we get that we'd have." Mrs. Gee whisked the pan from the oven and placed it on the back of the stove. "But I believe now I'd take anybody. First we started with three qualifications—respectability, capability and willingness to come to Texas. Then we dropped the respectability part of it."

"Har-har!" laughed Pitchfork.

"It's no joke, I can tell you. If you had to slave from morning until night you wouldn't see any fun in it. And now we've dropped the second part—we only ask for willingness to come to Texas."

"Do you mean to say there're people who wouldn't come to Texas?" Pitchfork demanded, much shocked.

"It looks that way," she replied. "They have a notion it's all flat plains and sand and Indians. Why, I've got a letter here from a young widow in St. Louis who says she's a fine cook and has splendid references, but she wants to know what kind of men we have out here. What do you know about that? I reckon she don't aim to stay a widow all her life, don't you? What kind of men we have—huh!"

"Well," said Pitchfork meaningly, "what for you don't tell her?"

Mrs. Gee surveyed his six feet of freckles and red hair, noted the leer that Pitchfork intended to be sly, and sniffed.

"Here's her letter," she said, fishing it from a pocket in her apron. "Somehow I like it; she writes like she's honest. I believe she's just the sort I want, but I don't reckon we'll be able to get her."

It was a good letter, written in a fair, round, copybook hand, and set forth that the writer was of unblemished character and exceptional culinary skill, but was tired of city life and the unmeaning attentions of policemen and lazy loafers. Also, it contained an ingenuous query as to what species of male inhabited the region of the Shoe-Bar. Taking the two in conjunction, nobody could fail to arrive at Mrs. Gee's conclusion—it was patent that the Widow Martin did not contemplate a life of solitary repining.

"Well?"

"Give me leave to keep this letter, Miz Gee—will you, ma'am?"

"What on earth do you want with it?"

Pitchfork grinned guiltily and tried to look modest.

"I've got a powerful persuasive way with women, ma'am."

"So?" giggled the manager's wife, as she always did over Pitchfork's talk. "I bet you steal up on their blind side then." Suddenly serious, she added: "Now no nonsense, Pitchfork Pat. We don't want any more Donnalitas here. What are you fixing to do?"

"It's just this way, Miz Gee"—and he gave a hitch to his overalls—"a man ain't half a man so long as he's a bachelor. He gits to be awful ornery and low in his mind. He shore does. It's a dawg's life; nobody to comfort or make a fuss over you. What're you laughin' at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing."

"And I've been thinkin' a heap lately ——"

"What have you got to marry on?"

"I got a steady job," Pitchfork answered protestingly. "If a man can most keep himself shorely a good wife ought for to be able to help some."

Some further parley was terminated by Mrs. Gee giving him the letter, for she loved a joke as well as the next; and Pitchfork went into seclusion in the bunkhouse and sweated

"Now, You —," Cried Shorty, "I've Got You!"

profusely for a matter of three hours inditing a missive to the widow. Except for a promissory note for thirty-three dollars, he had not even signed his name to anything in five years, so there was nothing of flowing ease in the effort; but as Pitchfork surveyed the signature—Patrick Thaddeus Talmage—he reflected, with a measure of satisfaction, that it had a fine, full sound in the mouth and was suggestive of aristocratic connections.

"Women like them kind of things," he told himself as he folded the letter. "Now I'll have to go git that likeness out of the album before I send it off."

Accordingly he carried the letter with him on his return to camp and, after selecting a photograph from the album aforementioned, wrapped both securely in brown paper and sent the packet to town by the next rider to go—which happened to be three days later. As it was never possible for Pitchfork to keep anything to himself for long, the outfit soon had all the particulars, and conjecture ran rife as to the Widow Martin's appearance and personality. Shorty held that she must be a tall, angular female, with green eyes and a devil of a temper; the Big Un, who weighed two hundred and four and was intensely sentimental, argued that she was small and plump and rosy. Did she not long for the protection of a strong man? That proved she was weak and cuddling, said the Big Un. The cook and the bronc-buster were inclined to be very dubious. The fact that she was a widow caused the cook to wag his head, and he did not hesitate to state openly that he considered Pitchfork done for; which the bronc-buster supplemented by: "A widow is like to give you a hard run for your money. You're bound to get action, Pitchfork. Take my advice—I've courted three in my time—the only way to win a widow is to keep cool, clamp your knees and lean a little back."

They were also pleasantly imaginative of the impression Pitchfork would probably produce on a woman unblunted to his type; but he was used to their badinage and took it in good part.

Within a fortnight the mail brought a packet from St. Louis. So overcome was Pitchfork at receiving a letter that he could not summon courage to open it for quite ten minutes. Then he went pale.

"Gosh A'mighty!" he exclaimed. "What'll I do? What'll I do?"

"What's the matter now, Pitchfork? What's eating of you?"

"She's a-comin'—that widow woman's a-comin'," said Pitchfork in a whisper, scared half to death.

The letter was fluttering in his hand. Out of it dropped a photograph upon which Shorty pounced.

"Cracky," he said in awe, "but she's sure a daisy! You done picked a peachy one, Pitchfork, and no mistake."

The picture was of a girl of about twenty-two years. She was trying to look sweet, which gave her an insipid, dying expression, but that was the fault of an ignorant photographer. Otherwise it was a fresh, strong face, with faint promise of a double chin in maturity. Yet it afforded no consolation to Pitchfork. Indeed he scarcely glanced at it, but, in a perfect panic of remorse and anxiety, kept repeating: "What'll I do? What'll I do?"

"Well, isn't that what you wanted?" the boss asked.

The cowboy gave him a wounded look and walked off to a remote corner of the camp that he might reread the letter in seclusion. There could be no mistake—the Widow Martin was coming. She did not even give him a chance to reconsider or parley. Inclosed was her picture—did he admire brunettes?—and she would arrive at Estilene on the twentieth. It was now the eighteenth.

That was a terrible night for Pitchfork Pat. He could not get to sleep. Thrice he roused Shorty to complain of cold chills. Waking from an uneasy doze about two in the morning, he inquired for the fourth time what under Heaven he was to do.

"Suppose I go and lose my job?" he said in an agony of dread. "How the tarnation am I goin' to keep her then—hey? Shorty, I've just got to git out of this. If I don't I'm a goner—a goner shore! You take her, Shorty—go on! You've done saved your money. Be a sport and take her."

"Not me," answered Shorty resentfully. "If she hadn't of agreed so quick to marry you she might have got me easy. I tell you she's sure some gal, Pitchfork; but if you can git her I don't want her."

The imputation was lost on Pat; his other worries were too overwhelming.

"How the Sam Hill did you git her anyhow?" Shorty demanded after a brief pause. "That's what knocks me cold. I'll bet you never sent her a likeness or nothin'."

"Yes, I did—I did too," came the half-hearted assurance.

"Well," said Shorty, snuggling again under the blankets, "it's queer what women'll do. But it's your funeral and not mine. All I've got to say is—if I was a-goin' to git a good-looker like that, Pitchfork, I'd act more like a sure-enough bridegroom and not like a mourner at a wake. Now you quit your howlin', Pitchfork, and leave me sleep. If you wake me up again I swan I'm liable to pat your face with the shovel. Me take her!" And with two or three twists and humps of the shoulders to get comfortable, Shorty composed himself to slumber.

Next morning Pitchfork begged permission to go to headquarters, thence to town. After he had read the Widow Martin's letter the boss let him go.

"Mornin', Miz Gee," said Pitchfork, slinking into the manager's house like a whipped pup. "Well, she's a-comin'. You're goin' to git a cook all right."

"Oh, goody! Good for you, Pitchfork. Tell me all about it."

Mr. Talmage told her in the dull, dead voice of a man condemned to death who has just learned that the final appeal has failed, while Mrs. Gee held her handkerchief to her mouth and tittered at his lugubrious face.

"So, now you've got me into it," Pitchfork concluded, licking his dry lips, "I know you'll git me out. No nice lady like you would leave a feller in the lurch like this."

"What!" cried Mrs. Gee. "You want to back out?"

"How the jiminy Christmas am I to keep a wife, Miz Gee?" Pitchfork wailed. "Besides, I ain't fit to marry. If you only knew—I've led a awful life."

The manager's wife rose from her seat and stood over the hapless wretch.

"You're going through with it now, Patrick Talmage," she said sternly. "Yes, you are. Don't you try to back out or I'll get Sam and the boys to drag you up to the parson. Yes, I will. A fine way to treat a woman—isn't it—hey? Now you get along out of my kitchen, Pitchfork Pat. I don't want the likes of you round, you—you Don Joo-un, you."

"But I tell you I can't, ma'am. I ——"

"Yes, you can—and you will too! Get along out of here now. Do you think I'm going to lose a good cook on your account?"

For a minute Pat could not command speech.

"All right," he gulped at last—"all right, I'll stick; but, by cracky, somebody'll pay me first."

Forthwith he proceeded to interview the manager.

"I want sixty dollars a month, Mr. Gee," he announced.

"Sixty dollars! Why, you ain't worth the thirty-five you're drawing, Pitchfork," replied the amazed manager.

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't," said Pitchfork stubbornly. "I notice you keep on a-paying me though. But Miz Gee, she wants a cook, and I've contracted to furnish one. Now"—and in his vehemence Pitchfork banged his fist against his open hand—"it's thisaway, Mr. Gee. Onless you give me a signed piece of writin' to keep me on here at fifty-five dollars a month for two years, I back out and you don't git a cook. Yes, sir—I just git up and drift; and if ever I start, by cracky, I won't never stop till I hit the Canadian border!"

The manager was on the point of offering to furnish the impetus for a flying start when thought of his wife deterred him; so instead he said: "Come in to see me this evening."

Whatever happened between the Gees, Pitchfork got his signed bit of paper before sundown. It called for fifty-five dollars a month for a period of two years, which payments were to command the services of Patrick Thaddeus Talmage and wife, as cowhand and domestic cook respectively; fit lodging and board to be provided by the party of the first part for the party of the second part. Pitchfork opined that he would prefer not to be called a party, but otherwise the contract met with his approval.

This solemn pact was consummated on the nineteenth. On the afternoon of the twentieth Mrs. Gee and Pitchfork stood on the station platform at Estilene, awaiting the arrival of the westbound passenger. The manager's wife held to Pitchfork's arm, as though fearful lest he make a dive for liberty at the last moment, and Pat had the dull-eyed appearance of one desperately keyed to submit to the worst; but he had made some concessions to good form, for he wore his best suit of clothes and, though tieless, no shinier celluloid than his collar ever adorned a Western statesman.

The train pulled in and a porter heaved a heavy suitcase to the platform.

"You mind what you're doing there," a voice cautioned, as a woman of ample proportions eased her bulk down the steps.

"There she is; I just know that's her," said Mrs. Gee excitedly.

"Who—that?" replied Pitchfork in supreme disgust. "Not much it ain't. Why, she's old enough to be my ma. My gal's a young un."

The manager's wife did not catch this, for she had hurried forward and was greeting the newcomer warmly. With quaking heart Pitchfork hovered some ten yards off. The woman he saw was within two years of his own age, at least, and had a hearty sway to her walk. The face was round and good-humored; she had one more than the standard allotment of chins; but her hair was shiny black, and when she smiled she showed not only two rows of white teeth, but a very charming dimple in her left cheek. However, this went unnoticed of Pitchfork—all he perceived was the woman over thirty, and the photograph had promised him an alluring young creature of twenty.

"Who's that?" asked the Widow Martin, when she and Mrs. Gee had made sure of each other's identity.

"What? Where?"

"That scared-looking man."

"Oh—why—don't you recognize him? That's Mr. Talmage. That's Pitchfork."

"No, it ain't," said the widow positively. "That ain't the man I came to marry. The man I came to marry don't look anything like that."

This being plainly audible to Pitchfork, he gave a sickly smile and tilted his hat round, as though not quite sure whether he ought to raise it or not.

"Why," the widow went on, "look at his legs."

"What's the matter with them laigs?" spoke up Pitchfork, looking down at those members.

"You could drive a pig between 'em," she said, addressing herself to Mrs. Gee.

"Hush!" warned the manager's wife. "He'll hear you. Now you two mustn't act like this. He's a far nicer man than he looks, Mrs. Martin—honest he is! Pitchfork's heart's in the right place."

It was kindly intended, but the cowboy instantly took umbrage. Stalking up to the two, he said with insufferable politeness:

"Excuse me, but are you the lady by the name of Miz Martin who done agreed to come here today to marry Patrick Thaddeus Talmage?"

"That's me, sir. Who're you? Where's Mr. Talmage?"

"Then," said Pitchfork, still polite, "I've been done—done good. You ain't the lady whose likeness I've got here."

"It isn't my latest photo," the Widow Martin admitted, touching up her back hair in some confusion—"I didn't have any taken recent."

"Now, Pitchfork," Mrs. Gee began to plead, and seized his arm; but the widow cut in with:

"And if you're the gen'l'man who wrote to me you sure aren't the man I expected. What—marry him? Ha-ha! That's good. I'd as lief marry ——"

"Oh, do be quiet. Everybody's listening. Let's go," begged Mrs. Gee.

She endeavored to drag them away to the hack in waiting behind the station, but both refused to be led. Meanwhile the station employees grouped near, watching the tableau with the liveliest glee; the conductor and brakeman were on the rear platform of the outgoing train, doubled up and inarticulate; and for ten minutes the manager's wife argued, and argued in vain. The more she talked the more determined did each become that death was preferable to such a union.

It ended in Pitchfork's engaging a citizen to drive Mrs. Gee and the new cook to the ranch. He himself borrowed a horse and rode back solitary by remote, devious trails.

Now the manager's wife was a forceful woman who, once she had set her mind on a thing, never let up until it was accomplished. She was heartily tired of cooking and she had a five-hour ride in which to exercise her powers of persuasion. Therefore no one was surprised when we learned that the Widow Martin had elected to remain. As for Pitchfork, the manager shook the contract under his nose and inquired what he intended to do about it; did Pitchfork know that failure to live up to its terms left him open to discharge? The cowboy was dumb and miserable, and when Gee ordered him back to the wagon at his old wages he went in humble, chastened gratitude.

For a fortnight he remained away from headquarters, working on the roundup, so that the Widow Martin ceased to loom in his mind as an imminent peril; and when this came about curiously enough Pitchfork began to feel regrets. He recalled her honest wholesomeness with something approaching shame. After all, she was still a young woman—younger than himself—and Pitchfork could not remember ever having seen a clearer complexion or brighter eyes than hers.

On top of it all, the behavior of the outfit pricked him to resentment and a vague feeling of injury. Here was Shorty sneaking off from camp on every possible excuse, to go to headquarters and sit round the kitchen. The Big Un reported that she was sure some cook—easily laid it over any lady of his acquaintance. Then the manager arrived one noon at the wagon to give final orders for the moving of the beef herd, and he remarked casually in Pitchfork's hearing that they had never had such a treasure in the house in all their years of wedded bliss—the Widow Martin was an angel of good humor and brightness and was more of a friend to his wife than a hired help. The redhead affected complete indifference, but that night he took out the wonderful centerpiece and, spreading it round his lantern on the ground, stared long and regretfully on this emblem of domesticity.

He had always liked Shorty—they had been bedfellows for two years—but now he took to reviewing Shorty's career as he knew it, and rapidly discovered that he was a scoundrel of the deepest dye, unfit to be trusted round respectable people. Consequently he regarded that festive bachelor's goings-on with a very unsympathetic eye. In truth, Shorty's deportment was sufficiently galling. He was forever donning his town clothes to ride to the ranch, and in moments of leisure would try on a new silk neckerchief or slick his hair so the bald spot would not show. Upon his return from one of these visits to headquarters—the boss had sent him there—Pitchfork saw him smirking at his reflection in a handglass and said to him gruffly:

"Well, how's the widow?"

"Tol'able—tol'able." Shorty went on smoothing his yellow locks.

"I swan," cried Pitchfork, exasperated beyond endurance, "you shore make me sick, Shorty. A li'l' runt like you to hang round a fine, strong woman like that. Why, she could take you on her knee."

"How did you know?" Shorty inquired.

"Say, you quit that." Pitchfork was very much in earnest, but the laugh the outfit raised apprised him that he had only got his deserts; whereupon he tried again. "It must look right ridiklous, a li'l' runt like you doggin' that lady's heels. Hur-har! Can't you-all see him, boys? Why, his puny li'l' arm wouldn't go half round her waist. She wouldn't know he was there."

"Go on," Shorty retorted, on the broad grin, "or I'll flick a muscle at you. Don't you worry none about my arm. She says I do it fine."

In a towering rage Pitchfork grabbed his rope and trudged off to catch a fresh horse.

Before the new moon the shipping was over and the majority of the Shoe-Bar outfit returned to headquarters. Among them was Pitchfork, subdued and wary. He did not go near the manager's house for several days, but kept close to the bunkhouse and the corrals, where some broncs were being broken; but at last he screwed up his nerve and knocked timidly on the kitchen door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Gee.

Pitchfork entered after careful scraping of his boots, and was engaged in a fearfully formal exchange of weather remarks with the manager's wife when the Widow Martin walked out of the pantry. Without seeming to see Pitchfork, she seized a broom and went vigorously to sweeping. Arriving in no time at the spot he incumbered, the widow tried calmly to sweep him out with the dust. Inasmuch as Pitchfork tipped the scales at one hundred and ninety, the effort failed, and then the widow appeared to descry him. She stepped to the door and held it wide.

"Out you go!" she said briskly.

"Oh, Nora," Mrs. Gee protested.

Pitchfork swallowed hard and muttered something to the effect that a lady had ought to be civil to a gen'l'man; but the appeal made no impression. With compressed lips and stony glance the Widow Martin remained holding the door-handle, and there was nothing for the cowboy to do but retreat.

From that day he began to feel isolated and nursed a grievance, because the widow invited one after another of the Shoe-Bar men to dinner, and every mother's son of them vowed he had never tasted the like or imagined it in his wildest dreams. To add to his misery the manager kept him dangling at headquarters, though he could quite easily have sent Pitchfork to some camp where he might perform useful service.

"She ain't doin' me right," Pitchfork assured himself bitterly. "No, sir; no woman should use a dawg like she done me—gee, though, ain't she handsome when she's riled!"

The more thought he gave to the situation, the greater became his self-pity; and he thought of little else. Once he made a journey to town and bought a heart-shaped locket, which he sent anonymously to the widow. It cost him half a month's pay; but in the still watches of the night, when Pitchfork brooded sorrowfully over his lot, he reflected with a sort of sweet sadness that were he to die she would know whence it came.

The widow sent it back to him next morning; not a word or a sign—the woman seemed incapable of any tender emotion.

At this stage Mrs. Gee undertook to interfere in Pitchfork's behalf.

(Concluded on Page 38)

"She's a-Comin'—That Widow Woman's a-Comin'," Said Pitchfork, Scared-Half to Death

Our Politics and John Bull's

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ENGLISH politicians take their politics more seriously than American politicians take theirs—as a year-round proposition; and every English journalist is a politician, or thinks he is. Consequently it seems to a casual observer that the chief concern of most Englishmen, all Irishmen and some Scotchmen is politics, when the fact is the chief concern of most of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is getting something somebody else has—principally food and money—wherein they do not differ from the inhabitants of any other country, our own included. The problem of getting enough to eat has a more vital and pressing interest with a much greater proportion of the population of England than of our country, and the direct result is that politics, having for its end legislation that shall relieve these conditions, is more to the front than in America. English politicians have taken hold of the social problem because they had to, not because they wanted to. A well-informed man told me in November that even then, before the winter had set in, there were within four miles of my hotel in the Strand in London fifty thousand people literally starving—not loafers or tramps or non-workers, but good, honest workingmen of all trades, who could get no work to do.

Legislation in Great Britain is Direct

An English Party Has a Voting Population With a Club Over It

The Hopeless State of the English Poor

INASMUCH as this sort of thing gets worse instead of better as the years go on, and inasmuch as there is little or no chance for the workingman in England ever to be anything but a workingman, or for the clerk ever to be much else, or for the small shopkeeper ever to be more than a small shopkeeper, and absolutely no chance at all for the serving classes ever to be more than servants, the English politicians have sought a way to ameliorate conditions, to help these people, to distribute some of the wealth of the country in such a manner that it shall be of avail for the relief of this vast element of the population. For that reason the real political programs contemplate further advances along the lines of solution of the actual economic problems these situations entail. A large percentage of the people are dependents in one way or another, and have been since the early days when the bulk of them were dependent on the favor of the lord or baron who owned the estates on which they lived and labored. Realizing this, what the politicians are trying to work out is at least a semi-scientific manner in which England—the country—can be placed in the position toward this class of the population, largely increasing from year to year, held formerly and frequently now by the overlord toward his dependents. They must continue as peasants, and England must paternally look after their welfare. This is rather a bald way of stating it, but the situation has not many ornamental features, as is proved by the insurance act, the employee compensation acts, the old-age pensions, and all that sort of proposed and accomplished legislation.

These, however, are not the only questions that concern the English politicians; and when I say English I mean, of course, all the politicians of the United Kingdom—the English, the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh. Their big, lopsided empire makes their foreign policy paramount almost, and their pressing interior needs keep the subject of taxation for revenue always alive. Their navy is a tremendous drain on their resources, and to keep their army effective they are thinking and discussing conscription in a tentative way, a condition most well-informed Englishmen say is sure to come—compulsory military service for a period of time similar to the German and French systems, with such modifications as the country and people demand. They call it "national service" to gloss it over, but most statesmen think they will have to have it in some form or other before many years.

The British, as a nation, have more respect for the form of a monarchy and less for the substance than any other people on earth. There is not one of them, anarchists excluded, however radical, who does not recognize the implied authority of the sovereign and his divine right to rule; but not one of them concedes any actual authority to the king, nor has the king any. The country is almost a sheer democracy. Laying aside the court and its social circumstance, the forms and decorations and flummery of one kind and another, so dear to that throne-worship side of the British, legislation is direct legislation. Let a government go to the country on any proposition—tariff reform, for example—and let a tariff-reform majority be returned; immediately, by the direct command of the people, that majority, which is the government, begins its work of reforming the tariff. The people have spoken and the majority must obey, or out it goes again instantly.

How different it is in the United States, held to be the great example of a democratic government! On this same subject of tariff reform the people spoke explicitly in 1908, when both parties were pledged to tariff revision; and the only tariff revision—which in the American case meant reduction but in England means a form of protection—that has been secured through the efforts of either party is the tricky and evasive Payne-Aldrich revision.

Of course the recent election means there will be some sort of attempt at tariff reform by the Democrats, who will control everything; but it is best not to be too sure about the kind, and it is four years since Taft was elected on a platform pledging tariff revision. The American people have enforced their demand in the recent election, but a government in England could not wait four years without doing something—or four months!

Liberals Have Gained and Hold Many Votes by Shouting: "Dear Food!"

Where Legislation is Direct

GOVERNMENT in Great Britain is by party, just as government is in the United States; but in Great Britain when the majority party, which always is the government, fails of an object it goes immediately to the country for indorsement and return of enough members to make that policy effective, or for rebuke and defeat. With us, our House of Representatives is elected every two years, and the men elected do practically as they please, so far as they dare, no matter what the people may have demanded. Furthermore, when a law is made in Parliament in England it is a law. There are no two coördinate branches of the government to say, the one by the veto power and the other by deciding on its constitutionality, whether it is a law or not, and withhold its operation anywhere from two to ten years. Legislation in Great Britain is direct, not indirect.

Politics consists in getting into power and in trying to stay there. Politics always has had those two motives and always will have. Statesmen of all nationalities and of all ages have embroidered these motives with beautiful designs intended to delude the people who are not politicians or statesmen—designs showing their motives to be high, holy, unselfish and directed to the greatest good for the greatest number. But politics is not the only game thus played, for there have been times when warriors embroidered their motives with similar designs, and leaders in many other fields of endeavor. The great stratagem of fooling the people has been going on ever since there were any people to fool.

Eliminate the monarchical end of the English government, which is merely a survival, with a figurehead king who has no bearing on the government save in a sentimental way—for the king does what he is told to do by the government in power, and has no initiative—eliminate that and you find English politics differs from American politics only in terms and with such divergences as may be demanded by local

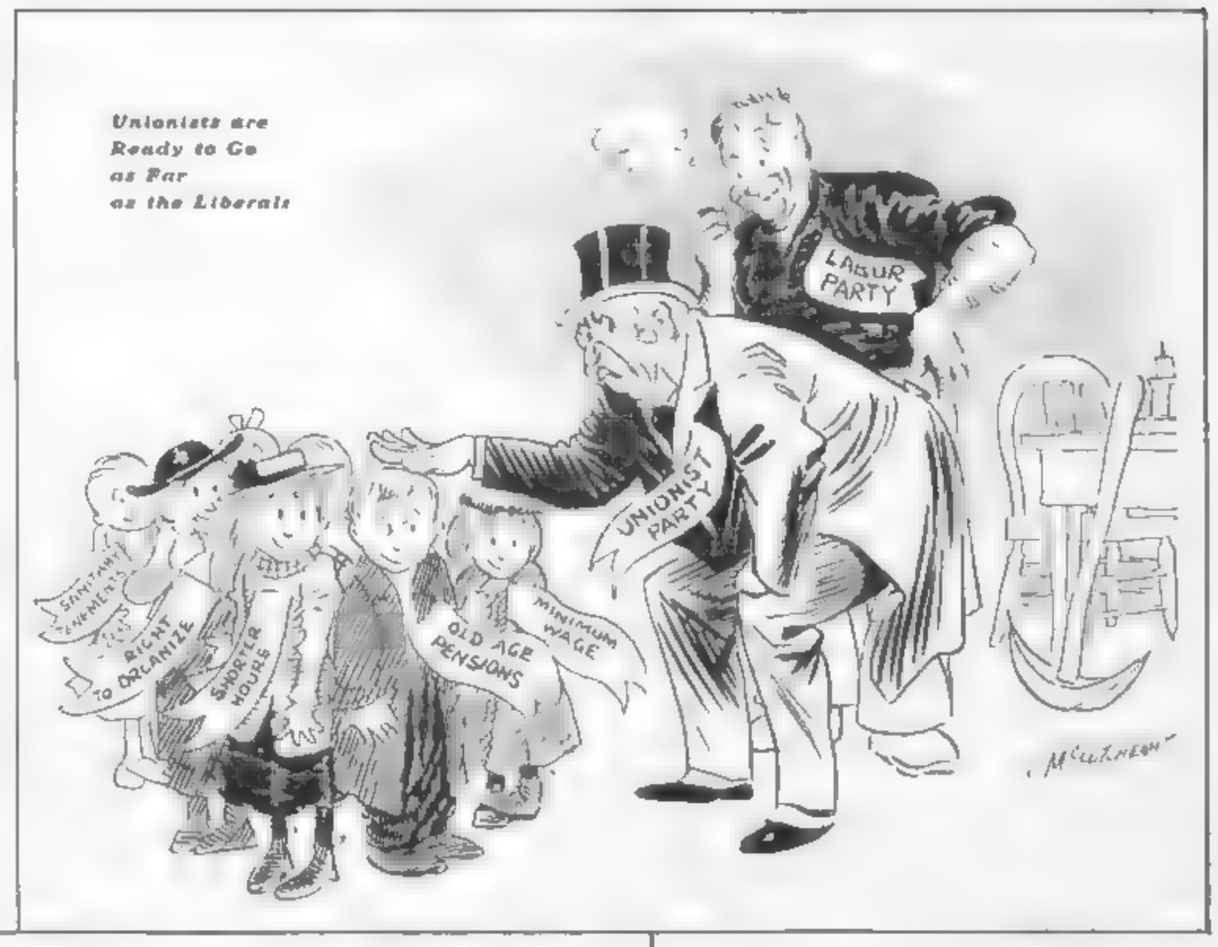
conditions. The United States has a protection party—or had—and so has Great Britain. The United States has a well-defined liberal or progressive element, and so has England. The United States has its industrial perplexities that must be subjects of legislation, and so has England—not definitely the same, but broadly similar. The United States has no church problem, no Nonconformist element, no question of disestablishment, no House of Lords of course—but that means we have one problem less, not that our politics differs. We have a colonial problem in the Philippines and in Porto Rico, and may have a greater one in the West Indies in years to come. England is now trying to do something for Ireland and still has its colonial difficulties. The United States has its large conservative element; and there still are Tories, and many of them, in Great Britain—and so on.

Moreover the human element is the same. Lloyd-George and La Follette have many ideas in common. Bonar Law types the American modified protectionist. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill are temperamentally alike, though working for somewhat different ends. Uncle Joe Cannon and his crowd are distinctly Tory, and there are a dozen counterparts for Bryan among the Liberals—in ideas, I mean, not in expression of them. They say Woodrow Wilson looks like and acts like Joseph Chamberlain. Taking the environment out of consideration, and the difference in education, any dozen American legislators, who are our leading politicians mostly, and any dozen English politicians think alike basically and use the same methods to attain their ends. Human nature is alike the English-speaking world over, and human politics do not differ much. Our politicians want to get into power and stay there, and so do the English politicians. What they intend to do for the people is entirely a subsidiary and secondary matter.

The Focus of Politics

IT IS not necessary to consider the hereditary aspect of English politics, for the House of Lords is a decadent institution that has not much power left, and will have none or will be entirely reorganized on an elective basis in due course. The purely perfunctory character of that institution was well shown when the present government threatened to have enough new peers of the realm appointed by the king to make a Liberal majority in that crusted institution, and the peers meekly took their medicine on various Liberal propositions. Any legislative institution that gets its membership by entail cannot have much power or any lasting influence or use in a country that is as much of a democracy as England is, notwithstanding the anti-Liberal paradox of its continuance in the general scheme.

So the English politics that is vital is comprehended in the House of Commons or focused there, for there is where the government works, and there is where the strength of the political parties is displayed and operates. An English party that gets into power has no president with a veto club over it, but does have, as I have explained, a voting population with a much bigger club over it. Still, with this, public politics is as incidental as with the American voting public; but with the politicians it is a profession largely. The people pay attention to politics spasmodically, not so frequently as we do. There was a municipal election in London, for example—or, rather, twenty-eight municipal elections in one—where three thousand candidates stood for some twelve hundred seats in the London borough councils, corresponding, in a way, to American municipal common councils. There are seven hundred and fifty thousand electors in London, and the men voted for are seated for three years and have the raising of forty-eight million pounds in taxes, or two hundred and forty million dollars in round numbers, and the spending of fifteen million pounds, or seventy-five million dollars, of it themselves. Still not more than fifty thousand of the seven hundred and fifty thousand electors had any idea an election was going on—and not half that many cared anything about it.



Unionists are Ready to Go as Far as the Liberals

His Name Is a Missing and a Byword Among the Moneyed Classes

He Also Took for the State a Slice of the Great Legacies

We get all torn up over municipal elections, as we do over presidential and state elections; and this may seem to argue that the English pay less attention to politics than we do. In reality they do not. They let these municipal elections go by without interest; but when a general election comes along, when a government appeals to the country, they go to it with a zest that makes even the last weeks of a presidential campaign in the United States appear quiet and undemonstrative. Americans may think they know something about exciting politics, and possibly they do; but we have nothing that equals the partisan spirit of the British electors.

The Diet of the Serious

THEIR meetings are battles compared to ours. Let a Conservative, for example, try to hold a meeting in a strong Liberal district, and he is likely to encounter anything—from an organized noise to prevent his speaking to a riot. They heckle their candidates and abuse one another. Never in our wildest days did American candidates talk of the Opposition as English candidates even now talk of the men and measures of the other party. They begin by calling their opponents traitors and their measures treasonable, and gradually work up.

It is a serious matter with them, just as it is a serious matter with the politicians. There are no opportunities for the frivolous person. You must be as substantial as a boiled apple dumpling and pound away at your propaganda as if the very fate of the nation depended on it, or you can get nowhere in English politics. This, of course, makes all the politicians professional politicians; and this, added to the fact I have mentioned, that all English journalists are politicians, or think they are—and politics is the basis of most journalistic writing, either world politics or English politics—gives the political interest that foreigners who read the newspapers and periodicals, and talk to the politicians, think is universal.

It isn't though. It is merely an atmosphere, not a reality; but it prevails because the journalists are largely partisan. They are advocates, not commentators. When a Unionist paper has occasion to speak of Lloyd-George it always sneers at him, and the Liberal press forever writes Bonar Law down; so one thinks he is in a country where politicians are constantly at one another's throats. But one soon finds the politicians in England are the same as our politicians, working for their own aggrandizement and the upkeep of their party, being fully as demagogical as our choicest specimens of demagogues. They are more serious in England. That's all there is in real difference. And probably their climate and food account for that. Men who subsist largely on Brussels sprouts, boiled potatoes, boiled dumplings and big slabs of beef and mutton cannot from the very nature of things be anything but serious.

(Continued on Page 39)

MR. RAINEY IN BOHEMIA

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

DE SALES—his little world called him Tony—threw himself back in his chair, dropped his hand languidly on the claret-stained tablecloth, and passed final judgment on a leading case of Mrs. Arthur's.

"The trouble with your friend, Susan," he said, "was that she was trying to be kind. You must remember that kindness is a small-town institution. It doesn't go in Manhattan."

Mrs. Susan Arthur, on the other side of the table, shook her long earrings and laughed wickedly. From costume to cosmetics Mrs. Arthur was got up to emphasize that same impression of wickedness. By nature she had the figure and the face of a rather delicately nurtured milkmaid. Art had added a frock on the most extreme Parisian model, and a hat so large in the crown that only an exaggerated hatpin kept it from slipping down and eclipsing her pretty head. Her fine chestnut hair was tumbled in a mass down over her ears; and from each side of this mass hung those long, wicked, jade-and-gold earrings, which flopped rakishly as she talked. By nature, again, Mrs. Arthur had a pair of full and animated brown eyes, capable of drawing attention to her face without artificial aid. She had chosen, however, to exaggerate their size, to give them an appearance of sophisticated weariness, by liberal use of rouge and black pencil. This makeup deceived no one—nor was it intended to deceive. It was laid on for all the world to see and criticise.

"You don't real-ly suspect me of being charitable, do you?" inquired Mrs. Arthur with sprightly sarcasm.

"Sometimes I'm forced to," declared De Sales. Now, as ever, his manner conveyed the impression that it really made no difference to him.

Miss Wanda Willoughby, rolling a cigarette at his side, stirred sinuously and contributed a cryptic.

"Charity is as Charity thinks it does, I fancy," she said.

Miss Willoughby was a painter of such trifles as calendars, Christmas cards and, when fortune blew favorably, of advertising designs. She was long of body, of arm, of face—a Botticelli gone to seed. What with the sinewy lines of her face and throat, the deadness of her complexion, a casual average observer would have dismissed her as merely queer looking. Her fellow artists called her interesting; and she dressed, to emphasize that effect, in waistless robes of neutral color, which alternately clung and flowed, in a pair of very long black gloves, and in a floppy picture hat.

The fourth member of the group about the table d'hôte—to have done with description at once—was Hartleigh Sanderson. By day he wrote reviews for a newspaper; by night—at least when not occupied in being a Bohemian—he ground at virile, red-blooded fiction, wherein brutal bucko mates, murderous prospectors and troglodyte shaft-bosses fought out the law of existence. He was a short, thickset, plump-faced man; and he dressed his part in nondescript clothes and a flowing cravat.

The place was the Maison Pervenche, a French restaurant tucked away in a basement of the West Twenties, New York. All about sounded the noises and flashed the sights of a fifty-cent Bohemian table d'hôte. At the long table nearest the door a family group of French people—including one lady's maid out of a job, one minor actress in the French theater, with her two little girls, and one clerk in the foreign library—made sparkling, happy noises over their claret and cabbage soup. At the three tables of the alcove young American clerks entertained girls of a certain recognized New York type—chic, near-fashionable, lively, but a little cheap in manner and dress. Others of that ilk flowed into the main dining room. These people kept casting furtive glances over toward our four true Bohemians who, chatting in oblivious, solitary state, were yet the foundation of prosperity for the Maison Pervenche. Any one skilled in the lore of the table d'hôte could prophesy the events of the next half-hour. With the dessert, one or another of the clerks would begin to express his artistic soul in happy song. With the black coffee, some one would drop a nickel into the mechanical piano-player in the corner, turn the crank and set it going.

His Expression Was Kindly, Even a Little Timid

Thereupon the diners in the alcove, pairing off, would turkey-trot riotously between the tables. All these maneuvers of their cheap imitators the true Bohemians would regard with some amusement but more irritation, the while they settled the status of art, letters, society and the soul—all but Sanderson, who could not admit there was such a thing as a soul.

Sanderson himself has now grasped at Miss Wanda Willoughby's cryptic observation and is beginning to ride free on his hobby.

"Charity!" snorted Sanderson. "That's what's the matter with the world—this kindness thing! Can't people see that life's all a struggle—that we won't survive as a race unless the weak fail and the strong prevail? How could we have come to man if the whelk hadn't eaten the jellyfish?"

"Harry," said Mrs. Arthur, laying her hand familiarly on his arm, "your illustrations are dreadfully messy!"

"Well, they're true!" growled Sanderson.

"If shockingly expressed!" said De Sales with that tone of satiric irony he well knew how to instil into his super-refined tones. "But why admit the ugly? Why not ignore it? There's only one thing permanent in the world, art. Keep yourself above the dirt of suffering ——"

"In short," said Miss Willoughby, rolling a cigarette between her long fingers, "be unkind beautifully! One never knows whether you are serious or fooling, Tony."

"He doesn't know, himself," declared Mrs. Arthur, lighting her own cigarette and throwing herself backward in an abandoned pose. "Really," she added, "it's a pity Mr. Rainey isn't here to be shocked at our sentiments. Shame to waste them on this bunch—no thrill in it; and I'm for thrills. Let's go up and watch the cabaret show at Marshall's."

Miss Willoughby, blowing a contented smoke-ring from her cigarette—whereat an outsider in the corner called "Look! Look!" to his girl—caught at the name of Mr. Rainey:

"I wonder why he doesn't come any more. Bromidic, but an old dear!"

"A simple, kindly soul—how I hate 'em!" snorted Sanderson—"but an instructive one."

"Come to think of it," said De Sales, "I suppose we haven't told you. You weren't here the night of the explosion—were you, Wanda?"

"An explosion—and from Mr. Rainey?" inquired Miss Willoughby languidly. "Go on; you interest me strangely."

"Only a mild one," put in Mrs. Arthur. "No thrill in it! You set him off, didn't you, Harry? Go on—tell Wanda about it. 'Twill give you a chance to talk."

"Nothing special," replied Sanderson, "only I gave the old boy some bed-rock facts. I was tired of being considerate. It's fierce how that habit persists over from childhood, owing to the pap your nurses teach you. And I discovered that we'd been doing this tact performance with Rainey, for all we joshed him. I was laying for him! That night he'd been reading the evening papers. He spoke of some dago or other who was found starving in a garret; said it was a pity, or some rot like that. I said: 'Well?' He laid his ears back, figuratively speaking, like a bronco that expects to be hit over the forelock; but he had to stick to his position. He said something about its being a shame that one should starve in a land of plenty. It wasn't that phrase—it was another just as bromidic. I said: 'A good thing! Let them starve! If they can't survive they've got to go!'"

"Which was coming it strong with Mr. Rainey," smiled Mrs. Arthur, obviously full of reminiscent enjoyment. "And he exploded. I shouldn't have been so surprised if Harry here had perpetrated a joke."

Sanderson glared.

"I could if I wanted to. This sense of humor ——"

"Which you view externally"—interrupted Mrs. Arthur. "Now don't bristle, Harry! It's the law of life. The humorous eat the humorless ——"

"At any rate," put in De Sales, drawing them back to the story, "Mr. Rainey rose up and left this place, saying, if I remember rightly, that he'd had about enough. As Susan says, you wouldn't have been more surprised if you'd found your aged grandmother smoking a Turkish cigarette than you were to see Mr. Rainey in a temper! Before he stamped out of the door Susan here asked: 'Are you coming back, Mr. Rainey?' He said in a meaning way: 'Maybe!' I can't imagine what he meant."

"Don't believe he knew, himself," declared Sanderson. "That kind of pap-thought makes a mind vague."

Miss Willoughby tucked the hand of a glove into the wrist and reached for another cigarette.

"Formally apologizing to Harry Sanderson for seeming to be kind," she said, "we did go at Mr. Rainey pretty strong, considering what his environment has been."

"Then why did he come butting in?" inquired Sanderson. "Plenty of college settlement lectures in New York."

"Fascination of horror," said Mrs. Arthur. "Sometimes I wish I'd been good and bromidic myself, so that I also might have a thrill like that!"

"His environment!" persisted Miss Willoughby. "He says he comes from Ontavia—I think that's the place. Is it in Iowa, Ohio, Nebraska or Oklahoma? I forget."

"As nearly as I can make out," said De Sales, "it isn't a place—it's a symptom. Life is one merry-go-round of Sunday-school picnics, improving lectures and, by way of thrills *à la* Susan, whist parties. They have strawberry festivals in the fall and oyster suppers in the spring ——"

"Gilded rolling-pins and hand-painted plaques by way of wall decoration ——" contributed Mrs. Arthur.

"Favorite art-photo reproductions in the rooms of the Woman's Club—the Countess Potocka and The Soul's Awakening"—this from Wanda Willoughby.

"Favorite novelist of the reading circle—E. P. Roe," said De Sales, "and ——"

"Speak of the devil! Mr. Rainey!" exclaimed Sanderson. Whereat they all turned their heads toward the door and laughed in concert.

The Entrance of Mr. Rainey Created a Mild Commotion

An elderly gentleman had just entered. He stood peering about as though accustoming his eyes to the light. He was a rather portly person, bald-headed save for a fringe of iron-gray hair over the ears. His expression was kindly, even a little timid; and yet that face had its strength and its keennesses. For example, his full blue eye, as pleasant as wife or child might wish, was yet steady in its regard; and his generous mouth set firmly over a set of old stubby teeth.

The entrance of Mr. Rainey created a mild commotion, not only among our true Bohemians in the corner but among the operating forces of the Maison Pervenche. Louis Payot, the proprietor, set down the soup tureen on the sideboard, wiped his hands on his apron, and crossed the room to shake hands. Vermilie, his daughter, rushing toward the kitchen with a load of plates, stopped in her course. Evading the grasp of a diner who had taken just a little too much logwood claret, she steered her way to the side of the newcomer, managed to get one hand free from the pile, and asked in her prettiest accent where he had been.

Also Tom, the American waiter, paused in the act of laying a tablecloth and stared at Mr. Rainey. It was an open secret of the Pervenche that Tom worked in this poorly paid, poorly tipped position on account of his passion for Vermilie. That, perhaps, was the reason why he alone did not give formal greeting to this returning guest. But as Mr. Rainey, escorted by Louis, started across the room, Tom stood, his knuckles on the table, regarding him with a curious smile. Presently Mr. Rainey caught his eye; and Tom's smile changed to a chuckle. Mr. Rainey nodded, gave him a full glance; and his own smile became roguish and inscrutable. Tom turned again to his work.

By now the dessert was on and the revelry had started full blast. One table was rendering In the Good Old Summertime inharmoniously but feelingly. Two other groups were in process of getting acquainted; one of the men had just built in the neck of a claret bottle a bouquet of celery, radishes and parsley, and was presenting it to the lady of his fancy. A slim girl in a tight gown, decked out with cascades of cheap lace, had begun a solo turkey-trot. As Mr. Rainey passed, a stout woman pledged him with a glass of claret. Mr. Rainey simply beamed benevolently on her and went his way.

De Sales rose to greet him, and Mrs. Arthur extended her hand.

"Well, you did come back!" exclaimed De Sales.

"Found you couldn't put us out of your life, after all!" said Mrs. Arthur.

"I hope you don't think I'm going to apologize!" growled Sanderson.

Mr. Rainey sat down in the chair Louis had pulled forward for him, unfolded the napkin Vermilie had stacked in his water-glass, tucked it under the second button of his waistcoat, and smiled benevolently on the quartet.

"Nobody's apologizing," declared Mr. Rainey. "We waste a lot of time in this world apologizing. As for putting you out of my life," he added, "I don't know. That's up to you."

"Why, Mr. Rainey, you're perpetrating cryptics like Wanda. You grow sulphitic!" said Mrs. Arthur.

"Tell us all about it," put in De Sales, adopting a tone of patronage; "we want to study your emotions."

"Mr. Rainey, if Harry here would let me admit that anything was shameful I'd call it a shame the way we josh you!" said Wanda Willoughby.

"Oh, that's all right!" replied Mr. Rainey, looking up suddenly from the first spoonful of his cheese soup. "The last josh is the best."

"Oho! Encourage him!" cried Mrs. Arthur. "He's going to josh us. The worm has turned. How exciting! Notice—his manner is different. He is about to begin!"

Indeed, there was a certain air of restraint, as of an anger not quite conquered, about Mr. Rainey. When he looked over toward Mrs. Arthur he did not smile.

"Do you dare me?" he asked.

"Double dare!" said Mrs. Arthur. "Come now—be a sport!"

"I'll have to get personal," declared Mr. Rainey.

"More and more exciting!" exclaimed Mrs. Arthur. "I know what you're going to do—you're going to tell us exactly what you think of us. My maid told me that last week, and I haven't had such a thrill I don't know when!"

"I guess I'll start with that," said Mr. Rainey.

"All right!" put in De Sales. "How were you drawn to us? When did you first feel this glimmering approach to a higher intelligence?"

"It came from reading Trilby," replied Mr. Rainey simply. "I liked that book. I said to myself that I'd like to go to some big city and meet a bunch of artistic folks—I mean people that just lived for art and never knew where the next meal was coming from. I'd known folks enough that didn't know where the next meal was coming from; but"—Mr. Rainey smiled, and his smile had borrowed of Miss Willoughby's inscrutability—"but it wasn't on account of art. When I found I had to come to New York for a spell I hunted up Charlie Dawson. He used to be—well, I used to know him before he came to New York and got a job as a reporter. What he hasn't found out about New York nobody knows, I guess. Well, I told Charlie what I was looking for. He kind of laughed and said I'd find New York Bohemians a little different from Trilby. But I wouldn't be turned off. So Charlie said, 'All right—it's your affair!' and steered me against ——"

"Us!" interrupted De Sales.

"Right!" responded Mr. Rainey. "You! He told me I'd find you different from Trilby and a little different from what you appeared to be, yourselves."

"Whee!" exclaimed Mrs. Arthur. "He's accusing us of insincerity! That's a nice new vice of which I've never been accused before. Go on, Mr. Rainey—I foresee we shall love you."

"I listened to you," pursued Mr. Rainey, "and I must say you were right good fun if a man shut his eyes to a lot. I couldn't just swallow your ideas—some of them would have made me pretty sick if I had. Seemed to me Sanderson here was the most honest of you all. He came right out with the stuff the rest of you only hinted. Appeared that everything I'd ever tried was bromidic. I never did understand quite what bromidic meant, only I was it mostly. But I'm free to own that where you jarred me most was where you roasted kindness and goodness and charity. I'd been brought up on that, though maybe I haven't practiced it any oftener than the next fellow." Again Mr. Rainey smiled inscrutably. "Still, I thought that folks who were well brought up and had an education—like you—believed in it. I thought it was only—well, crooks—who passed it up. But I saw I'd have to change my ideas for good if I wanted to be—what do you call it?"

"Sulphitic," prompted Miss Willoughby.

"Yes, that's it. Never quite got a hold on that word. Anyhow, it's what you are and I ain't. I went on thinking that way until I flew off the handle"—he gazed upon Sanderson with a smile that carried an apology—"and sort of expressed myself. The real reason, I guess, was my digestion. It was out of whack that day. I was madder than I showed. I went right up to Charlie Dawson to blow off steam. 'The worst of it is,' says I to Charlie, 'I'm beginning to suspect they don't believe it themselves.' 'Are you just getting on to that?' says Charlie. 'Well, I'm just het up enough about it,' says I, 'so's I'd like to find out.' Charlie said: 'Easiest thing in the world! In this newspaper game we don't call a man names any more. We hunt up the facts. Have you got a little time?' 'All the time that is, just now,' says I. 'Well,' says Charlie, 'suppose we get out tomorrow and muckrake this Bohemian proposition.' I've been at it, off and on, ever since. And I must say," concluded Mr. Rainey, looking as grim as he possibly could, "that I've got some awful disclosures. You know your folks told me right at the start that you didn't know much about each other. You said it was sulphitic—or something like that—just to meet here for dinner and go your way. The question is, Do you want me to proceed? Remember, you dared me!"

He cast that benevolent blue eye of his about the group. It was as though a curtain had been drawn over every face, except perhaps Sanderson's—his countenance was set and impassive by nature and practice. The undertone of Mrs. Arthur's skin was running red, at every blush revealing by the contrast in tints the spots of rouge on her cheekbones. Though the mechanical piano tapped merrily in the corner—though the couples turkey-trotted with noisy enthusiasm—a silence as of deserts overlaid the corner of the true Bohemians.

Then De Sales pulled a laugh.

"It isn't so much that any one cares," he said rather weakly; "it's the bad taste of the proceeding."

Mr. Rainey turned his firm gaze toward Mrs. Arthur.

"You dared me! Now I dare you! Be a sport!" he quoted.

Mrs. Arthur seemed to get hold of her self-possession. She shook her earrings at him, and her laugh was natural as she said:

"Go on, Mr. Rainey. You can't hurt my reputation!"

"All right," said Mr. Rainey. "I'll reward your grit by putting you out of your misery first. I should have been on to this lady from the first. Any one ought to know that when a girl fixes herself up this way she's concealing something. She is. This here's one of the saddest cases of hypocrisy I ever saw in my life. I was a long time out about her, but I got it at last. She's a widow, of the real sod variety. She's got a little income—just about enough money to keep her going in New York. Such being the case, there wasn't any call for her to adopt those two children ——"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Arthur—a little, sick exclamative. And now the spots of rouge showed as vivid as the claret stains on the tablecloth.

"I'd like to spare your feelings," pursued Mr. Rainey, "but that's really the best thing you've done, so I mustn't miss it. When their parents ——"

"Oh, not that!" exclaimed Mrs. Arthur. "Mr. Rainey!" She was almost angry now.

"Yes, I suppose what happened to their parents ain't fair evidence," allowed Mr. Rainey. "I'm not out to prove that they were good—it's you I'm after. Well, anyhow, there wasn't any natural call, so to speak, for you to adopt those kids. Their parents were nothing to you, they tell me. It was just that you found two little babies who had to go to an asylum unless there was somebody to love 'em and mother 'em. They're eight and ten years old now." Suddenly Mr. Rainey shifted his gaze direct on Mrs. Arthur, let it wander down to her hands. "You've noticed probably, ladies and gentlemen, that Mrs. Arthur talks a good deal about her hands. I've heard her say that they were born stubby and call 'em her weak points. They are just a little tough in the joints—aren't they? I suspect that in the beginning they were as good a pair of hands as ever filled out a glove. And I must say I like 'em better than the manicured kind. Ladies and gentlemen, she got those hands washing dishes and wringing out baby clothes and pinning up frocks.

"You see," he explained, "she can't afford a girl, with that little income of hers. Ever since she took 'em she's been doing the cooking and washing and nursing for them.

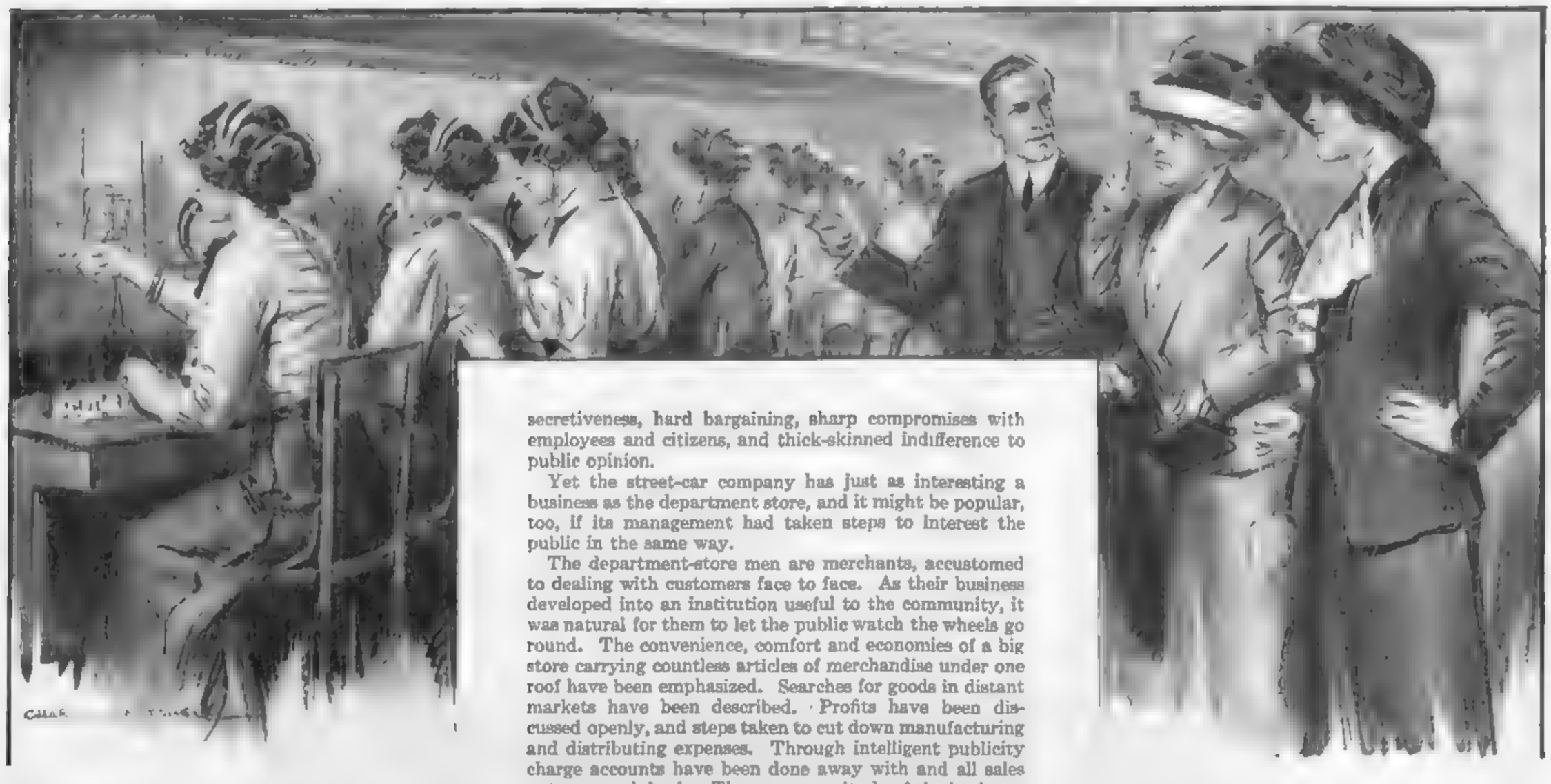
"Go On, Mr. Rainey. You Can't Hurt My Reputation!"

(Concluded on Page 32)

Interest—The Business Mainspring

Putting Things Up to the Public—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



A LARGE share of the best business nowadays belongs to the man who is interested in his work—the executive who loves every detail of it and has imagination enough to see its broadest possibilities for growth and service; who keeps growing and gets plenty of fun out of his job. Interest like this is a wonderful prime mover, and the interested man learns to get his results by transmitting it to others, as power. There are subordinates under his immediate supervision. He lets them follow his plans, see him get out of difficulties, catch his way of thinking, and feel his enthusiasm and confidence.

Other employees work beyond the possibility of personal supervision, in distant departments and branches; but he can stimulate them by introducing elements of interest into their work and making it lead to something for themselves. After that there is the trade—wholesale and retail merchants who pass his product along to the public, if it is that kind of product, and who respond to the spirit of his organization when it is imparted to them.

Here, however, he very often stops, feeling that the whole ground has been pretty well covered. But there is still another field to which his interest may be transmitted, and one that is being cultivated more and more—that is, the public. Business serves the consumer. The interested executive is finding out that the consumer may be interested too. If the public knows something about his business, his people and his aims it can help him a lot. If it knows little or nothing about these matters, on the contrary, it can make trouble.

What Merchants Have Taught Traction Men

TWO corporations do business in the same city. They have about the same capital, sell their goods to the same public, and are not very different in general organization and supervision. One of these corporations is liked by the community, and it has been said, if a mob gathered to attack its property the average citizen would be disposed to defend it. The other corporation is not liked at all, and what the average citizen would do in the same circumstances was shown not long ago, when he helped striking employees demolish some of the corporation's belongings.

The first company is a department store, and for years its management has been explaining methods and policies to the public, going into the why and how of its business, inviting suggestions and complaints, and openly soliciting interest in its affairs. The other company is a street-car corporation and has followed just the opposite course. From horse-car days the community has known it for secretiveness, hard bargaining, sharp compromises with employees and citizens, and thick-skinned indifference to public opinion.

Yet the street-car company has just as interesting a business as the department store, and it might be popular, too, if its management had taken steps to interest the public in the same way.

The department-store men are merchants, accustomed to dealing with customers face to face. As their business developed into an institution useful to the community, it was natural for them to let the public watch the wheels go round. The convenience, comfort and economies of a big store carrying countless articles of merchandise under one roof have been emphasized. Searches for goods in distant markets have been described. Profits have been discussed openly, and steps taken to cut down manufacturing and distributing expenses. Through intelligent publicity charge accounts have been done away with and all sales put on a cash basis. The very magnitude of the business, instead of arousing distrust, has been made a basis for civic pride—people are glad to point out that store as one of the institutions of the town. When the store has problems to solve the facts are explained to the public and customers shown how they may help in the solution.

The street-car men, on the other hand, are railroaders, absorbed in the technical end of their business and not used to dealing with the public direct. They have assumed that the public would not understand street-car problems, much less be interested in them, and so have kept quiet. Thus, though the street-car service has just as many good points as the department store when it comes to public convenience, few citizens know anything about them. It has extended the city limits, increased real-estate values and city revenue, facilitated business and improved living conditions for thousands of families. These benefits have been brought about on fares and margins of profit remarkably low. Yet the public thinks of the street-car company as an enemy. Growth of its business is watched with suspicion, and magnitude regarded as a reason for fearing it. All its problems have to be worked out against the public's opposition, instead of with its help, and very often against restrictions.

All over this country today the street-car manager, after years of silence, is waking up to the vital need of public interest in himself and his business. The latter is full of peculiar problems, and he cannot solve them until the public understands and helps him.

His lines are constantly being extended, so that he gives a longer and longer ride. His traffic in the rush hours constantly grows, so that he has to have a heavier investment in equipment for part of the day. The public expects better service all the time, and wages and materials steadily rise. But with all these factors to swell his outgo he has to get along on the unstretchable nickel as his unit of income. Steam railroads can charge so much a mile. He has to charge by the ride and give transfers to boot. Manufacturers and merchants can make reasonable adjustments of prices as trade conditions change, but the street-car man's nickel is about as adjustable as the great Chinese Wall.

To pull himself out of this blind alley in some way the street-car man is experimenting with various new ideas in service. He wants to establish fare zones on European lines, so that long-haul passengers will not be carried at the expense of short-haul. If he could run trailer cars behind motor cars during rush hours his investment in rolling stock would be reduced and the same number of employees could handle more passengers. Double-deck cars form another idea for accomplishing the same end, and still another is the skip-stop plan under which cars would stop only at alternate crossings, thus moving the traffic faster; but public misunderstanding is an obstacle to all these new devices, because the public does not know what the street-car man is facing. In the belief that he is making money at every turn and on the assumption that such new schemes are sordid economies it opposes him. After his long silence he now sees he must have public interest with him, and ways of securing such interest are discussed nowadays at every gathering of street-car men.

Free Lessons in Street-Car Etiquette

ONE of the most striking lessons they ever had was when prepayment street-cars appeared in this country. In the now familiar pay-as-you-enter car there came the first intelligent development in comfort and service that had been carried out in years; but this new style of car involved new habits on the part of the public. Passengers were required to hand their fares to the conductor on entering instead of waiting for him to force through the crowd and find them; and ways of getting on and off the new cars were somewhat different. When put into service in smaller cities the cars worked all right; but soon they were tried in larger centers, and without explanation beforehand. The public did not understand, and in a few hours there was disorder, and withdrawal of the new cars took place.

By the time the new street-cars got to New York transportation men were a little afraid of them, and the first line to install them in the metropolis made elaborate preparations for trouble, even engaging lawyers to deal with any legal complications that might arise during the trial. But the road also gave thorough and ample explanations to the public before the change in service went into effect. Directions were given for using the new cars, and the public was told what the management hoped to accomplish by them. As a result, despite rain and other unfavorable conditions on the first day of prepayment service in New York, there was absolutely no trouble. Guided by that experience, street-car men in other cities issued explanations before introducing the new service, and the cars were adopted rapidly everywhere. They not only increased comfort for passengers but also revenue—the conductor was able to collect practically all the fares, where many had been missed before. They also decreased accidents and claims for damages, because the conductor's attention was constantly on the platform, where most of the accidents in street-car traffic had happened. Finally they

(Continued on Page 53

THE FLIRT

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VII

TOWARD four o'clock that afternoon a very thin, fair young man shakily heaved himself into a hammock on a porch overlooking that broad back yard wherein, as Valentine Corliss had yesterday noticed, the last iron monarch of the herd, with unabated arrogance, had entered domestic service as a clothes-prop. The young man, who was of delicate appearance and unhumanly pale, stretched himself at full length on his back, closed his eyes, moaned feebly, cursed the heat in a stricken whisper and, as a locust directly overhead violently shattered the silence and seemed like to continue the outrage forever, the shaken lounger stopped his ears with his fingers and addressed the insect in old Saxon.

A white-jacketed mulatto came from the house bearing something on a silver tray.

"Julep, Mist' Vilas?" he said sympathetically.

Ray Vilas rustily maneuvered into a sitting position and, with eyes still closed, made shift to accept the julep in both hands, drained half of it, opened his eyes and thanked the cupbearer feebly in a voice and accent reminiscent of the melodious South.

"And I wonder," he added, "if you can tell me ——"

"I'm Miz William Lindley's house man, Joe Vardens," said the mulatto in the tone of an indulgent nurse. "You on Miz Lindley's porch right now, sittin' in a hammick."

"I seem to gather almost that much for myself," returned the patient. "But I should like to know how I got here."

"Jes' come out the front door an' walk' roun' the house an' set down. Mist' Richard had to go downtown; tole me not to wake you; but I heard you splashin' in the bath an' you tole me you didn' want no breakfuss ——"

"Yes, Joe; I'm aware of what's occurred since I woke," said Vilas; and throwing away the straws he finished the julep at one draught. "What I want to know is how I happened to be here at Mr. Lindley's."

"Mist' Richard brought you las' night, suh. I don' know where he got you, but I heered a considerable thrashum roun', up an' down the house, an' so I come help him git you to bed in one vem spare-rooms." Joe chuckled ingratiatingly. "Lord name! You cert'n'y wasn't askin' fer no bed!"

He took the glass, and the young man reclined again in the hammock, a hot blush vanquishing his pallor.

"Was I—Was I very bad, Joe?"

"Oh, you was all right!" Joe hastened to reassure him. "You was jes' on'y a little bit tight."

"Did it really seem only a little?" the other asked hopefully.

"Yessuh," said Joe promptly. "Nothin' at all. You jes' wanted to rare roun' little bit. Mist' Richard took gun away from you ——"

"What!"

"Oh, I tole him you wasn' goin' use it!" Joe laughed. "But you so wile he din' know what you do. You cert'n'y was drunkes' man I see in long while," he said admiringly. "You pert near had us bofe wore out 'fore you give up, an' Mist' Richard an' me, we use' to han'lin' drunkum man too; use' to have big times week-in, week-out, 'ith Mist' Will—'at's Mist' Richard's brother, you know, suh, what died o' whisky." He laughed again in high good-humor. "You cert'n'y laid it all over any vem ole times we had 'ith Mist' Will!"

Mr. Vilas shifted his position in the hammock uneasily; Joe's honest intentions to be of cheer to the sufferer were not wholly successful.

"I tole Mist' Richard," the kindly servitor continued, "it was a mighty good thing his ma gone up Norf endurin' the hot spell. Sence Mist' Will die she can't hardly bear to see a drunkum man roun' the house. Mist' Richard hardly ever tech nothin' himself no more. You goin' feel better, suh, out in the f'esh air," he concluded as he moved away.

"Joe!"

"Yessuh?"

Mr. Vilas pulled himself upright for a moment.

"What use in the world do you reckon one julep is to me?"

"Mist' Richard say to give you one drink ef you ask' for it, suh," answered Joe, looking troubled.

"Well, you've told me enough now about last night to make any man hang himself, and I'm beginning to remember enough more ——"

"Pshaw, Mist' Vilas," the colored man interrupted deprecatingly, "you din' broke nothin'! You on'y had couple glass' wine too much. You din' make no trouble at all; jes' went right off to bed. You ought seen some vem ole times me an' Mist' Richard use to have 'ith Mist' Will ——"

"Joe!"

"Yessuh?"

"I want more juleps and I want them right away."

The troubled expression upon the colored man's face deepened.

"Mist' Richard say jes' one, suh," he said reluctantly. "I'm afraid ——"

"Joe!"

"Yessuh?"

"I don't know," said Ray Vilas slowly, "whether or not you ever heard that I was born and raised in Kentucky."

"Yessuh," returned Joe humbly. "I heerd so."

"Well, then," said the young man in a quiet voice "you get me three juleps. I'll settle it with Mr. Richard."

"Yessuh."

It was with a fifth of these renovators that Lindley found his guest occupied an hour later; upon the small table was also an emptied coffee-cup. Mr. Vilas was smoking a cigarette with unshadowed pleasure; his eye was bright, his expression care-free; and he was sitting up in the hammock, swinging cheerfully and singing the Marseillaise. Richard approached through the yard, coming from the street without entering the house; and anxiety was manifest in the glance he threw at the green-topped glass upon the table, and in his greeting.

"Hail, gloom!" returned Mr. Vilas cordially; and observing the anxious glance he swiftly removed the goblet from the table to his own immediate possession. "Juleps will enhance the higher welfare," he explained airily. "Sir, your Mr. Varden was induced to place a somewhat larger order with us than he protested to be your intention. Trusting you to exonerate him from all so-and-so and that these few words, et cetera!" He depleted the glass of its liquor, waved it in the air, cried, "Health, host!" and set it upon the table. "I believe I do not err in assuming my cupbearer's name to be Varden, though he himself in his simple Americo-Africanism is pleased to pluralize it. Do I fret you, host?"

"Not in the least," said Richard, dropping upon a rustic bench and beginning to fan himself with his straw hat. "What's the use of fretting about a boy who hasn't sense enough to fret about himself?"

"Boy?" Mr. Vilas affected puzzlement. "Do I hear aright? Sir, do you boy me? Bethink you; I am now the shell of five mint-juleps plus, and I am pot-valiant. And is this mere capacity itself to be lightly *boyed?* Again, do I not wear a man's garment, a man's garnitures? Heed your answer, for this serge, these flannels and these silks are yours; and though I may not fill them to the utmost I do to the longmost, precisely. I am the stature of a man; had it not been for your razor I should wear the beard of a man—therefore I'll not be boyed."

"Hadn't you better let me get Joe to bring you something to eat?" asked Richard.

"Eat?" Mr. Vilas disposed of the suggestion with mournful hauteur. "There! For the once I forgive you. Let the subject never be mentioned between us again. We will tactfully turn to a topic of interest. My memories of last evening, at first hazy and somewhat disconcerting, now merely amuse me. Following the pleasant Spanish custom I went a-serenading, but was kidnaped from beneath the precious casement by—by a zealous arrival. Host, 'zealous arrival' is not the julep in action: it is a triumph of paraphrase."

"I wish you'd let Joe take you back to bed," said Richard.

"Always bent on thoughts of the flesh," observed the other sadly. "Beds are for bodies, and I am become a thing of spirit. My soul is grateful a little for your care of its casing. You behold, I am generous: I am able to thank my successor to Carmen!"

Lindley's back stiffened.

"Vilas!"

"Spare me your protests." The younger man waved his hand languidly. "You wish not to confer upon this subject ——"

"It's a subject we'll omit," said Richard.

His companion stopped swinging, allowed the hammock to come to rest; his air of badinage fell from him; for the moment he seemed entirely sober, and he spoke with gentleness:

"Mr. Lindley, if you please, I am still a gentleman—at times."

"I beg your pardon," said Richard quickly.

"No need of that!" The speaker's former careless and boisterous manner instantly resumed possession. "You permit me to discourse of a wholly fictitious lady, a creature of my wanton fancy, sir, whom I call Carmen. It will enable me to relieve my burdened soul of some remarks I have long wished to address to your excellent self."

"Oh, all right!" muttered Richard, much annoyed.

"Let us imagine," continued Mr. Vilas, beginning to swing again, "that I thought I had won this Carmen ——"

Lindley uttered an exclamation, shifted his position in his chair and fixed a bored attention upon the passing vehicles in the glimpse of the street afforded between the house and the shrubberies along the side fence. The other, without appearing to note his annoyance, went on cheerfully:

"She was a precocious huntress; early in life she passed through the accumulator stage, leaving it to the crude or village belle to rejoice in numbers and the excitement of teasing cubs in the bear-pit. It is the nature of this imagined Carmen to play fiercely with one imitation of love after another—a man thinks he wins her, but it is merely that she has chosen him—for a while. And Carmen can have what she chooses; if

"A Man Thinks He Wins Her, but it is Merely That She Has Chosen Him—for a While"

the man exists who could show her that she cannot she would follow him through the devil's dance; but neither you nor I would be that man, my dear sir. We assume that Carmen's eyes have been mine—her heart is another matter—and that she has grown weary of my somewhat Sicilian manner of looking into them; and, following her nature and the law of periodicity which Carmens must bow to, she seeks a cooler gaze and calls Mr. Richard Lindley to come and take a turn at looking.

"Now Mr. Richard Lindley is straight as a die—he will not even show that he hears the call until he is sure that I have been dismissed; therefore I have no quarrel with him. Also I cannot even hate him, for in my clearer julep vision I see that he is but an interregnum. Let me not offend my friend; chagrin is to be his as it is mine. I was a strong draught—he but the quieting potion our Carmen took to settle it. We shall be brothers in woe some day. Nothing in the universe lasts except Hell! Life is running water; Love, a looking-glass; Death, an empty theater! That reminds me—as you are not listening I will sing."

He lifted his voice hilariously:

"The heavenly stars far above her,
The wind of the infinite sea,
Who know all her perfidy, love her;
So why call it madness in me?
Ah, why call it madness ——"

"*What*, if you please, is the royal exile who thus seeks refuge in our hermitage?"

His host had already observed the approaching visitor with some surprise and none too graciously. It was Valentine Corliss; he had turned in from the street and was crossing the lawn to join the two young men. Lindley rose and, greeting him with sufficient cordiality, introduced Mr. Vilas who bestowed upon the newcomer a very lively interest.

"You are as welcome, Mr. Corliss," said this previous guest earnestly, "as if these sylvan shades were mine. I hail you, not only for your own sake, but because your presence encourages a hope that our host may offer refreshment to the entire company."

Corliss smilingly declined to be a party to this diplomacy, and seated himself beside Richard Lindley on the bench.

"Then I relapse!" exclaimed Mr. Vilas, throwing himself back full-length in the hammock. "I am not replete, but content. I shall meditate. Gentlemen, speak on!"

He waved a hand in a gracious gesture indicating his intention to remain silent, and lay quiet, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon Corliss.

"I was coming to call on you," said the latter to Lindley; "but I saw you from the street and thought you mightn't mind my being as informal as I used to be so many years ago."

"Of course," said Richard.

"I have a sinister purpose in coming," the other laughingly went on. "I want to bore you a little first and then make your fortune. No doubt that's an old story to you; but I happen to be one of the adventurers whose argosies are laden with real cargoes. Nobody knows who has or hasn't money to invest nowadays and, of course, I've no means of knowing whether *you* have or not—you see what a direct chap I am—but if you have, or can lay hold of some, I can show you how to make it bring you an immense deal more."

"Naturally," said Richard pleasantly, "I shall be glad if you can do that."

"Then I'll come to the point. It is exceedingly simple; that's certainly one attractive thing about it." Corliss took some papers and unmounted photographs from his pocket, and began to spread them open on the bench between himself and Richard. "No doubt you know Southern Italy as well as I do."

"Oh, I don't 'know' it. I've been to Naples, down to Paestum, drove from Salerno to Sorrento by Amalfi—but that was years ago."

"Here's a large-scale map that will refresh your memory." Corliss unfolded it and laid it across their knees; it was frayed with wear along the folds and had been heavily marked and dotted with red and blue pencilings. "My millions are in this large irregular section," he continued. "It's the anklebone and instep of Italy's boot—this sizable province called Basilicata, east of Salerno, north of Calabria. And I'll not hang fire on the point, Lindley. What I've got there is oil."

"Olives?" asked Richard, puzzled.

"Hardly!" Corliss laughed. "Though, of course, one doesn't connect petroleum with the thought of Italy—and, of all Italy, Southern Italy. But in spite of the years I've lived there I've discovered myself to be so essentially American and commercial that I want to drench the surface of that antique soil with the brown, bad-smelling crude oil that lies so deep beneath it.

"Basilicata is the coming great oilfield of the world—and that's my secret. I dare to tell it here as I shouldn't dare in Naples."

"Shouldn't dare?" Richard repeated, with growing interest, and no doubt having some vague expectation of a tale of the Camorra. To him Naples had always seemed of all cities the most elusive and incomprehensible—a laughing, thieving, begging, mandolin-playing, music-and-murder-haunted metropolis about which anything was plausible; and this impression was not unique, as no inconsiderable proportion of Mr. Lindley's fellow countrymen share it—a fact thoroughly comprehended by the returned native.

"It isn't a case of not daring on account of any bodily danger," explained Corliss.

"No." Richard smiled reminiscently. "I don't believe that would have much weight with you if it were. You certainly showed no symptoms of that sort in your extreme youth. I remember you had the name of being about the most daring and foolhardy boy in town."

"I grew up to be cautious enough in business though," said the other, shaking his head gravely. "I haven't been able to afford not being careful." He adjusted the map—a prefatory gesture. "Now I'll make this whole affair perfectly clear to you. It's a simple matter as are most big things. I'll begin by telling you of Moliterno—he's been my most intimate friend in that part of the continent for a great many years—since I went there as a boy, in fact."

He sketched a portrait of his friend, Prince Moliterno, bachelor chief of a historical house; the soul of honor; land-poor; owning leagues and leagues of land, hills and mountains, broken towers and ruins, in central Basilicata—a province described as wild country and rough, off the rails and not easy to reach. Moliterno and the narrator had gone there to shoot; Corliss had seen "surface oil" upon the streams and pools; he recalled the discovery of oil near his boyhood home in America; had talked of it to Moliterno, and both men had become more and more interested, then excited. They decided to sink a well.

Corliss described picturesquely the difficulties of this enterprise, the hardships and disappointments, how they dragged the big tools over the mountains by mule-power, how they had kept it all secret how he and Moliterno had done everything with the help of only peasant laborers and one experienced man who had "seen service in the Persian oil-fields."

He gave the business reality, coloring it with details relevant and irrelevant, anecdotes and wayside incidents: he was fluent, elaborate, explicit throughout. They sank five wells, he said, "at the angles of this irregular pentagon you see here on the map, outlined in blue—these red circles are the wells." Four of the wells "came in tremendous"; but they had managed to get them sealed up after wasting he was "sorry to think how many thousand barrels of oil!" The fifth well was so enormous that they had not been able to seal it at the time of the speaker's departure for America. "But I had a cablegram this morning," he added, "letting me know they've managed to do it at last. Here is the cablegram." He handed Richard a form signed "Antonio Moliterno." "Now to go back to what I said about not daring to speak of this in Naples," he continued, smiling—"the fear is financial, not physical."

The knowledge of the lucky strike, he explained, must be kept from the "Neapolitan money-sharks." A third of the land so rich in oil already belonged to the Moliterno estates; but it was necessary to obtain possession of the remaining two-thirds "before the secret leaks into Naples." So far it was safe, the peasants of Basilicata being "as medieval a lot as one could wish." He related that these peasants thought that the devils hiding inside the mountains had been stabbed by the drills and that the oil was devils' blood.

"You can see some of the country-people hanging about, staring at a well, in this picture, though it's not a very good one." He put into Richard's hand a small, blurred photograph showing a spouting well, with an indistinct crowd standing in an irregular semicircle before it.

"Is this the Basilicatan peasant costume?" asked Richard, indicating a figure in the foreground, the only one revealed at all definitely. "It looks more Oriental. Isn't that man wearing a fez?"

"Let me see!" responded Mr. Corliss very quickly. "Perhaps I gave you the wrong picture. Oh, no," he laughed easily, holding the photograph closer to his eyes—"that's all right; it is a fez. That's old Salviati, our engineer—the man I spoke of who'd worked in Persia, you know; he's always worn a fez since then. Got in the habit of it out there and says he'll never give it up. Moliterno's always chaffing him about it. He's a faithful old chap, Salviati."

"I see." Lindley looked thoughtfully at the picture which the other carelessly returned to his hand. "There seems to be a lot of oil there."

"It's one of the smaller wells at that. And you can see from the snapshot that it's just 'blowing'—not an eruption from being 'shot,' or the people wouldn't stand so near. Yes; there's an ocean of oil under that whole province; but we want a lot of money to get at it. It's mountain country; our wells will all have to go over fifteen-hundred feet, and that's expensive. We want to pipe the oil to Salerno, where the Standard's ships will take it from us; and it will need a great deal for that. But, most of all, we want money to get hold of the land; we must control the whole field, and it's big!"

"How did you happen to come here to finance it?"

"I was getting to that. Moliterno himself is as honorable a man as breathes God's air, but my experience has been that Neapolitan capitalists are about the cleverest and slipperiest financiers in the world. We could have financed it twenty times over in Naples in a day, but neither Moliterno nor I was willing to trust them. The thing is enormous, you see—a really colossal fortune. Italian law is full of ins and outs, and the first man we talked to confidentially would have given us his word to play straight—and the instant we left him would have flown post-haste for Basilicata and grabbed for himself the two-thirds of the field not yet in our hands. Moliterno and I talked it over many, many times; we thought of going to Rome for the money, to Paris, to London, to New York; but I happened to remember the old house here that my aunt had left me—I wanted to sell it, to add whatever it brought to the money I've already put in—and then it struck me I might raise the rest here as well as anywhere else."

The other nodded. "I understand."

"I suppose you'll think me rather sentimental," Corliss went on with a laugh which unexpectedly betrayed a little shyness. "I've never forgotten that I was born here—was a boy here. In all my wanderings I've always really thought of this as home."

His voice trembled slightly and his face flushed; he smiled deprecatingly as though in apology for these symptoms of emotion, and at that both listeners felt—perhaps with surprise—the man's strong attraction. There was something very engaging about him—in the frankness of his look and in the slight tremor in his voice; there was something appealing and yet manly in the confession, by this thoroughgoing cosmopolite, of his real feeling for the home-town.

"Of course I know how very few people, even among the 'old citizens' would have any recollection whatever of *me*," he went on; "but that doesn't make any difference in my sentiment for the place and its people. That street out yonder was named for my grandfather; there's a statue of my great-uncle in the statehouse yard—all my own blood belonged here; and, though I have been a wanderer and may not be remembered—naturally am *not* remembered—yet the name is honored here; and I—I ——" He faltered again, then concluded with quiet earnestness: "I thought that, if my good luck was destined to bring fortunes to others, it might as well be to my own kind—that, at least, I'd offer them the chance before I offered it to any one else." He turned and looked Richard in the face. "That's why I'm here, Mr. Lindley."

The other impulsively put out his hand.

"I understand," he said heartily.

"Thank you." Corliss changed his tone for one less serious. "You've listened very patiently and I hope you'll be rewarded for it. Certainly you will if you decide to come in with us. May I leave the maps and descriptions with you?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll look them over carefully and have another talk with you about it."

"Thank heaven, *that's* over!" exclaimed the lounger in the hammock, who had not once removed his fascinated stare from the expressive face of Valentine Corliss. "If you have now concluded with dull care, allow me to put a vital question: Mr. Corliss, do you sing?"

The gentleman addressed favored him with a quizzical glance from between half-closed lids and, probably checking an impulse to remark that he happened to know that his questioner sometimes sang, replied merely:

"No."

"It is a pity!"

"Why?"

"Nothing," returned the other inconsequently. "It just struck me that you ought to sing the Toreador song."

Richard Lindley, placing the notes and maps in his pocket, dropped them and, stooping, began to gather the scattered papers, with a very red face. Corliss, however, laughed good-naturedly.

"That's most flattering," he said—"though there are other things in Carmen I prefer, probably because one doesn't hear them so eternally."

Vilas pulled himself up to a sitting position and began to swing again.

"Observe our host, Mr. Corliss," he commanded gayly. "He is a kind old Dobbin, much beloved, but cares damn little to hear you or me speak of music. He'd even rather discuss your oil business than listen to us talk of women; whereas nothing except women ever really interests *you*, my dear sir. He's not our kind of man," he concluded mournfully—"not at all our kind of man."

"I hope," Corliss suggested, "he's going to be my kind of man in the development of these oil-fields."

"How ridic"—Mr. Vilas triumphed over the word after a slight struggle—"ulous! I shall review that—ridiculous—of you to pretend to be interested in oil-fields. You are not that sort of person whatever. Nothing could be clearer than that you would never waste the time demanded

by fields of oil. Groundlings call this 'the mechanical age'—a vulgar error. My dear sir, you and I know that it is the age of Woman! Even poets have begun to see that she is alive. Formerly we did not speak of her at all, but of late years she has become such a scandal that she is getting talked about. Even our dramas, which used to be all blood, have become all flesh.

"I wish I were dead -but will continue my harangue because the thought is pellucid. Women selecting men to mate with are of only two kinds, just as there are but two kinds of children in a toy shop.

"One child sets its fancy on one partic ——" The orator paused, then continued: "On one certain toy, and will make a distressing scene if she doesn't get it—she will have that one; she will go straight to it, clasp it and keep it—she won't have any other. The other kind of woman is to be understood if you will make the experiment of taking the other kind of child to a toyshop and telling her you will buy her any toy in the place, but that you will buy her only one. If you do this in the morning she will still be in the shop when it is closing for the night, because, though she runs to each toy in turn with excitement and delight, she sees another over her shoulder, and the one she has not touched is always her choice—until she has touched it! Some get broken in the handling. For my part, my wires are working rather rustily, but I must obey the stage manager. For my requiem I wish somebody would ask them to play Gounod's masterpiece."

"What's that?" asked Corliss, amused.

"The Funeral March of a Marionette."

"I suppose you mean that for a cheerful way of announcing that you are a fatalist."

"Fatalism? That is only a word," declared Mr. Vilas gravely. "If I am not a puppet then I am a god. Somehow I do not seem to be a god. If a god is a god one thinks he should know it himself. I now yield the floor. Thanking you cordially, I believe there is a lady walking yonder who commands salutation."

He rose to his feet, bowing profoundly. Cora Madison was passing, strolling rather briskly down the street, not in the direction of her home. She waved her parasol with careless gayety to the trio under the trees and, going on, was lost to their sight.

"Hello!" exclaimed Corliss, looking at his watch with a start of surprise. "I have two letters to write for the evening mail. I must be off."

At this, Ray Vilas' eyes—still fixed upon him as they had been throughout his visit—opened to their fullest capacity in a gaze of only partially alcoholic wildness.

Entirely aware of this singular glare, but not in the least disconcerted by it, the recipient proffered his easy farewells.

"I had no idea it was so late. Good afternoon, Mr. Vilas; I have been delighted with your diagnosis. Lindley, I'm at your disposal when you've looked over my data. My very warm thanks for your patience, and—addio!"

Lindley looked after him as he strode quickly away across the green lawn and at the street turned in the direction Cora had taken; and the troubled Richard felt his heart sink with vague but miserable apprehension. There was a gasp of desperation beside him, and the sound of Ray Vilas' lips parting and closing with little noises of pain.

"So he knows her!" said the boy, his thin body shaking. "Look at him—damn him! See his deep chest, that conqueror's walk, the easy, confident, male ride of him—a trueborn, natural rake—the—the Toreador all over!"

His agitation passed suddenly; he broke into a loud laugh and flung a reckless hand to his companion's shoulder.

"You good old fool!" he cried. "*You'll* never play Don *José*!"

VIII

HEDRICK MADISON, like too many other people, had never thought seriously about the moon, nor ever had he encouraged it to become his familiar; and he underwent his first experience of its incomparable betrayals one brilliant night during the last week of that hot month. The preface to this romantic evening was substantial and prosaic—four times during dinner was he copiously replenished with hash, which occasioned so rich a surfeit within him that upon the conclusion of the meal he found himself in no condition to retort appropriately to a solicitous warning from Cora to keep away from the cat. Indeed, it was half an hour later, and he was sitting—to his own consciousness too heavily—upon the back fence, when belated inspiration arrived. But there is no sound where there is no ear to hear, and no repartee, alas! when the wretch who said the first part has gone; so that Cora remained unscathed as from his alley solitude Hedrick hurled in the teeth of the rising moon these bitter words:

"Oh, no; *our* cat only eats *soft* meat!"

He renewed a morbid silence, and the moon, with its customary deliberation, swung clear of a sweeping branch of the big elm in the front yard and shone full upon him. Nothing warned the fated youth not to sit there; no shadow of imminent catastrophe tinted that brightness; no angel whisper came to him, bidding him begone—and to go in a hurry and as far as possible. No; he sat upon the fence an inoffensive lad, and—except for still feeling his hash somewhat, and a gradually dispersing rancor concerning the cat—at peace. It is for such lulled mortals that the ever-lurking Furies save their most hideous surprises.

Chin on palms, he looked idly at the moon, and the moon inscrutably returned his stare. Plausible, bright, bland, it gave no sign that it was at its awful work. For the bride of night is like a card-dealer whose fingers move so swiftly through the pack the trickery goes unseen.

This moon upon which he was placidly gazing, because he had nothing else to do, betokened nought to Hedrick: to him it was the moon of any other night, the old moon; certainly no moon of his delight. Withal, it may never be gazed upon so fixedly and so protractedly—no matter how languidly—with entire impunity. That light breeds a bug in the brain. Who can deny how the moon wrought this thing under the hair of unconscious Hedrick, or doubt its responsibility for the thing that happened? The thing that happened began as a dream might begin, and continued as a nightmare; but, singular and unearthly as it seemed, it was actual—a most painful, true reality.

"*Little boy!*"

"Kiss Me Again, Darl——"

It was a very soft, small voice, silky and queer; and at first Hedrick had little suspicion that it could be addressing him—the most rigid self-analysis could have revealed to him no possibility of his fitting so ignominious a description.

"Oh, little boy!"

He looked over his shoulder and saw, standing in the alley behind him, a girl of about his own age. She was daintily dressed and had beautiful hair which was all shining in pale gold.

"Little boy!"

She was smiling up at him, and once more she used that wantonly inaccurate vocative:

"Little boy!"

Hedrick grunted unencouragingly:

"Who you callin' little boy?"

For reply she began to climb the fence. It was high, but the young lady was astonishingly agile, and not even to be deterred by several faint wails from tearing and ripping fabrics—casualties which appeared to be entirely beneath her notice. Arriving at the top rather disheveled, and with irregular pennons here and there flung to the breeze from her attire, she seated herself cozily beside the dumfounded Hedrick.

She turned her face to him and smiled—and there was something about her smile which Hedrick did not like. It discomforted him—nothing more. In sunshine he would have had the better chance to comprehend; but unhappily this was moonshine.

"Kiss me, little boy!" she said.

"I won't!" exclaimed the shocked and indignant Hedrick, edging uneasily away from her.

"Let's play," she said cheerfully.

"Play what?"

"I like chickens. Did you know I like chickens?"

The rather singular lack of connection in her remarks struck him as a misplaced effort at humor.

"You're having lots of fun with me—aren't you?" he growled.

She instantly moved close to him and lifted her face to his.

"Kiss me, darling little boy!" she said.

There was something more than uncommonly queer about this stranger, an unearthliness of which he was confusedly perceptive; but she was not without a curious kind of prettiness, and her pale gold hair was beautiful. The doomed lad saw the moon shining through it.

"Kiss me, darling little boy!" she repeated.

His head whirled; for the moment she seemed divine.

George Washington used profanity at the Battle of Monmouth. Hedrick kissed her.

He instantly pushed her away with strong distaste.

"There," he said angrily. "I hope that'll satisfy you!" He belonged to his sex.

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!" she cried, and flung her arms about him.

With a smothered shout of dismay, he tried to push her off; and they fell from the fence together into the yard at the cost of further and almost fatal injuries to the lady's apparel.

Hedrick was first upon his feet.

"Haven't you got *any* sense?" he demanded.

She smiled unwaveringly, rose—without assistance—and repeated:

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!"

"No, I won't! I wouldn't for a thousand dollars!"

Apparently she did not consider this discouraging. She began to advance endearingly while he stepped backward.

"Kiss me some ——"

"I won't, I tell you!" Hedrick kept stepping away, moving in a desperate circle. He resorted to a brutal formula: "You make me sick!"

"Kiss me some more, darling lit ——"

"I won't!" he bellowed. "And if you say that again I'll "

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!" She flung herself at him, and with a yell of terror he turned and ran at top speed. She pursued, laughing sweetly, and calling loudly as she ran: "Kiss me some more, darling little boy! Kiss me some more, darling little boy!"

(Continued on Page 49)

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The Sixty-Second Congress

OF COURSE Senator Bristow's proposal for a limited national initiative and referendum is opposed strongly; and there is no denying that it would be a cumbrous and costly device. But take the case of this Congress. When it adjourns next March it will have been in session more days than any other since 1869. Probably it will have been the most expensive Congress of recent years, and in another important respect—namely, meagerness of achievement—it will be a close competitor for the palm.

Not that this is Congress' fault. If ever a representative body had an unequivocal mandate from the people, this House had a mandate to revise the tariff; but it has been unable to alter a syllable of the Payne-Aldrich Act. We elect a Congress to do so-and-so, and through no fault of its own the Congress marks time for two years.

The mandate for the next Congress to revise the tariff is even less questionable; but whether or not it does revise the tariff at all conformably with public expectations will depend absolutely upon a small number of senators whom popular resentment cannot effectively reach for several years. It will be entirely possible for a little clique in the upper house, like that which Gorman organized under Cleveland, to postpone real tariff revision for at least two years more.

In the important particular of responsiveness to recorded popular will our Government is as awkward and ineffectual as any could well be under a democratic system. Hamilton's plan, of course, would have been worse; but his was frankly aristocratic. A practical means of enforcing the settled public will upon the Federal Government might not be at all amiss.

When Money is Dear

THAT call money was loaned at twenty per cent in New York at the close of a year during which speculation was at a low ebb is chiefly interesting as suggesting what would have happened if the bulls had realized their benevolent intention of getting a stock-market boom under way early in the fall. Undoubtedly money would then have gone to forty per cent, a "public" loaded with stocks would have been shaken down, and the market would have experienced what conservative brokers call a "healthy reaction"—meaning that the small fry would have been wiped out.

Time loans on collateral were at six per cent or a trifle more; commercial borrowers paid six per cent. There was just money enough to go round for legitimate business and for the purpose of carrying securities at current prices. If prices had been boosted by a large speculative movement this scarcity of money would have pricked the bubble.

Three years and a half ago call loans in New York were made at one and a half per cent—time loans on collateral at two and a half; commercial paper was readily marketed at three per cent. The banks, of course, were full of money and seeking borrowers—a condition that usually fosters speculation. We escaped the usual consequence this time.

The stock of national banknotes and of Treasury notes outstanding—constituting the credit portion of our currency—was only five per cent larger in 1912, with time money over six per cent, than in 1909, with money under three per cent. Probably, if any portion of our currency is to be based on credit, that is not an intelligent way of handling it.

But the real disadvantages of inelasticity arise more often from periods of plethora, when idle money blossoms in bull pools, than in times of comparative dearth.

Private Property

WRITING in 1852, John Stuart Mill said that if choice were to be made between Socialism and the existing state of society—"if the institution of private property necessarily carried with it as a consequence that the produce of labor should be apportioned as we now see it"—then all the difficulties of Socialism "would be but as dust in the balance."

Private property, he added, was supposed to assure to individuals the fruits of their own labor and abstinence, and "the principle of private property has never yet had a fair trial in any country. The laws have never yet conformed to the principles on which justification of private property rests. They have heaped impediments on some to give advantage to others. They have purposely fostered inequalities. . . . If the tendency of legislation had been to favor the diffusion instead of the concentration of wealth—to encourage subdivision of the large masses instead of striving to keep them together—the principle of private property would have been found to have no necessary connection with the physical and social evils which almost all Socialist writers assume to be inseparable from it."

Among other means of giving the principle of private property a fair trial, and of preventing concentration of wealth in the hands of those who have done nothing to earn it, Mill would have strictly limited the amount any one person could receive by inheritance—not as a socialistic measure, but as an anti-socialistic one. A good part of his indictment of English law in 1852 applies to American law in 1912. It is still true that the principle of private property has never yet had a fair trial. This country's present ideal—notwithstanding the increased Socialist vote—is to give it a fair trial.

Admired at a Distance

OUR Constitution, said Gladstone, "is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In the Home Rule Bill, which will be an organic law for Ireland, Great Britain now has an opportunity to strike off a copy of this wonderful work for her own use; and a suggestion that she do so has been repudiated with a vigor and unanimity that are highly amusing in view of the admiration many Britons besides Gladstone have expressed for the American system—for Americans. Premier Asquith has felt called upon to declare that the bill shall contain "none of the ambiguities, so full of pitfalls and certainly provocative of every kind of frivolous litigation," in which our Constitution abounds.

The London News points out that, if our system were copied, "no act of Parliament could be passed which might not be taken before the courts, for them to decide whether it was constitutional. The courts in Ireland would be, as they are in the United States, supreme legislators for the whole field of social and economic life. We should see them deciding—usually unfavorably—whether an act establishing an income tax or workmen's compensation was law. Judges are not trained for that kind of function, and no man who knows the history of the exercise of this function by American judges but will agree that it would erect one of the most galling of all possible tyrannies."

No doubt eminent Englishmen will continue to admire our system on this side the Atlantic; but at home they prefer that the laws should be made by duly elected lawmakers instead of by the courts.

The Stay-at-Home Vote

INTEREST in politics increases, but voting does not. Certainly there was more interest in the campaign of 1912 than in the very perfunctory one of 1908; but the vote appears to have been no larger, notwithstanding an increase in population. In 1896 more than nineteen per cent of the total population voted. The same ratio this year would have given a vote well toward nineteen millions; but in fact it was little over fifteen millions. In twelve years the population has increased nearly twenty millions and the presidential vote but little over one million. The number of stay-at-home voters this year seems to have exceeded three millions.

Interest in politics increases, we believe—but in genuine politics as distinguished from party sham battles over questions of slight importance. Even the tariff is a question of relatively small importance—only one among many factors in the problem of fairer opportunity, more equitable distribution of wealth and more efficient government which constitute the real task of democracy. Probably the largely increased Socialist vote this year is merely another sign of indifference to stereotyped old-line platforms.

True, the Progressive party offered some real politics; but that party is very new. Without Roosevelt's leadership it could not have gathered much momentum in four months. With his leadership it roused a good many suspicions. In any case it is clear enough that the threadbare contest between Republican and Democrat is losing its drawing power.

Two Weak Spots

THIS last year nearly everybody in the United States has been lecturing the farmer. Innumerable accusative fingers point to the facts that in a decade population has increased over twenty per cent and grain production less than two per cent; a shiftless system of cultivation gives us scandalously low yields to the acre and exhausts the soil; farming not only fails to feed the country properly, but eats its own capital. Darker prophets see a nation with an unrivaled heritage of fertile land headed straight for famine and agricultural bankruptcy.

And for several years nearly everybody has been lecturing the retailer. Tariff beneficiaries charge him with responsibility for the high cost of living. His improvident selling on credit, the multiplication of shops, waste in duplicated delivery service, and so on, make goods dear and at the same time keep the retailers' profits low.

Now these two trades we are so vigorously scolding ourselves about—farming and small retailing—are the grand strongholds of competitive individualism. In both fields are found a host of completely independent proprietors, each striving for himself, with very little organization, very little coöperation. In both fields we ought to be reaping the theoretical fruits of competition in the shape of high efficiency and low cost. In both we have exactly the reverse. What's the answer to this paradox?

The Foreclosed

ILLITERACY as measured by the Census—meaning inability to write—has fallen below eight per cent of inhabitants ten years of age and upward, the whole number of illiterates being only five and a half millions as against over six millions in 1900. Of white native-born children between ten and fourteen years of age less than two per cent are illiterate. Among all white children, native and foreign born, the percentage of illiteracy decreased almost one-half in ten years.

So far that looks very well; but the further figures from which optimism derives comfort seem to us rather dubious. About forty per cent of all illiterates are colored, and among negro children from ten to fourteen years of age eighteen per cent are unable to write. True, there was a great gain in the Census period, the whole number of colored illiterates falling by more than six hundred thousand and the proportion of illiterate children declining from almost a third to below one-fifth; but that it is still almost a fifth is a great reproach to the country and a very material handicap.

The child who is unable to write at fourteen is virtually foreclosed. Between him and opportunity stands a dead wall that only very extraordinary luck or ability will enable him to scale. Probably his children will start at a heavy disadvantage. Two million illiterate negroes make as bad an item on the national balance sheet as twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre on land capable of producing fifty.

Another Unscrambled Egg

THE Republican National Convention which nominated Lincoln for his first term declared: "That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction." Just after Shiloh, Lincoln signed the act carrying out this pledge. The Government's aid consisted of some fifty million dollars in bonds and twenty million acres of land. The dates are significant, because about that time the Federal Government was engaged in a rather large task quite unconnected with the development of natural resources. That it still found the time and money to aid in constructing a railroad to the Pacific Ocean shows how highly important the undertaking was considered.

This is the railroad the Supreme Court has now practically cut in two—theoretically leaving two railroads, neither of which ends where anybody in particular wants to go. Of course a way will be found out of the muddle that decision creates, just as a way was found out of the Oil and Tobacco muddles. We have no hesitation in backing Wall Street's ability to discover some practicable exit from any blind alley into which the court casts it. The engravings will be shuffled anew—with some profit presumably to the gentlemen who do the shuffling, as in the Oil and Tobacco cases. It amuses the Department of Justice and, though the cost is considerable, a rich country can probably stand it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The King Who Would Be Jack

NO KING on earth has a more kingly designation than George V, who is devoutly and officially set down by the English and all others as monarch: "By the grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India"; and no king on earth has fewer kingly powers in a governmental sense. There is no lack of respect for his position and no lack of regard for the man. A king titularly—is very much a king with the English. They reverence the place; but they have stripped it of all prerogative save the prerogatives of pomp and ceremony—that is, these governmentally democratic islanders, though living under a monarch and in a monarchy, have seen to it that their monarch is merely an imposing figurehead—or that the place he fills is imposing, whether he is or not—and that their monarchy is a democracy. So far as forms go, and the esteem of them, they are as much imbued with that veneration as they were centuries ago, when kings and queens had real power and subjects had to choose between reverence and decapitation. They have an abiding respect for the throne and its occupant; but they long since decided they could conduct their affairs of state without his assistance—and they do!

Their king has a crown, a throne, a scepter, and palaces in which to live. He is received with all the traditional marks of high honor for royalty. It is treasonable to say aught against him. In all the non-essentials George V is as much of a monarch as any of his predecessors or any king of any country. In the essential of ruling—the power of it—he is an amiable person who does what he is told by his ministers and his wife. The empire must have a head and a king is a good, serviceable, innocuous sort of a head for a government to have. So the English have worked out their limited monarchy, whereof the monarch is constitutional, but does not constitute.

The present holder of the titles, George V, is a shy little man aged forty-seven. He is not more than five feet four inches tall, and weighs about a hundred and thirty pounds—or a hundred and forty, to give him what may be coming to him when he has on all his decorations. He is not so Teutonic in feature as his father, the late King Edward VII, was, but his German descent is plainly enough marked in his face. He wears a russet-colored beard clipped to a dull point; his hair is getting scant above the forehead; there are heavy bags under his eyes, and now and then a slight streak of gray in his whiskers. His speech is somewhat guttural, but not nearly so much so as his father's was. He is quiet, reserved, shy and dull.

Shyness—for it can be called nothing else—is one of his marked characteristics. He does not like going about and meeting people. It bores him. Of course there are many places where he must appear, owing to the necessities of his position; but if he had his way about it he would stay at home and let others do the representing.

At that, no one can blame him. It must be a tremendous bore to go out and attend cornerstone layings and all sorts of similar stodgy functions when there are other things one can do, like motoring or shooting or sailing—and when, being a king, the very best in motoring and hunting, and all that, is at his disposal.

The List of Royal Hobbies

WHEN he does get out he is as grave and dignified as a man of his slight height can be, does what he has to do with an assumption of interest, and hurries back to the seclusion of his palace as soon as ever he can. He likes shooting and is very expert with a gun. Also, he enjoys motoring and he rides horseback a good deal. When he is in London he can often be seen in the parks, riding alone ahead of his retainers, bareheaded—a slight, almost drooping figure gazing steadfastly at his horse's ears.

He detests meeting new people. Old friends are the persons he always wants to have round him and, if he could, he would have none but old friends with him at any time. That being impossible, his wife and his secretary see to it that as many as possible of his favorites are at the various week-ends and house parties and other functions he attends. For that reason the lists of guests who go to these functions do not vary so much as they formerly did; nor are so many of the younger fashionable set included.

King George was brought up as a sailor; and he was a good one and is yet. Most of his intimate men friends are sailors. He likes to talk with them; and his interest in the navy is keener than his interest in any other branch of the service, or in any other side of the government. It is quite likely, if he had his way about it and was not obligated by position and birth to sit on the throne, he would much prefer being a jack tar to being an emperor.

The Queen Sees to It That He Never Shirks His Social Duties

The King reached the rank of rear admiral in the royal navy in 1901, but became Prince of Wales and heir apparent after Queen Victoria died and his father became king.

He tries to be king—so far as his constitutional limitations will allow him—quite conscientiously. It is his duty, as he sees it, to be interested in and informed about the affairs of his government. Consequently he is constantly summoning his ministers to the palace and quizzing them about what is going on. Any minister is likely to get a call to go to the palace at any time, and when he gets there he finds the king insistent to know what is happening in that minister's department. He harries them incessantly and wants all the details explained. His mind works slowly, but it works rather surely, and when he has grasped a subject he holds on with great tenacity and remembers exactly. Also, he is somewhat suspicious in temperament and digs mercilessly into affairs where he imagines some information is being held back from him.

He is intensely serious. He has absolutely no sense of humor and never sees or knows a joke. Nor is he interested in the lighter affairs of the court or of London—wherein he differs largely from his father, King Edward, who wanted to know all the gossip, both of the court and of society in general, and had a hundred wires working in all parts of the kingdom, reaching into all sorts of places, and put out for information on all kinds of subjects. If a man quarreled with his wife the late king wanted to know all about it and was not at all averse to taking a hand in the matter. George V hates this sort of gossip and triviality. He is as far from being a frivolous person as England can boast; and there are some grave and serious persons in England—you may be sure of that!

The absorbing passion of the king is his children, of whom he has six. The eldest, the present Prince of Wales, was born in 1894, and the youngest, John Charles, in 1905. All these children are boys save the third, Princess Victoria Alexandra, who is now fifteen. He has the children about him on every possible occasion, superintends their educations and attends to their discipline like any ordinary father. Queen Mary has great influence over him—control is the better word. It is the queen who drags him out of his seclusion and forces him to make his public, social appearances; for many times the king prefers to stay in his apartments when he should be at the opera or at a public or social function of some kind because he is king. So far as that part of it is concerned, Queen Mary is the ruler of the ruler; and she has a most exact conception of the duties of royalty. The queen has the last word concerning the guests who shall be invited to meet her husband and herself; and all gatherings of a social nature where they are present, all visits to country houses and the like, are austerely in keeping with her own austerity and her rigorous code.

The Shy Sailorman's Real Business

THE King and Queen of England, aside from being titular monarchs under a constitution that limits their powers until they are negligible, almost, are the social leaders of the country. That is their chief function. To entertain royalty is the end and aim of all fashionable people in England and elsewhere in the kingdom; and the social hallmark is not attained by the devotees of society unless royalty will be entertained, and will entertain, in its formal way, these aspirants. The court circle is, of course, the highest social circle. The king and queen lead this. Thus, having not many governmental prerogatives, the royal couple have every social prerogative and, inasmuch as those prerogatives will not interfere with any schemes of taxation or any foreign relations or national policies, the English recognize that attribute and pay it their tribute of respect and loyalty. They do not quite subscribe to the king-can-do-no-wrong theory, but they accord the king the unopposed social leadership; and he—poor chap!—has to accept it when he hates it and all there is about it.

He is a rather pathetic figure—this shy little sailorman whom the accident of birth did not make king, but whom the accident of death did make king; for he was the second son of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and would now be contentedly directing a fleet of the navy had not the elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, died. Still, he will never shirk any of his social duties, for the queen will see to that, and he will continue doing what his ministers tell him to do—the ministers will see to that; and it is quite likely he will have a good time, for, after all's said and done, when one is King of England one has a very good job—salary and upkeep two million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Boorish Boots

AN OLD actor in London, who had seen better days and who was striving to keep up appearances, spoke to a friend:

"These English," he said, "are a rude and boorish people! They have no regard for others. Why, do you know, I went lawst evening into my favorite café to get a cigar, and some crass person stepped on my fingers!"

An Ungrateful Fare

AN ENGLISHMAN, rather the worse for the evening's conviviality, came out of his club and climbed laboriously into a cab.

"Where to, guv'nor?" asked the cubby.

"Blm-m-m-tip-tt-st!"

"Where to, guv'nor?" repeated the cabby.

"Blm-ss-t-im-umpst!" said the fare with a great effort at distinctness.

The cabby looked round. Another man emerged from the club.

"I soy, guv'nor," said the cabby, "find out where this cove's goin', will yer?"

The other man looked into the cab. He knew the fare.

"I will tell you," he said. "Take him to the Inner Temple."

Whereupon the fare straightened up and hissed at the Good Samaritan: "You bloomin' elocutionist!"

A Short Talk on Short Smokes

by

W. H. O'BRIEN

NEW conditions, brought about by the dissolution of the so-called Tobacco Trust, on December 1st, 1911, afforded a logical inducement to get out a new brand of Little Cigars.

Having disposed of its Little Cigar brands to other Companies, The American Tobacco Company was under the necessity of imparting distinctive, unusual merit to this proposed *new* Little Cigar in order to successfully cope with the competition of the old, well-established brands.

Here was my opportunity. I was told to disregard expense and produce the *best*.

The Piccadilly Little Cigar is the result.

Wherever it has been introduced, Piccadilly has won favor and indorsement from discerning smokers for its superior flavor and mildness, which have placed it on an equal footing with their fragrant Havana.

Here is one instance where the result of painstaking care and skilled experience and selection has gained immediate appreciation and recognition from the smoking public.

In Piccadilly Little Cigars you have the aroma and freshness of the first class Havana in *just a smaller size*, that's all.

PICCADILLY
LITTLE CIGARS

A man in New York State writes me as follows:

"Dear Mr. O'Brien:

I simply want to say to you that every statement you have made about Piccadilly is true.

For a good many years I have tried to find a little cigar that I could smoke. I have been in the habit of smoking one cigar after lunch and two or three in the evening. I have not been able to smoke in the morning, and I have always thought if I could find a little cigar I might smoke one or two of them in the morning and perhaps one or two between-times in the afternoon.

I guess I have tried every brand there is, and when you began advertising Piccadilly I was thoroughly skeptical.

The first box of Piccadilly converted me. They are the mildest, sweetest, finest little smokes I ever tried. As you say, they are the only thing that remind me of the Havana cigars I smoke regularly. You deserve a big success with Piccadilly."

I print this letter because it is typical.

Regardless of what your experience with little cigars has been in the past—you owe it to yourself to try Piccadilly today. The price is 10 cents for 10 in a tin box.

If your dealer can't supply you, send me 10 cents in stamps and I'll promptly mail you a box. Or send me 50 cents for a Cedar Box of 50.

W. H. O'Brien

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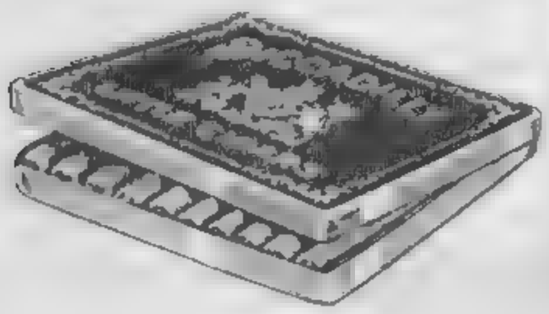


The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

V

THE intentions of Luke Keenan's hired assassin were undoubtedly of the best, but he was a poor man in his chosen profession. Otherwise, shooting at me from the ambush of a clump of bushes that stood less than twenty-five feet away from the doorstep of my home, he ought to have pinked a more vital spot than the calf of my right leg. Possibly I may be unjust to that dastard, whoever he was, for the night was dark and, instead of winging me when I passed the shrubbery and all chances were in his favor, he may have preferred to wait until I reached the doorstep, because my death there would have been more creditable to his marksmanship and more strictly in accordance with Luke's vaunt.

Anyhow it is not surprising when my leg was suddenly pulled from under me, so to speak, that I should have tottered backward and fallen supine. The fact that I swooned has always been a source of more or less wonder to me; but, after all, the terrific excitement under which I labored during those days may be a perfectly natural and plausible explanation of it.

After the surgeon had examined and dressed my wound and pronounced, if reasonably careful, I might go about my business the next day, my wife broke down completely and cried like a child. I rather think, knowing my resoluteness and strong-headedness, that she hoped my leg would keep me in bed and out of danger for a week to come. None the less, to calm her somewhat, I promised—absurd precaution!—that I would have the house guarded by night and by day.

I always have been grateful, however, that my wife exacted the promise. It suggested an excellent idea on the following morning when Charlie Van Orsdale telephoned to say that a friendly typist in the state's attorney's employment had just notified him that two of my most trusted plainclothes men, McGurn and Ryan, had been reporting with undue frequency at the state's attorney's office. I sent word to the pair that I wished to see them at my house immediately; and when they put in their appearance and started to voice their hypocritical regrets over my mishap, I stopped them short with:

"Cut all that right out! I'm next to you ingrates. The chief felt you out and found you good fellows, didn't he? Then he sent you over to Bostrom and he promised to have you detailed to his office if you would reach my witnesses, eh?"

It was part bluff and part guess on my part, founded on what I had heard about them and what I knew about the police game; but none the less I had hit the bull's-eye as their flushed faces and their hangdog expressions conclusively proved.

"We didn't monkey with no witnesses," meekly protested "Mushmouth" McGurn and "Cock-eye" Ryan, whose nicknames will sufficiently describe them.

"And for a mighty good reason," I came back; "you didn't get the chance."

The Snakes Scotched

"See here, lieutenant," objected Ryan, the more blatant and stupid of the two, pumping me in his clumsy way; "how could we learn the names and addresses of them witnesses when you don't keep no papers in your desk?"

"That's important information!" I exclaimed. "So you two backbiters forced open my desk, did you? Well, if they ever make me chief I'll break you for your gumshoe work in this doormat job. Meanwhile I'll tuck you fellows where you can't double-cross me. If you're so sorry they tried to wing me just stick like glue to these premises and see that nobody else takes a second shot at me. If my wife tells me you've moved ten feet from my yard or talked with anybody you shouldn't, when I get back tonight there'll be something doing. You sleep and eat right here—do you get me?"

Then, fearing that those traitors might prowl about where they shouldn't, I gathered all documents in evidence from my bureau drawers and, after reaching downtown, locked them in a box in a safe-deposit vault that I hired for the purpose. An hour later Mayor Henry Plunkett's secretary telephoned me to report at His Honor's office. When I obeyed the summons I found personages no less important than Chief of Police Shayne Corigan and State's Attorney Bostrom awaiting my arrival in that privileged sanctum. There was also present an insignificant sallow youth who seemed as self-conscious as an intruder. I never had met him before and nobody took the pains to introduce me to him.

"Lieutenant Callahan," said the florid-faced mayor without a word of preliminary parley, "don't you realize that your course of conduct is bringing grave danger to faithful public officials?"

"To what faithful officials and why, Mr. Mayor?" I asked, looking straight at those eyes his drooping lids kept half closed.

"Simply because you have taken on your own shoulders the powers of the law to conduct an investigation the authority for which is given only to your superiors," he answered, disregarding the first half of my question.

"I didn't know," I replied, getting more and more nettled as I went on, "that I had usurped any powers illegally; in fact I always thought it was the duty of any good citizen, whether a public official or not, to bring all violators of the law to justice. Moreover——"

I came to a sudden and abrupt end. The old chief sitting opposite me laid his slender forefinger swiftly and slyly across his lips. "Silence, my boy," he signaled as plainly as if he had spoken the words.

Trapped in the Mayor's Office

Shayne Corigan, as the reader knows, was an impulsive soul and his first impulses, which emanated from his better self, were always kindly and generous. He had perceived that I was being betrayed into losing my temper and that I was laying myself open to summary dismissal from the force by Plunkett on the justifiable grounds of insubordination. Undoubtedly he had saved me from the penalties of a tongue that would have grown more and more rash and unguarded if he hadn't checked my rising temper in the nick of time. I was conscious of a pang of regret at having ever doubted the sincerity of his professed admiration and affection for me.

"You were going to say?" queried His Honor, rubbing his bald head.

"Nothing," I replied carelessly, letting my glances travel round the room. The glance proved the necessity for far more caution than I had exercised yet. In an inconspicuous corner the inconspicuous youth was toying with a notebook and pencil. I knew his function and the reason for his presence now, though still in ignorance of his name. He was a stenographer hired for the occasion!

"Now, then," proceeded the mayor sharply after a long pause, "in violation of the regulations of the police department, as laid down in the book of rules, you have failed to make any report of this serious affair to your superiors—haven't you?" He waited for my answer, but none being forthcoming he went on in his deep heavy voice: "I am willing to admit that this serious breach of duty was due partly to your overwhelming zeal to do right and partly to your inexperience. On that account, Callahan, I'm going to deal leniently with you and let you off with a reprimand. However—mark me carefully!—I expect you within the next two hours to submit a full report, containing all the names of your witnesses and the various steps and measures you took to get those alleged wrongdoers, Luke Keenan and Peter Gourlay."

"The law gives me no alternative but to obey the orders of my commander-in-chief." I rose, saluted and turned to go.

"Just one question!" exclaimed State's Attorney Bostrom, bobbing up from his chair when I reached the door. "I want to know whether these proceedings have anything to do with the prosecution of Gourlay about which you asked me in my office."

"Not one bit more, Mr. Bostrom, than your threats to break me have caused me a sleepless night," I replied, dry to his pump. "I do not think I exceed my authority, either, when I say that I am as much an officer of the law and the courts as you are and, if duty demands it, quite as important an instrument for enforcing their decrees. Moreover, gentlemen, let me declare for the benefit of all present, I am a good soldier and I can carry the hickory and tap the pave again if it's necessary."

Nor did I doubt when I quit the mayor's sanctum that the gang, whose last maneuver had put me at their mercy, would soon dress me in a "bull's" harness and send me once more to walk the streets of some remote beat. Still, I consoled myself before the elevator took me to the ground floor of the city hall, the force of their strategy might be more apparent than real. The box was tight; nevertheless a clever lawyer might discover a means of escape from it, without violently blowing off the cover. I hustled over to Robert Van Orsdale's office.

"A few minutes more and you would have been too late," growled Robert, whom I found pacing up and down restlessly in his cubbyhole of a room. "The special grand jury meets in the next ten minutes. I've been hunting all over for you. Where were you hiding?"

"In the mayor's office. They've got me at last," I said, telling in a spurt what had happened.

"They ought to get you if you're that easy," he grumbled. "There's nothing to it. Look here!" He seated himself before his typewriter and drummed out the following with amazing rapidity:

"Chief of Police Shayne Corigan: I beg leave respectfully to inform you that I was called before the special grand jury immediately after leaving you in Mayor Henry Plunkett's office; and that, in accordance with the instructions of said grand jury, I have turned over to it all documents, memoranda and information in my possession concerning the matters alleged against State's Attorney Bostrom, Gordon R. Ashley, Luke Keenan, Peter Gourlay, *et al.*; and that I have been instructed by His Honor, Alfred Maynard, Judge of the Superior Court, not to divulge, either in writing or orally, any information in my possession, on penalty of punishment for contempt of court."

"Sign this," he said, taking the paper out of his machine and handing it to me.

"But," I said, "I haven't been so instructed by Judge Maynard and the special grand jury."

"No; but you will be in less than no time," he objected.

That objection had no sooner been sustained by Judge Maynard than Bostrom marched into the courtroom followed by a retinue of clerks, each carrying a section of a library to argue hotly that Gordon R. Ashley be released from custody on his own recognizance.

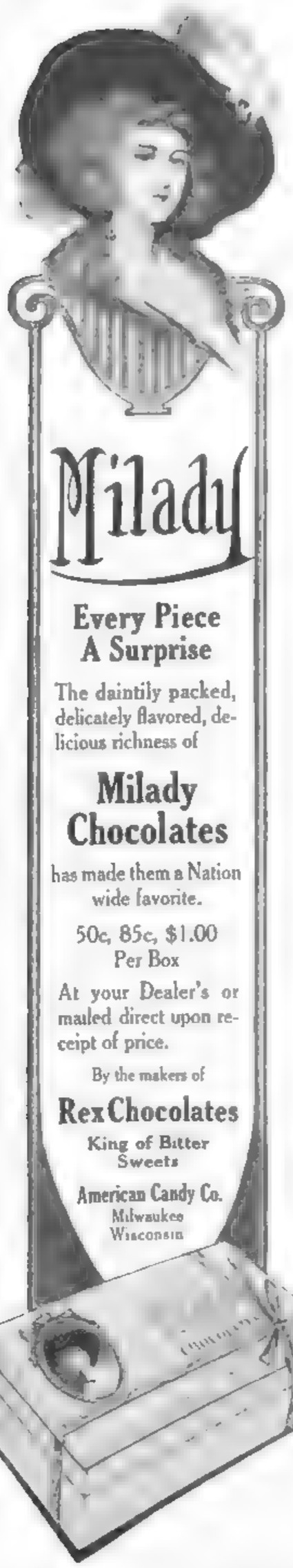
A Sharp Tilt in Court

"Ordinarily," posited Maynard when Bostrom's oration ended rather because he was out of wind than words, "it is the practice of this court to grant such a plea when made by a sworn prosecutor and officer of the county, but it may be that Lieutenant Callahan wishes to enter an objection."

"I would respectfully suggest, Your Honor," I submitted, "that Mr. Ashley, being a lawyer and knowing so much about the extradition treaties between different countries, might pick out a refuge from which we could never return him. At least, before he is released, I ask the opportunity to present incriminating evidence against him in addition to Gourlay's confession."

"And when, Mr. Callahan, my trusted assistant prosecutor, may I expect you to put this incriminating evidence in my hands?" asked State's Attorney Bostrom with a sneer.

"Mr. Bostrom," remarked Maynard severely before I had a chance to speak, "I want you to know that this court entertains no suspicion against you and makes no accusations, but as a public official you should be the first to give sanction to the investigation we are about to start. If in this case you are an interested party outside of your official function as a prosecutor, and



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should the investigation divulge that your interests are improper, then the hand of the law will fall as heavily on your shoulder as on the humblest person involved; and should you by any mishap become a defendant and be brought before me for trial, I would advise you to take a change of venue from me."

"Your Honor," roared Bostrom, "in the sanctity of your courtroom, for the first time since my elevation to a place of supreme trust by the people, I have been insulted, and my standing as a gentleman and my integrity as a public official have been trailed in the dust. With all due respect to Your Honor, I defy you and this stripling of a police officer, who courts notoriety by underhand methods, or any man, woman or child in this community to go to the records of my office, search them and find one blot against me as a public official or citizen. I shall cheerfully lend all assistance in my power to this investigation, but I consider it a personal affront for Your Honor to have appointed this nonentity, Van Orsdale—an ambulance chaser and a shyster—to perform the solemn duty required. I therefore request of Your Honor that some reputable and honorable member of the bar be appointed and I ask leave to suggest William C. Blackmore for special counsel."

"Your Honor," put in Robert at once placidly, ignoring Bostrom's slurs, "I have no objection at all to the appointment by this court of somebody more eminent and worthy than myself in my place; but I would respectfully bring to Your Honor's notice that Mr. Blackmore is one of the fish who, we have every reason to believe, will be entangled in the net we are ready to drop in the water."

Maynard ended the long wrangle with a terse:

"There is no further business before the court and we will now adjourn."

Immediately afterward when I went on the stand before the special grand jury it instructed me, in accordance with the terms of my statement, not to make any report to my superiors on the matters before it for consideration.

Two hours later it returned indictments against Gordon R. Ashley, Luke Keenan and several other ward men for bribery and conspiracy to defeat the administration of justice, and the foreman, after adjournment, gave out the statement that the court had empowered the body to investigate any other public official or officer implicated in the case by the evidence.

At six that same evening, just as I closed my desk and was preparing to leave for home, Charlie Van Orsdale sauntered into my office, pulled a long face and, flopping down on a chair as if he were exhausted by his emotions, drawled lugubriously:

"I say, Cally, they're going to move you again."

"Not to High Plains!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me they've got the nerve to shift me there again after all that's happened!"

"No," he yawned; "they've promoted you to captain. Couldn't you see it coming, you gillie! The mayor commends you for your efficiency, bravery, devotion to duty and—and all that rigmarole. I thought I'd bore you with the story before you find it in the Police Bulletin tomorrow morning. My paper forced me to come over here to find out what you'd have to say about it. I've already interviewed Robert."

Promotions All Round

"I owe all this to you, Charlie!" I said with all the depth of gratitude I felt, patting him on the back affectionately.

"I know that just as well as you do," he drawled, "but I didn't want to say so myself. What's the use of twisting my spine to pay for it anyhow? Let's get down to business. What have you got to say for the paper? No profanity now! I can't use that."

"What did Robert say?" I asked.

He turned to his notes and drawled:

"Mr. Robert Henderson Van Orsdale, the brilliant young special state's attorney, when interviewed on the promotion of Lieutenant Callahan to a captaincy by special order of Mayor Plunkett, remarked: 'The mayor is altogether too premature in the distribution of rewards. The special grand jury is still in session and Callahan may have other startling divulgences to make regarding officials in high standing whom the investigation has not touched as yet.'"

"And now what shall I say?" I asked.

"Let me see! Let me see!" he reflected. "Oh, yes; if I were you I'd say: 'I'm pleased with the information, but I'm after the man higher up.' That's dramatic; it will read well and make a peach of a story. Besides, nobody will know whom you mean, as you don't know yourself—and it will scare everybody."

"Say it then," I said.

"What was the use of my coming 'way over here to see you if I had to tell you how to interview yourself," he grumbled, stalking off as if in high dudgeon; but he returned in a second, grinning broadly, to invite me out for a drink. "Not that I care about the highball," he explained when he was imbibing it, "but I didn't want to tell you in your office in cold blood that I'm to be made city editor as soon as this tiresome muss is over."

It was all just like Charlie! When I left him with his third highball I was on the point of hastening home to tell my wife the good news of my promotion, when it occurred to me that it would be wise to pay a final visit to the hotel where Gourlay was kept in custody and make sure everything was all right there for the night.

The Judas in the Wall

"Lieut," began Gourlay, when at his request I had dismissed the custodians from the room, "y're all hell when y're agin a guy an' th' devil when y're wid him. Believe me, I'm grateful to yer fer rollin' me out of dat bum boob and stickin' me in dis tony an' swell joint. It's a poor devil of a bloke's idee of Heaven! Smoke?" He pulled an expensive Havana out of his pocket.

"Where did you get that, Gourlay?" I asked.

"One of them double-crossers sent 'em to me wid meh old woman an' meh sister. I t'ought I'd like yer to smoke one ef 'em first to see ef dere ain't no 'soup' rolled in atween de leaves. Do you know what them skates wants me to do now? They seen meh old woman and meh sister and they gets them to tell me to hire Gilbert Easterbrook fer a mouthpiece. I knows him. Luke Keenan hired him oncet an' then he has to give a benefit ball to help pay de bill. But I ain't to worry about de price none. Dem double-crossers will take care of de bill, dey says. Hunt fer de little joker, lieut, an' tell me where yer finds it."

"You've been on the level with me, Gourlay," I replied, "and I intend to treat you the same way. Bostrom, Keenan and the gang have hired Easterbrook, who's as slick and as crooked as they make 'em, for a big fee to pull them out of this mess by getting you in bad. They're playing their last card."

"Dem trimmers don't throw me no bad cards," he growled. "It's time I done a little phony dealing wid de deck mehself."

"It is," I agreed; "and if you watch sharp you can get them where they tried to get you. Send word to your folks that you want to see Easterbrook and when he comes make him believe that you've fallen for the spiel. String him along and we'll frame him."

"Can yer do it, lieut?" His piglike eyes danced gleefully. There is nothing in the world that appeals more to a crude and rough scoundrel like Gourlay than outwitting a refined and educated rogue like Easterbrook. It helped to quench Gourlay's thirst for vengeance and stilled his inborn love for mischief, besides making a minor appeal to the sentiment of class.

"Surely we can do it," I proclaimed. "I'll show you how right now." So saying, I sent one of Gourlay's custodians for Mr. Klumphf, the proprietor of the Hotel Frederich. He was a client—almost the entire clientèle—of Robert Van Orsdale, which is the reason why he had chosen his hostelry for the retention of Gourlay.

"Who's in the room next to this, Mr. Klumphf?" I asked, when the rotund, red-bearded little German appeared.

"Nobody," he answered.

"Very well," said I; "we'll take it on condition that you have one of your house mechanics cut a slice out of the wall six feet from the floor, cover the hole with a strip of thin canvas and paint it pale blue to match the rest of the calcimining."

"I'd like to accommodate you, Mr. Callahan," he said, looking very glum, "but you know ——"

"We'll foot the bill—every cent of it," I reassured him. "Put your best men right on the job. When they're through—make it no later than eight o'clock—see that

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there isn't a scrap of plaster or sawdust round to show they've been at work."

When Klumphf left the room and we were alone again, Gourlay guffawed:

"I get yer, lieut; y're going to glue yer listeners to the hole."

"Not me, Gourlay," I contradicted, "but my stenographer and witnesses will. Stick close to the wall where they've made the hole, and every time Easterbrook lets his voice sink you be deaf and make him holler."

"Will I!" he exclaimed rapturously. "I t'ought yer was a bonehead, lieut, bein' so honest, but I sees now y're a wise Dick." Then he added, his hard face somewhat softened by a look of deep reflection: "Lieut, after I does meh stretch, which I knows yer'll do yer best ter bobtail, I wants yer to use yer pull an' git me a job on de force. I wants ter trot wid yer. I'm stuck on yer work. Don't tell me yer can't place meh. I got a couple of pals in blue harness now."

"We'll discuss that later on, Gourlay," I laughed. "Send word through your folks that Easterbrook can show up here a little after eight." Then, rehearsing him carefully in every detail of the part he was to play, I left the hotel to make arrangements with Robert Van Orsdale for my witnesses and a stenographer.

It was shortly after six when I boarded a street car for home; but my intentions proved better than my execution, for when that chariot rolled past the station I obeyed a natural impulse and dropped off there to see whether any new developments had taken place during my absence. None had; and, reproaching myself for a lack of consideration toward my wife, I was about to hasten toward her when Desk Sergeant McIntyre entered my office and halted my progress with:

"Lieutenant Callahan ——"

"Captain Callahan henceforth," I corrected him gently.

"Oh, yes—Captain Callahan," he said, his smug face wry despite his efforts to look pleasant. "Officer Donague has just pulled the box. He wants to speak to you in person. He seems greatly excited."

"So do you," I thought as I hurried to answer the patrolman's call.

Donague was another of the corrupt officers who had been inimical to me since my assignment to Devil's Center. I mistrusted the fellow thoroughly and I was half prepared to discount in advance anything he might have to communicate, no matter what it was; but my suspicions were knocked into a cocked hat and I was nearly swept off my feet with astonishment when he twanged in his catarrhal voice:

"Lieutenant Callahan, Pete Gourlay's sister has been murdered in her room in the tenement in Capricorn Alley. It's a dirty job. I'm keepin' things undisturbed. Will you come right over?"

The Battle of Capricorn Alley

"I'll be there in a jiffy. Go right back to the room and stay there until you get further orders," I returned, stunned. I could feel my nerves twitch inwardly. There was a queasy sensation in the pit of my stomach. What would the gang do next? Was there anything at which they would stop? Then, fearing I would be called upon soon to meet a severe test, I fought for physical and mental control and gained it.

"Where's Pat Carroll, McIntyre?" I asked of the desk sergeant who was standing beside me.

"He don't report until eleven tonight, sir."

"That's so," I nodded, reflecting.

"What's happened?" he asked, scanning my face intently.

I told him.

"Better take a couple of men with you anyhow, captain," he advised solicitously, so solicitously that my suspicions were ruffled, then rudely awakened.

"No," I answered, outlining my campaign for that emergency then and there; "I'll tackle that job alone." And, quitting the station on the run, I made a "short," rode five or six blocks southward, then I alighted, darted into the telephone booth of a drug store, called up one of the customians at the Hotel Frederich and told him to put Gourlay on the wire.

"What's this that's happened to your sister, Gourlay?" I asked when his familiar voice grumbled in my ear.

"Meh sister? What yer givin' meh, lieut? She's upstairs in meh room now. She just brung me a clean shirt."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "They just told me somebody had croaked her and I was going over to Capricorn Alley to investigate the ——"

"Look out fer yerself, lieut," he warned. "Dem crooks is tryin' ter slam yer in a box."

I rang off, his admonition being superfluous now, walked to the corner quickly and, taking another short, transferred to the "main stem" and rode directly to Station Number Two in my precinct, and ordered the commanding officer to put four of his best men at my disposal. These I instructed to enter the Gourlay tenement in Capricorn Alley by way of the rear and to await my coming.

A quarter of an hour later, my hand thrust under my coat and clutching a revolver, I put foot on the creaking stairs of the tenement and mounted slowly and cautiously toward the Gourlay apartment on the top floor. Just as I reached the first landing the street door was opened with an almost inaudible jerk and two burly brutes slipping inside on tiptoe turned out the kerosene lamp that stood on a bracket in the hall. I could hear them gliding toward me. I restrained myself, counting five; then I blew my whistle. Two of my officers took up their positions at the door. Two more rushed down toward the thugs that were ready to fling themselves on me and beat me into insensibility. The enemy tumbled headforemost into the pit they had dug for me!

Gourlay's Plots and Counterplots

"Take care of them, boys," I said as I hurried off—I had no desire to see what my would-be sluggers looked like after their punishment—to do justice to the dinner that awaited my belated arrival at home. Tearing myself away from my wife, who wanted to prolong the celebration over my promotion, I left for downtown at half past eight, called for Robert Van Orsdale at his office and then proceeded with him to the room adjoining Gourlay's in the Hotel Frederich. Easterbrook had come, transacted his business in an eminently satisfactory manner—to him—and gone. The transcript of the conversation that had passed between the noted criminal lawyer and his client proved that Easterbrook, in an adroit but none the less convincing manner, had suborned Gourlay to commit perjury.

We needed to give Easterbrook but a little more rope in order to let him commit professional suicide. We paid it out and he hauled in the slack the next morning, when, exercising the power of attorney that Gourlay had conferred on him, he swore out a writ of habeas corpus and haled the "Sandbag" into court to have Judge Maynard fix bail for his chuckling client. We were on hand ostensibly to contest that motion—in reality, to enjoy a performance whose climax we had arranged in a manner that would surprise nobody more than the chief actor in it.

Flinging on the long, ungainly Robert a glance that said half pityingly, half contemptuously, "I'm going to show you how to practice law, you poor, self-complacent shyster," the finely proportioned, carefully attired Easterbrook smoothed down a refractory hair in the gray toupee that crowned his classical countenance; and thus, with many a flourish and pompous gesture, addressed the court:

"Your Honor, as counsel for Peter Gourlay, the prisoner at the bar, I have a statement to make that would seem of the gravest moment; and, in all modesty, I am sure that the court knowing my high standing at the bar will not impute any improper motives to me for whatever sensational condition such a statement may reveal. My client has informed me that he has made a confession before Your Honor and I would request that Your Honor swear the prisoner so he can make under oath a second statement to you and to me."

It was a triumphant, and I daresay a never-to-be-forgotten, moment in Gourlay's shady career when he entered the witness box, took the oath, grinning with fiendish delight, and told in his own juicy vernacular, deaf to interruptions, how "de swell mouthpiece wid de gold cheaters"—eyeglasses—had enticed him into committing perjury.

Easterbrook went white and red by turns. Nevertheless, he recovered his composure with commendable professional celerity and hurled forth objections and accusations with a fluency that did great credit to his eloquence and legal acumen, but which proved of no avail when the witnesses and the stenographer took the stand and corroborated Gourlay's testimony. Bluff and bluster were lost on the icy Maynard, who, for the attempt to commit perjury and suborn witnesses, bound the distinguished attorney, Bostrom and a handful of ward men over to the grand jury under bonds of fifteen thousand dollars each.

However, audacity was not the only weapon in the versatile Easterbrook's armory; he had an infinite amount of suavity, and at once he forced it into service by approaching Robert—his hat in his hand literally and figuratively—and offering to make a clean breast of it if promised immunity. Robert, who had no desire, any more than myself, to punish merely for punishment's sake, accepted Easterbrook's offer.

Judge Maynard instructed the clerk to enter an order for immunity at once and Easterbrook left the courtroom, looking as if he would have appreciated the temporary loan of a crutch.

Bostrom, on the other hand, showed fight. He was a bulldog by nature and followed the lines of his character that offered least resistance to any given purpose he had in view. He swaggered it before a crooked judge and demanded that he be restored immediately to the plenary powers of his office; but there are times when a strong public opinion will hold the most crooked of judges as erect as the most honorable, and Bostrom's last stratagem failed him. He fled the country, not because he was essentially a coward but because he had sagacity enough to know he had nothing to gain and all to lose by lingering in a city that no longer wanted him. Robert Van Orsdale—the march of events backed my prediction and judgment—was his logical and legitimate successor.

Uniting what facts I had in my possession then with what I learned afterward, I am able to declare positively that Bostrom had no sooner caught the limited train, which was to bear him on his journey toward parts unknown, than Mayor Plunkett and Chief of Police Shayne Corigan drove up to my home.

The old chief, who looked careworn and broken, glanced at the mayor when they entered my parlor as if expecting his superior to relieve him of the embarrassment of beginning the colloquy; but, seeing that he was called upon to assume the burden without assistance from the Mayor, he cleared his throat and quite gently picked up the cudgels with:

The Last of Corigan

"Callahan, I'm in your power. You've got the goods on me in the ins and outs of this affair; but I'm an old man and I thought you'd be generous enough to tell me in advance what you're going to do with me."

"Nothing, except my level best to get you out of your fix, chief," I replied. "You fought me like a man from start to finish and I have no feelings in my heart toward you but those of gratitude and kindliness."

He was silent for a moment and then, clasping my hand warmly, he said, his voice thick:

"I've had enough of the police game anyhow. I've been intending to resign and I guess this is the time for it. I'll always remember you for letting me do it without sacrificing my reputation and the good name of my family."

It was the mayor's turn now for swallowing his slice of humble pie, which he did with what grace he could, saying between mouthfuls, as it were:

"Callahan, there's no use in beating about the bush. I might as well confess that I know I'm the official you had in mind when you said you were after the man higher up. I don't think you have any direct or telling evidence against me, but if you'll stop kicking up the dust in this case you can have Shayne Corigan's job. Will you take it?"

"Yes," I answered promptly, "if I can run the department in every detail to suit myself, without a single binding promise and without interference from any source whatsoever."

"Have it your own way then, General Superintendent of Police Callahan," the mayor assented.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last article in a series relating the experiences of a chief of police.

THE CHANGING ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

(Concluded from Page 7)

had become stranded in the grades—children whom the regular school had labeled "abnormal" and had given up as beyond care. These hand-minded children who were about to be sent out unprepared into the enormous competition of workers had been daily exposed as dullards; had, indeed, come to look upon themselves as unfit, and already had assumed the shifty pose that denotes lack of self-respect. But these children are normal enough. The trouble is, like Alice when she fell down the rabbit hole, they have fallen clear through the globe and have come out among the "Antipathies."

In such schools as the Cleveland school these dullards regain faith in their powers, discover themselves and, as Doctor Heilmann, a disinterested expert, reported formally to the Cleveland Board of Education: "They learn to make satisfactory progress even in previously distasteful subjects, when opportunity comes to them to exercise their powers in matters that appeal to them and seem to them worth while. These children must learn by doing. Thus alone can they be led to the 'cultural,' to the discovery of the inestimate value of knowledge even for its own sake."

In letters unsupervised by their teachers the children frankly testify to the changed condition in their lives. The girls write:

"Arithmetic and geography I never could understand in the grade school, but since I have come here I am interested." "Our arithmetic and other studies are given in a way that will help us when we grow up." "I like this school because I never could have learned anything, and I am more use in the world." "Out in the grade school I felt as if I just wanted to stop, but here the work is so interesting that I don't like to leave it."

The boys say:

"The lessons are so interesting that I felt as if I am taking a new hold in life." "The school has made me more of a man—it has made me have more self-respect and responsibility." "It has learned me to have better manners and to do better arithmetic and lots of other things." "I learned to be more obedient and my parents say: 'You seem to be learning more than you used to.'" "It has taught me to like school. I like all the work here."

In the classroom no one would suspect that these alert pupils had ever looked at learning with a lackluster eye. Spirited, interested, intelligent you would say if you had watched the discussions that arose among the boys out of the study of hardwoods, or among the girls during the study of the production of silk fabrics. The general subject is called industrial geography, but the clever teacher, a college woman, draws upon economics, the history of peoples and of trades, the cost of labor abroad, the tariff, prices and their causes, industrial chemistry and, with fine tact, the more effective use of spoken and written English—and all the while you would wish that when you were young you had been given this chance to get an education.

The Schools of Gary

No attempt can be made to give credit to all the places where the public-school system is permitting an opportunity for education through the self-activity of the young person. There is hardly a city or town of importance which, either officially or through philanthropic aid, is not trying the experiment. The attempt here is to illustrate the changing elementary school from a narrow institution for the few to a broad system of education for the many.

In the city of Gary, Indiana, the elementary schools have changed completely over to the new idea. All the schools of Gary are what elsewhere are sometimes called special schools. Six years ago Gary was an uninhabited sand dune; at present the population is forty thousand and growing. It has risen magically from a wilderness of sand and scrub-oak to a city with metropolitan features—enormous producing plants; extended thoroughfares of cement lined with office and commercial buildings, superior residences, modern schoolhouses, churches, hotels and clubs. Industry settled here—the Indiana Steel Company, the American Bridge Company, the American Sheet and Tinplate Company—and the town appeared like an Aladdinesque creation.

There were no traditions; therefore Gary schools under Superintendent William A. Wirt resemble the school of tomorrow rather than the school of yesterday. The child is the central thing in these schools; how to educate him so that he will be a better-informed, a better-disciplined and a healthier creature is the sole aim. Programs of study, traditional subjects and conventional methods of teaching have only this reason for existence. If on test they do not give satisfactory results out they go. Therefore the whole child is educated here—in his study, in his play, in his amusements, in his work. Naturally the schoolday is long—from eight-thirty to four-thirty, eight hours; but the new spirit of harnessing the child's interests has been so splendidly caught that boys and girls are eager to get into the schoolhouse, even on Saturdays and during the summer vacation.

Explaining and Doing

Each individual is constantly diagnosed and watched for improvement. There is no lockstep of classes—quick pupils in any subject are advanced, slow pupils are placed where they can go their pace; foreign children who need English are put where they can get it, but are not necessarily retarded in arithmetic and the other branches; physically backward children are put into outdoor games that bring them up to standard; good workers are allowed to express their best at the workbench; and there are no abstract studies—all school subjects are made to relate to the daily life of the child.

The changing elementary schools are discovering the blessedness of work and its great value as an educational motive. Fortunately children love work—if they are caught young enough; and as most of us, rich or poor, must find our happiness eventually in labor, there is no good reason for avoiding it. The saddest thing that can happen to the thousands of fortunate youths who stay in the present-day school until young manhood and womanhood, is the achievement of permanent physical ineptitude if not physical indolence. Twelve to fourteen years of sitting at a desk means almost a sure atrophy of the work instinct. Really healthy young persons are bored to indifference, if not disgust, by the unnatural demand upon them. That is one of the obvious attitudes of high-school children and of the overgrown boys and girls of the upper grammar grades. Besides which, the mass of really valuable information seems not to hit. It bears so little relation to the things near a youngster's interests; there is so much explaining, so little doing.

"'What is a Caucus-race?' said Alice.

"'Why,' said the Dodo, 'the best way to explain it is to do it.'"

The study-play-work school was originally founded for children who did not naturally take to books. They were of the wage-earning class and needed some industrial preparation for their lifework. That group is now being crowded out by bright children who petition to be taken in. The Forten Elementary School, of Philadelphia, at one time almost entirely recruited from a colored population, has changed its complexion through the eagerness of Russian Jews to take advantage of this type of education.

Further, some of the so-called private schools that charge from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars annually are modeling their equipment so these youngsters whose parents can afford the best may have a genuine, all-round education of head and hand. In one or two large cities associations of parents have taken into their own hands the organization of a study-play-work school. Some of the most exclusive of the private schools of England have already adopted essentially the same sort of education for children of the well-to-do as Buffalo has organized for its workaday Poles.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four articles by William Hughes Mearns. The second will appear in an early issue.

Even you couldn't make better soup than this!

No matter how particular and clever you are.

You couldn't buy better; no matter how much you pay. There are 32 different ingredients in

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

And every one of them adds something to its richness and flavor.

The stock is made from prime fresh beef; and contains lima beans, peas, corn, carrots, celery, potatoes—16 vegetables in all; beside ham and macaroni-alphabets. There is no grease in this soup. It gives you the quality and the fresh, sweet country flavor of the finest home-made soup, but without the labor and fuss.

Order by the dozen. That is the most satisfactory way.

"With Campbell's treat
Each day to eat
I'm full of vim and go.
I make the pace
For any race
Not care for ice and snow."

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The Evolution of the Del
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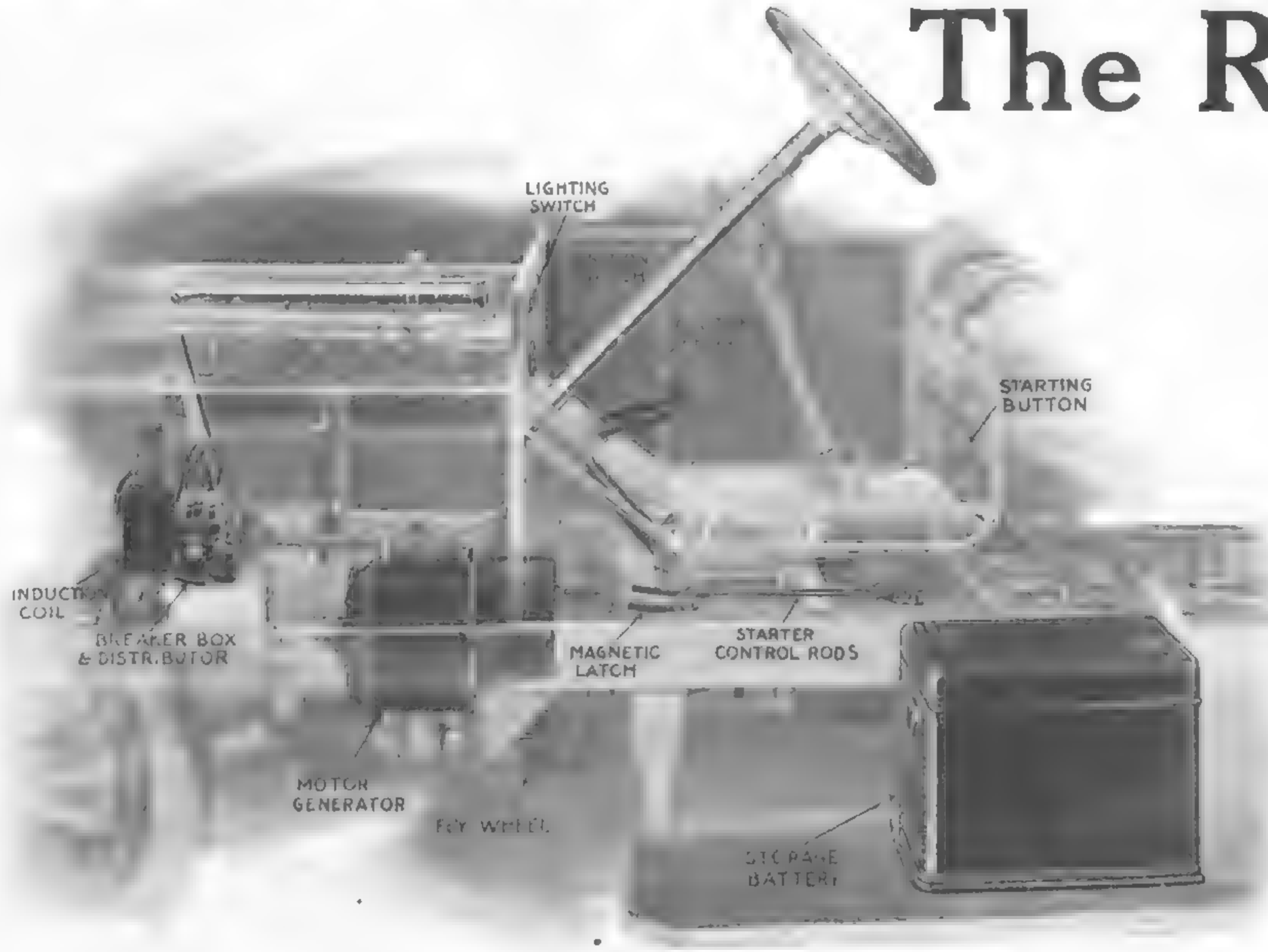


HOW THE DELCO SYSTEM OPERATES

1—**Starting Button**—This button starts motor-generator on slow speed—and also closes the magnetic latch connecting with the pedal shaft.
2—**Clutch Pedal**—Pressure on this pedal brings the gearing of the motor-generator into mesh with the fly wheel—and also throws the controller switch that turns the full power of the battery into the motor generator, thus causing the fly wheel to revolve and cranking the engine.
3—**Motor Generator**—Acting as a generator to recharge the battery while the gas engine is running, and as motor to start the car when the current from the battery is turned back into it.
4—**The Storage Battery**—The controller and the cut out relay are also contained in the forward end of the battery box
5—**Magnetic Latch**—Connecting the pedal shaft with the starting apparatus.
6—**Starter Control Rods**—
7—**Fly Wheel**—Showing gear teeth cut in the outer edge
8—**Ignition Switch**—
9—**Induction Coil**—
10—**Breaker and Distributor**—
11—**Lighting Switch**—Controlling head lights, side lights, tail light and speedometer light.

One Delco Car a Year Ago
Seven Delco Cars Today

A YEAR AGO one car was shown at the New York Automobile Show, equipped with a practical electric self-starting system—

One manufacturer, with the courage of his convictions back of him, boldly announced that the 12,000 cars to be produced by his factory would be equipped with an electric self-cranking and lighting system known as the Delco.

That was just a year ago.

This year almost every car that is exhibited at the Automobile Show will be equipped with some form of electric self-starter.

In one year the Delco System has overcome criticism, demonstrated its reliability and efficiency, and has not only established itself but has made compulsory the use of some form of electric self starter on practically every automobile built.

It would be impossible, of course, for all of these cars to be equipped with the Delco System. Great as has been the development in manufacturing facilities during this last year, it is not equal to so gigantic a task as that.

Seven of America's leading cars will be found at this year's shows, however, exhibiting the Delco System as part of their regular equipment.

And the total output of Delco Equipped Cars for 1913 will be in excess of 45,000.

History has been made rapidly in the electric self starter business.

Three important things have contributed to the extraordinary success of the Delco System.

First: A fundamental idea.

Second: An engineering department for the proper development and application of the idea.

Third: Capital and equipment to carry on the manufacturing in a proper way.

Each of these essentials, of course, has had to have a solid foundation in order to produce the results that have been accomplished.

co System
ution of the Automobile

Almost every one who has studied the electric self starting problem appreciates the soundness of the fundamental idea upon which the Delco System is based.

Only those who have actually lived at the Delco factory can appreciate the engineering perseverance and skill that have been necessary in working out the commercial application of this idea to the peculiar requirements of each of the various cars to which it has been applied.

And only those who have seen and inspected the great factory that has been erected at Dayton, and the almost equally large one at Chicago, with their wonderful automatic machinery and their hundreds of trained workmen, can appreciate the capital and equipment necessary to supply the insistent demand that has already developed for Delco apparatus.

The factory at Dayton has almost six acres of floor space, devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Delco Equipment. It is provided with the most modern machinery that money can buy, and is manned by the best mechanics that can be found.

Millions of dollars of capital are back of the enterprise.

And the purpose and aim of it all is just one thing—the manufacture of the best electric starting, lighting and ignition apparatus that engineering and mechanical ability can produce.

The whole organization has just this one thing in mind.

It has not taken it on as a side line to some other business.

It has not adapted old equipment to a new purpose.

The whole plant was built, organized and equipped for doing this one thing and for doing it in as large a volume as is consistent with sterling quality.

Delco success is based on more than a fundamental idea, more even than engineering skill and sound manufacturing principles.

It represents an ideal—an ideal that permeates the entire factory organization, and that finds its embodiment in the phrase that has become the standard for every detail of Delco construction: "MAKE IT GOOD."

Everything else gives way before that one ambition. Delco Equipment must not only do its work faultlessly, but it must stand up under extraordinary usage.

It is put on every car to save trouble, and it must be in itself as nearly free from troubles as skill and care and patience can make it.

It must have in it the same durability as the car itself.

It must be the last thing about the car to go wrong or wear out.

That this ideal has been closely approximated is shown in the fact that some of the wisest and most conservative manufacturers in America have been first to demand Delco Equipment for their cars.

The Delco System
Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

is simple in construction, light in weight, powerful and positive in operation.

It cranks the engine in a perfectly normal way, by applying the power externally just as you would with a hand crank.

It continues the cranking process persistently, until the engine starts on its own power.

It cannot fail to start the car unless the engine itself is out of order.

The Delco System is self-maintaining.

The ordinary operation of the car automatically charges the storage battery, and insures a uniform and always ready supply of current for ignition, for lighting purposes and for starting.

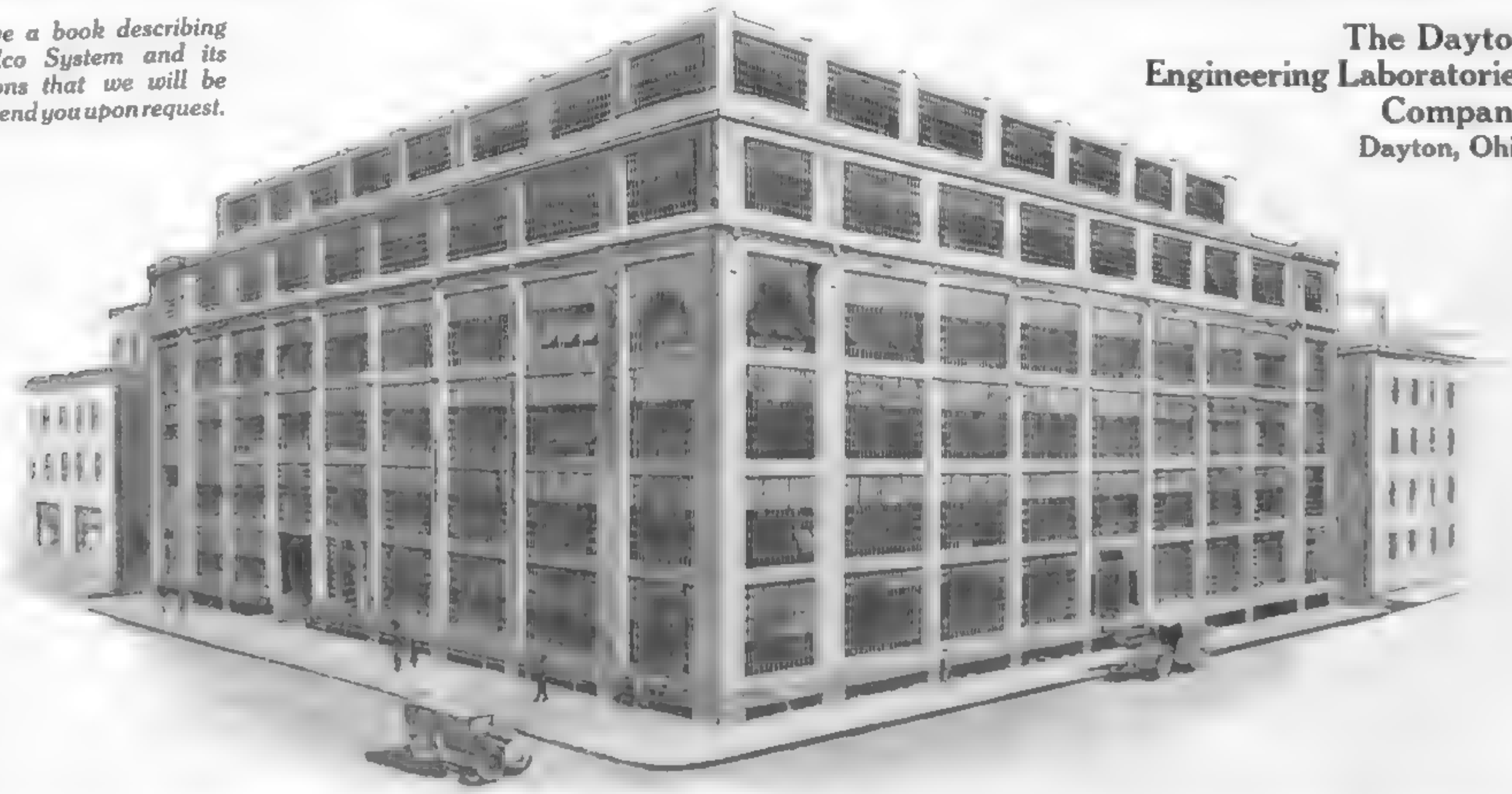
It is a made-to-order system. Built especially in each instance to meet the requirements of the cars for which it is furnished.

It is built into the car, becomes an integral part of it, and works in perfect harmony with every other part. That is why the Delco System is not exactly the same on any two makes of cars.

And yet, in each instance, the Delco System is the most perfect that engineering skill can produce for the particular car of which it is to become a part.

You will find Delco Equipment exhibited at the shows on the 1913 models of the following cars: The Cadillac, The Hudson, The Packard, The Cole, The Oldsmobile, The Oakland, The Jackson.

We have a book describing the Delco System and its operations that we will be glad to send you upon request.



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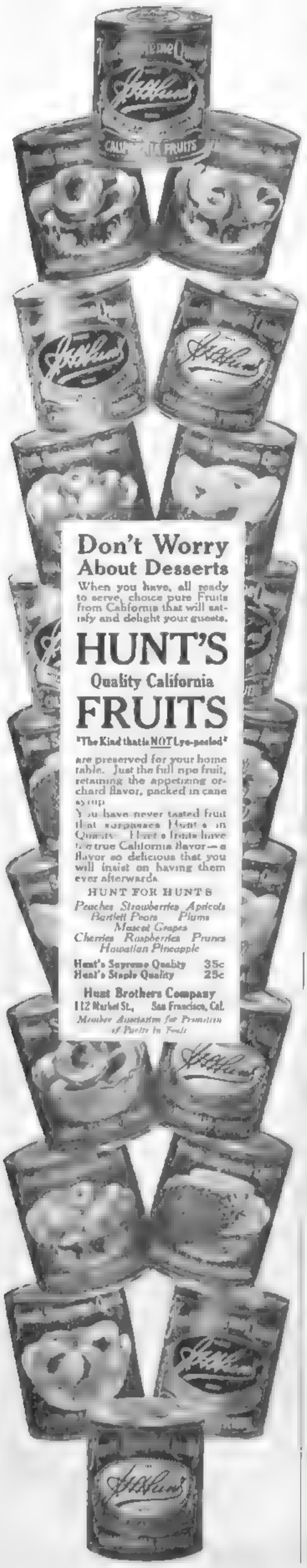
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The Rewards of the Stock Market

By ROGER W. BABSON

"HOW can I trade in stocks to increase my income?" was a question asked me the other day by a friend in New York who, though holding a fine position, is hungry for a "little more." I did not then have time to go into details, but simply said: "Do not borrow money to buy stocks now, and do not ever buy them on margin." However, after leaving this man and while on the train going home, I thought that his question was fair, and that my answer to it was not complete. Knowing him to be a good reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I determined to answer him through an article: and here is the answer!

"As a man sows, so shall he reap—in speculation," was said to me once by a well-known man who has spent many years dealing in stocks, both as a speculator and as an investor. This man long ago quit playing the game the novice plays and learned to operate as an investor only for the long swings extending over two or three years. Operating in this manner he has made money, and expects to make still more before passing to the condition where money is supposed to be of no service to any one.

For fifteen years, however, this gentleman—a man of keen intellect, of inherited and acquired resources; a man having a profession at which he could do more than get a good living; a man who has filled public offices and whose name is familiar to many readers of this publication—was in touch with the stock market, trading as observer and participant, and made and lost his "pile." While trading for the short swings he had much company—fellowmen who stood over the ticker more closely than he, and with whom he spent many a pleasant hour. He tells me, however, that they were not permanent associates. They came and went, now making a point or more profit—sometimes several points—but almost invariably losing everything in the end. "I doubt if the house with which I first traded has half a dozen customers who were customers when I first began to do business there," said he to me.

How Speculators Come and Go

It was but yesterday that this gentleman met a fellow trader of the long ago, whom he had not seen for many years. The surprise of each was shared by the other as they exchanged greetings and informed one another of their present situation. The stranger told how he was no longer interested in the stock market, but was forced by an adverse market to withdraw. He confessed himself beaten at the game and said that he had sought a new occupation as an employee in a mercantile house, having no further desire to match wits against the dominating minds in stock speculation. He allowed that they were too smart for him!

Instances of this and kindred sorts, almost without number, could be cited; in truth, it is likely that statistics, could they be had, would show that the generation of the speculator in stocks does not exceed four or five years. By this is meant that the customers of a commission brokerage house change almost completely in that length of time. A certain house, I am told, has two hundred separate accounts, of which not one is as yet four years old. A few customers have died; a very few have been wise enough to retire when the accounts showed a balance to the good; the rest have been driven to retreat by their losses.

An apt illustration of the different ways of speculating and the different results thereof is the case of a friend of mine, who was able to concentrate his investment on what proved a good stock and to stand by it until it sold at its best—and even to bequeath it to his descendants at his death. The stock in question had a par value of twenty-five dollars, and was quoted at less than seven dollars when the gentleman became persuaded that it possessed great worth and was destined to sell very much higher and pay large dividends. The party bought for income and for appreciation of principal. He spent much time in the brokerage house where he made his purchases, and was blind and deaf to appeals touching all other stocks. Many a time he was seen dozing from lack of interest in the general course of market prices; but he kept buying his specialty and held it when it sold at its highest—one hundred and ninety-eight dollars a share—and when it was paying better than seventeen dollars a year in dividends. One day, as time went on, the customer's favorite chair at the office of his broker was observed to be vacant. The late occupant had passed from this life. But he had left a legacy of great value to his offspring; and it is here that another and different chapter has to be told.

The generation that came after had not the power of concentration or the adherence to purpose that the father had, and wasted more or less of the estate in high living and in speculating for quick turns, continually selling the best assets to provide margin protection for the losses. Now it is not usually safe to put one's eggs in a single basket, either literally or in stock-trading; but it is generally wise and safe to buy good securities and hold them for the long turn or for permanent income. The man referred to at the beginning of this article was compelled to desert the market and change from quick trading to buying for the long swings. He thinks the Philadelphia Quakers, as he styles them, have the right idea in converting securities into cash at the height of boom periods and depositing the cash in a vault, there to remain until prices have a great fall, when the cash is removed and put into good stocks at bargain prices, and the stocks are put in the place from which the cash was removed. The only advantage this plan has over the following one is that the cash is always available and nobody knows when it is used or the use to which it is put. The other and, on the whole, preferable plan is to deposit the proceeds of the stocks in banks paying interest, banks able to honor the checks of depositors at all times, thus allowing it to perform a useful mission and at the same time earn something for its owner and the community.

In trading for the short swings—that is, the speculation of which the reader of this publication hears—a very few men dominate the speculative situation and make about all the money that is made. And among this class, it must be said, are in rare instances men who stick closely to the tape and have no regard for current news and private or other tips. They neither seek nor heed the suggestions of others, and usually have private rooms in brokerage offices, where they spend several hours a day reading quotations as they come over the tape and interpreting their significance. It is believed that these men never let the market go long against them, and they are on the spot to retreat instantly; but where there is one man shrewd enough to succeed by this policy there are tens of thousands who fail. Moreover, these very few successful traders are not the dominant force, but are really among the hangers-on who happen to make money. It would not pay for the average trader to attempt to imitate them, for the brokerage offices are strewn with wrecked hopes in plenty when the attempt is made.

The Men Who Make the Market

The dominant forces in speculation are of two classes: 1—the great financiers and capitalists; and 2—the professional manipulators. The latter organize pools to trade in special stocks, either by themselves or in connection with capitalists. Perhaps capitalists are indispensable to the success of the heavy traders, for the latter would soon drive small traders entirely from the market. Since the large traders do not always operate in harmony, there is a rich class to be preyed upon by the powerful trading cliques. The capitalists, as managers of corporations, have first knowledge of plans affecting corporations whose securities are bought and sold; plans for the emission of securities; plans for increasing, reducing or passing dividends; plans for segregating assets and for doing all manner of things that can be made use of in the share market. In coöperation with these big traders such men can discount their purpose regarding properties before they announce that purpose to the world. By the time, therefore, that the followers of the big traders, such as the readers of this publication who may trade for quick turns and on thin margins, learn what particular stocks are being advanced or depressed, the big men very likely have ceased their buying or selling and are taking profits at your expense. Thus it commonly happens that when you try to guess the intent of your superiors in buying or selling you guess wrong ninety-nine times out of every hundred!

An incident is recalled in the history of a certain thriving trust, which has made multimillionaires of quite a number of men who were never accused of possessing scruples against taking advantage of inside information in operating for their personal enrichment in the stock market. It is said that some of these men sold short a lot of their stock at good prices and, in order to complete the turn and make it successful, decided to "pass the dividend." Well, the dividend was passed and the stock had a great slump, and the insiders were credited with buying back the stock they had sold; the only changes in the dividends thereafter consisted in increases! Of course no outsider had the least chance to compete with insiders in playing a game of this sort unless he could discern the purpose of the insiders and do simultaneously with them what they were intending to do. This, be it said, is the endeavor of margin traders at all times; and the price they pay for the presumption is in most instances their undoing. The credulity of stock speculators is only matched by their suspicion. An anecdote is told of the late H. H. Rogers, who was once asked the straight question: Are you a bull or a bear on the market? Checking a temptation to be curt in his reply, Mr. Rogers, in Yankee style, asked if there was any reason in the world why he should answer. Getting the frank reply that there was not, but that his interrogators thought perhaps he might answer, Mr. Rogers smilingly said: "I see no valid objection to saying that the Standard Oil interests have been buying stocks for the last two weeks." And the anecdote further runs that those in the group who took Mr. Rogers at his word made money, while those who suspected that words were used by him to conceal thoughts went short of the market and were obliged to cover at substantial losses.

Signs to Trade Upon

It may be assumed that successful manipulators are quite disposed to lend their aid to capitalists and bankers when the latter have plans to execute, where a movement in the share market will be of service; and that the capitalists and bankers are not averse to employing them or entering into an arrangement with them for mutual advantage. Whenever it is proposed to sell a lot of bonds and the situation is doubtful, it is counted advantageous if the tone of the stock market can be improved. If there chances to be more than one lot to be brought out the incentive to manipulation is increased. In a case of this kind there is no purpose to bid up stocks for the profit of the undertaking, but merely a wish to render the flotation of the bonds a success. Sometimes the bonds have been underwritten by a syndicate and perhaps subsyndicated, in which case there are several banking houses and individuals interested in the success of the flotation, and the manipulators may have assistance in their task. The stock market, then, at times is used to assure the sale of bonds in block at their full value, at least. As a rule, no particular harm follows from this proceeding; but there is another side to the affair.

Most traders are forever seeking a sign—a suggestion to trade upon. They are always trying to discover what the more influential forces in the market are doing or contemplate doing. If these traders note a movement in certain stocks they imagine there is substance back of it and begin to trade the same way. It may be shown there was nothing behind the movement beyond the object aforenamed, and that, so soon as the bonds have been marketed and the stocks have been sold which were bought by the manipulators and their associate bankers or capitalists, the speculation flattens out completely. The big manipulators and speculators, and the bankers and capitalists, have all the advantage in pursuing the speculative game.

They make the news that moves the market. They practically control the loanable money and credit. They know or may know the market position of the brokerage houses, and may know something of the individual accounts of clients of those houses. They have the ability to make and unmake markets within certain limits. They can set at work forces that will alter the complexion of markets completely, so far as the short, week-to-week movements go.

Broadly speaking, the folks who pretend to trade with or against these men for the short swings wage an uneven battle—and usually a losing one. The foolishness of persistent endeavor has been demonstrated a thousand times and to tens of thousands of individuals, who have been induced by the permanent success of the few and the momentary success of a larger number to try—if, perchance, they too might discover the quick and easy path to wealth and luxury.

Fortunate are you readers who lose on your first venture and retire when your misfortune is relatively small. The number of those who have thus lost is legion; and they have generally been glad they risked no more—if expressions of thankfulness that have fallen from many lips may be taken as an index to the common feeling. Adversity is frequently great good fortune—and surely so in these matters.

The Slaves of the Ticker

There may be some benefits accruing from speculation, for there is a saying that there is compensation in all things—and it may be true. How often one hears the plea in justification of speculation that it helps make a market for securities issued to develop properties which are of service to the public! Well and good; but whether the money would not be had without this help, and whether the public would not be better off if there were fewer securities issued for speculative consumption, are likewise pertinent queries. Speculation is demoralizing to the manufacturers of securities to the extent that it leads them to disregard the common good and overcapitalize properties, and operate them for the gratification of selfish ends. It is certainly demoralizing to its devotees in other respects, so far as it causes them to become non-producers, drones and parasites on the community. Talk about causes for the increased cost of living—every man who becomes a speculator is doing his utmost to increase the cost of living for himself and all his fellow creatures.

Said one of the professional traders to his fellows the other day at the New York Stock Exchange: "What a fine business for a lot of able-bodied, intelligent men like ourselves—intelligent enough to make a living in some productive manner! Here we spend five hours a day hoping for something to happen. We begin at ten o'clock in the morning, hanging over the ticker, wishing to see new prices. The same old prices come and go; and at three o'clock we leave, hoping that something will happen before ten o'clock the next day to give us some new prices. Think of it! Intelligent men, leaning on the ticker, waiting for things to go up or down! Some of us think we shall make money if prices go down; others that we shall make money if they go up—and there our interests begin and end. Those of us who are short would be glad to read in tomorrow's papers that England had declared war against Germany. Others of us would be delighted to know that the destruction of the Money Trust had been positively averted. Why? Because we love the Money Trust? No; because on that news prices might rise two or three points."

Just then, as he reached this point, some one called out: "Twelve hundred Union Pacific at 164!" The professional trader rushed to the ticker to see for himself; and there he remained breathlessly watching Union Pacific come at 164, 163⅞ and 164 again to the end of the day! Thus tedious is it for the man whose business it is to watch stock fluctuations from the floor of the stock exchange, being perhaps a trader for himself—perhaps commissioned by clients to look out for them.

Then there is the party of idlers in the apartments of the commission brokers. They, too, watch the tape or the quotation boards, some of them five hours a day, others less time—it may be a few minutes daily in passing to or from lunch—all the time anxious, whether engaged in gainful occupations or habitual traders, to know what quotations are to be recorded for stocks in which they are interested to the extent of the margin deposited with their brokers.

Setting aside the question of the demoralizing effect of speculation on one's finances and morals, the effect of sustained tension upon the physical health is very bad. First, the air in the quotation rooms of most brokerage houses is none too pure. Many men are at times assembled there, most of them enjoying their cigars and many of them probably averse to proper ventilation. Furthermore, during a season of successful moneymaking—and such seasons do come at intervals—there is the temptation for many to engage in "high-cost" living. The spiciest of foods and the most expensive drinks and cigars are none too good for the speculator who is on the winning side. It requires no physician to discern the effect of these things upon the digestive organs and general bodily functions of those who indulge in them. On the other hand the deprivation that accompanies the dull periods of speculation is often worse for men than the dissipation attending the successful boom periods. The ill effect of despondency at the failure of the market to move favorably for the watcher at the tape is very debilitating.

Let us, also, take a look at the homes of men who surrender their lives to the unsatisfying occupation of chasing the fleeing eighths. Would not your good wives much prefer that the head of the family were engaged in some useful and remunerative occupation? Would not your home be happier and the general situation in every way better? It is not very satisfactory to live high when the stock market favors and scrimp when it flattens. You know this is conducive neither to health nor to happiness.

Many a man commenced to speculate with the determination to retire as soon as he accumulated a given sum. This sum has been modestly fixed at the start, but has been raised when the first goal has been easily passed; and, at last, the gambling habit has become so fixed that nothing but complete loss of all that has been gained can teach the necessary lesson—and even then there are pitiful examples of inability to turn to anything else to eke out a living. Volumes could be written of the rise and fall of men who have acquired the stock-gambling habit. The habit is formed—as often as any way—by a first success in playing stocks.

The gambler begins at the commencement of a bull movement, so called, when the veriest novice cannot help winning; and he repeats and repeats—until he fancies he is smart! The greater the success, the greater the plunge; and the gambler finds himself in possession of book profits beyond the dreams of avarice. He may be able to cash all of these profits or he may lose some in the process. Whatever the experience, the chances are ninety-nine to one that by no persuasion can he be led to convert his paper profits and retire. For some unexplainable reason he is almost sure to keep at the game. He will probably win something and lose a good deal upon the short side of trading. He will probably part with the better securities in his safe-deposit box in attempts to protect the poorer-grade stocks to which he is committed. He will probably lose all he has won in the end and find himself unfitted for the ordinary vocations of life.

There is, however, another way to deal in securities that is both justifiable and profitable; namely, to trade for cash only—selecting wisely, buying opportunely and selling at the fitting time. To select wisely is not so very difficult; to buy opportunely is easily possible; and, though it is more difficult to sell than to buy at the right time, it is within the capacity of any real student of business conditions to decide when the fitting occasion arrives. But let no one imagine he can do these things right if he follows prices up and down, attempting to catch small profits both ways—or even one way! The man was never born who could do that thing successfully—except by sheer luck. The way of safety is to buy and sell at long intervals—periods probably separated by years. A study of these matters shows that prices of securities have great swings—go very high, sink very low—and repeat according to underlying business conditions. Up and down this land are men of means, moderate or large, who, when stocks fall so low that there are none to befriend them and the margin traders have been mostly ruined, appear with ready funds in the stock market, make their choice of good stocks, pay for them and disappear until other men are again clamoring for those stocks, two or three years later; when they reappear and take profits—perhaps of fifty per cent; perhaps a hundred per cent, or even more. Meantime these men have probably had a satisfactory income from dividends throughout the period. There can be no question as to which is the more profitable way to deal in stocks. The rewards of the stock market are, therefore, many and varied. They may supply the necessities of the individual and his family; and they may afford comforts—even luxury. They may yield the satisfaction that the possession of a fruit-bearing tree does to the lover and cultivator of gardens and orchards; or they may give luxury and hilarity for a season—and then poverty, despondency and despair.

Sandy's Sand

ANDREW CARNEGIE delights in telling the story of Sandy Macpherson, a burly Scot, who returned to his Highland home one night with a little more "whusky" tucked away than is usually borne by a man intent upon furnishing a moral example to the younger generation.

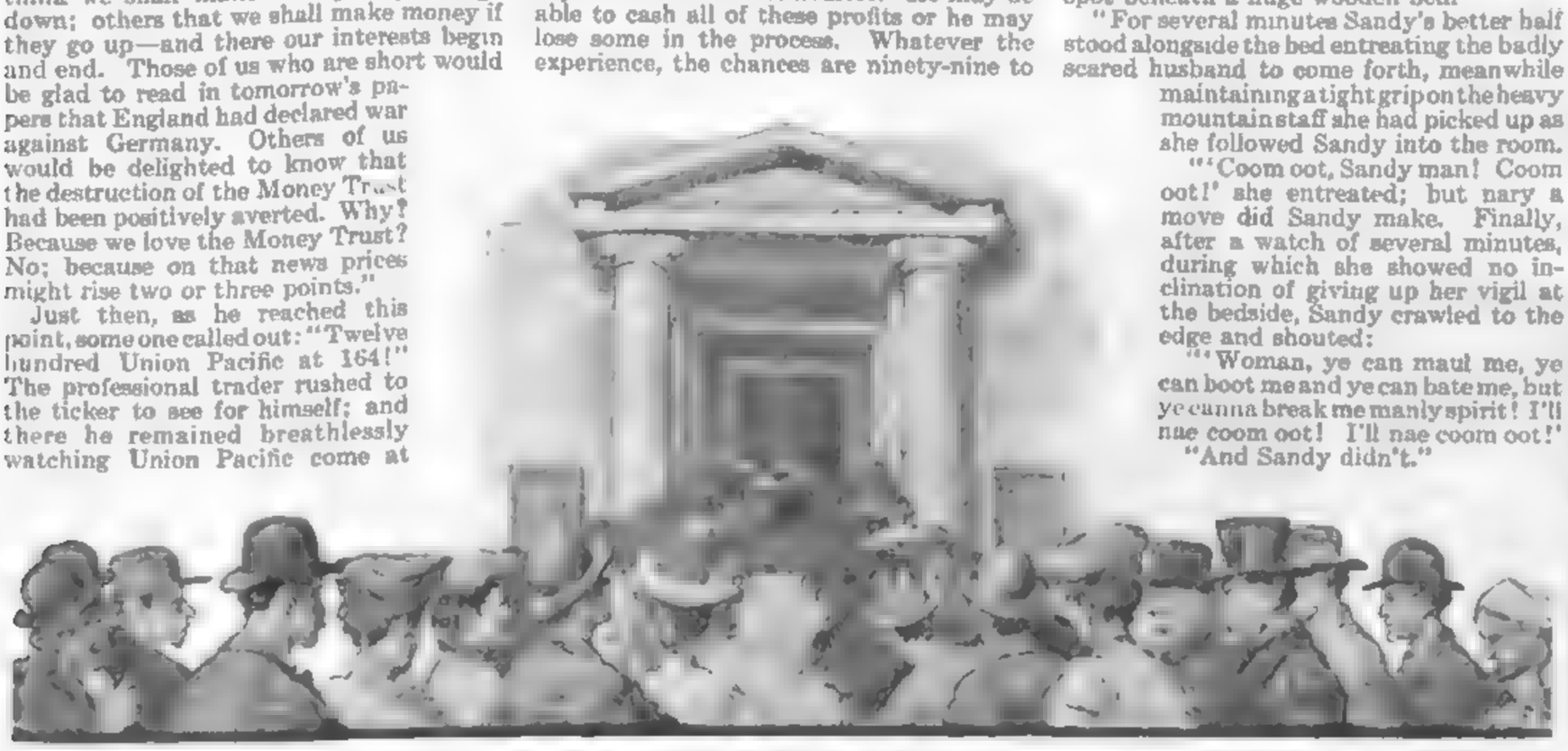
"Sandy," says the Laird of Skibo, a title bestowed upon the little ironmaster by the newspaper men, with many of whom he is intimately acquainted, "was met at the door by his strapping wife. You can imagine the greeting! Anyway, Sandy managed in some way to elude her and hastily ran to cover, the same being a secluded spot beneath a huge wooden bed.

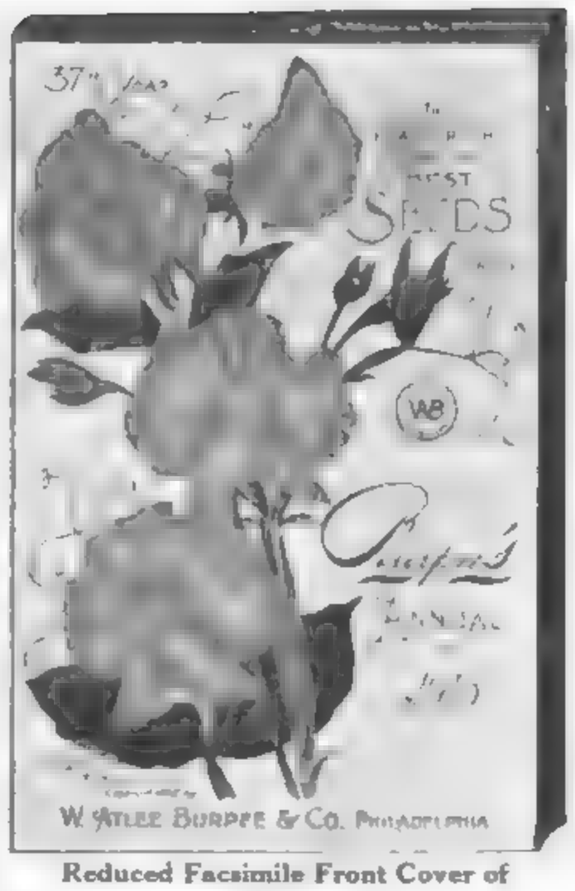
"For several minutes Sandy's better half stood alongside the bed entreating the badly scared husband to come forth, meanwhile maintaining a tight grip on the heavy mountain staff she had picked up as she followed Sandy into the room.

"'Coom oot, Sandy man! Coom oot!' she entreated; but nary a move did Sandy make. Finally, after a watch of several minutes, during which she showed no inclination of giving up her vigil at the bedside, Sandy crawled to the edge and shouted:

"'Woman, ye can maul me, ye can boot me and ye can bate me, but ye canna break me manly spirit! I'll nae coom oot! I'll nae coom oot!'

"And Sandy didn't."





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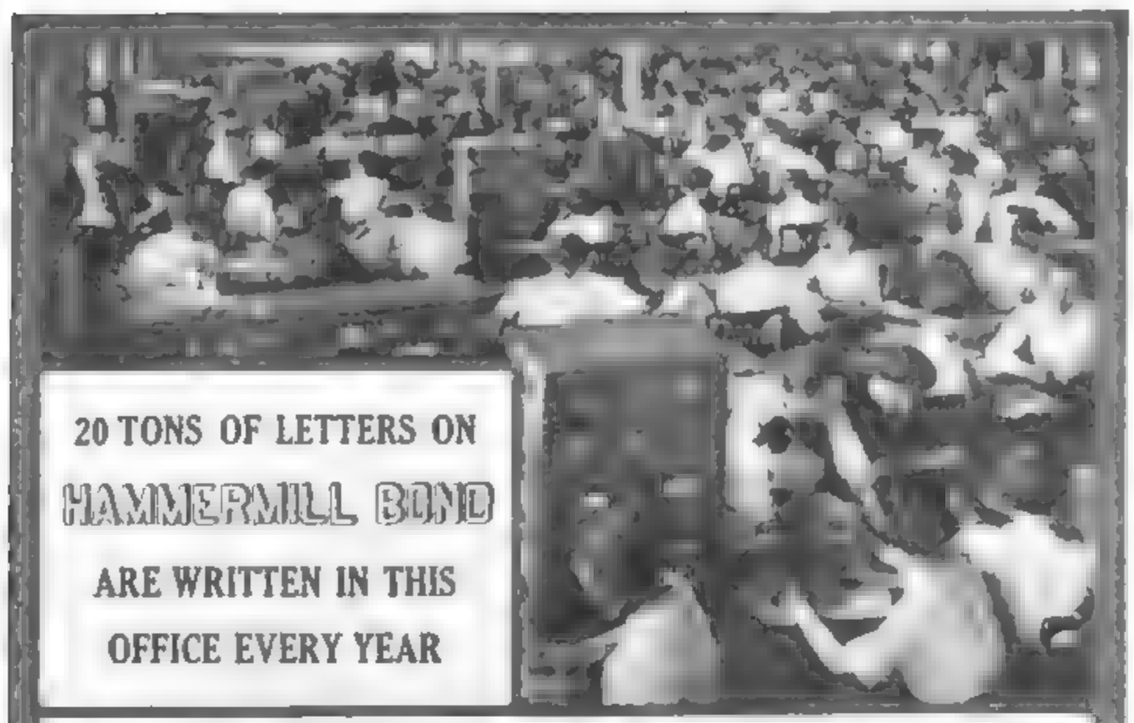

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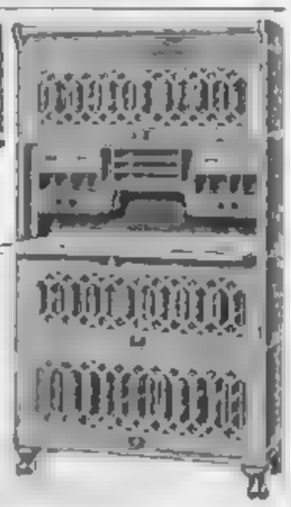

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MR. RAINEY IN BOHEMIA

(Concluded from Page 17)

Nights, when she goes out with you, the girl in the next flat keeps 'em company. Just one thing more before I let you get off the stand and enjoy hearing the rest get theirs. Let's see, this is Monday night. Where were you at eleven o'clock yesterday morning? I'll save you shame by answering for you. You weren't wearing that dress or those earrings or that hat. No; you were dressed simple and neat, and you looked really pretty to me. Mrs. Arthur, you were at church. It's awful," concluded Mr. Rainey, "how everybody gives you away when you're good. You've been to church with those children every Sunday for a year. I got it from the sexton. Who's next?"

The color had receded in Mrs. Arthur's cheek and come back again with a rush, but she still looked down toward the lees on the tablecloth.

"I thought you were fooling! This isn't fair!" she said in the mildest tone her companions had ever heard from her.

"I should say it isn't!" almost shouted De Sales. This, too, was a new phenomenon among the true Bohemians—the imperturbable Tony showing a spurt of anger.

"Well, I'll tell you what isn't fair," replied Mr. Rainey—"that's to let Mrs. Arthur here take her medicine all alone."

"Sure! Go on!" exclaimed Sanderson, who had been keeping out of the conversation. "You can't pull anything on me!" he added with an imitation of his old brutal manner.

"Just for that," said Mr. Rainey, "I'll postpone your case and give you time to think over what's coming—like the little boy who's promised a whipping when father gets home. I'll finish with the ladies first. Miss Willoughby, your case ain't terribly different from Mrs. Arthur's. The place where you live is awfully small and cheap, and people say you shouldn't be cooking for yourself over a one-burner gas-stove with the money you make. Of course they don't know, most of them, what I got out of your roommate—about your widowed sister and her little girl. That's where your money goes—giving them a home out in Dayton, so the little girl can go to school and have a mother in the house to take care of her. They say you're expecting to send her straight through college. This fifty-cent spread here isn't much to eat; but, do you know, I suspect it's about the best you get in the course of a week! 'Twould be wiser, I guess, if you cut down your sister's allowance a little and used it feeding yourself up. It's telling on you. You'll never get that girl through college if you don't eat better. So there you are! I hate to tell it on you—and I wouldn't if I hadn't been dared. But you're good, just like Mrs. Arthur—good and kind and charitable."

Miss Willoughby, too, had averted her eyes. She started to lift them and they met Mrs. Arthur's. Across the table the two women exchanged a look that became gradually misty.

"Rotten bad taste!" burst out De Sales again. His pose showed extreme discomfort.

"All right!" replied the tormentor. "You can go away if it jars you; but it won't stop me from telling those that stay about your case." De Sales subsided, blushed, fidgeted.

"It is—what—I don't know how much you know ——" he said.

"Since you're penitent about it I guess a full exposure ain't fair, maybe," declared Mr. Rainey. "Don't think, either, that many people know about it; so I'll just put one question to you. What do you wear round your neck under your clothes?"

The red ran up De Sales' face from chin to brow.

"That's the answer—his face now," said Mr. Rainey. "Guess I've got to temper justice with mercy. Ladies and gentlemen, if I could show you what Mr. De Sales wears round his neck, and tell you what I know and suspect about it, it would make the goodness of the rest of you look like cold-blooded crime."

"It wasn't ——"

"There you go, trying to deny it! Suppose I start. When you were in your first year at college ——"

"Stop!" cried De Sales.

"Then you own up it's true?"

"Ye-es."

"Your case is dismissed. You're convicted. You're good!"

"And now, Mr. Sanderson," concluded Mr. Rainey, "don't think I'm going to be so easy on you. It's the law of Nature, or something like that—'Dog eat dog!' is the way we put it out West. You're so good—so very, very good—that I wonder sometimes if you aren't really better than De Sales here, which is going it strong. I won't stop long on your old mother and the check you're sending her every week. Of course I understand your duty to the race—ain't that the way it's put?—is to let her starve and make a place for a strong red-blooded person like me. But that's only a little slip, compared to the other. Don't talk back now!" Mr. Rainey's voice rose almost sharply. "If it's up to any one to take his medicine it's up to you, Mr. Hartleigh Sanderson. What I'm talking about is the girl. I've seen her. Now don't be afraid I'm going to tell too much. These people will never know who she is. 'Twasn't your fault she went wrong. Your friend was responsible. He wasn't a bad sort of fellow in the beginning, I guess, and he'd been your chum; but when he did what he did, and then fell down and skipped out, 'twas you who took the job off his hands. How much worry it's cost you and how much money, I guess God only knows. She's slipped down again, and she's come up; and you're hoping that she'll stick this time. So am I—and I figure she will. When I started in I had some hopes for you, Mr. Sanderson; but I'm forced to admit that you're good like the rest ——"

Sanderson shifted in his chair.

"What are you talking about?" he said with an imitation of his old growl.

"I thought you'd have the nerve to deny it," said Mr. Rainey. "Suppose I mention names, places and dates. Your chum was ——"

"Stop—damn you!" bawled Sanderson.

"All right!" said Mr. Rainey. "You're declared guilty too. You're good. Worse—you're charitable! You're holding back the race by cherishing the unfit—or something like that."

The animation had come back to Mrs. Arthur's face. She surveyed her fellows with a smile softer than they had ever seen before.

"The joke's on us!" said Mrs. Arthur.

"Vermilie," said Mr. Rainey, "some of that cold-storage chicken, and a bottle of real wine—the kind that comes from grapes. This is my party. We're going to have a real pleasant evening talking on the congenial and bromidic topic of the missionary meetings back home."

. . . . . .

A fortnight later Louis Payot sat, his working force about him, having supper after a hard Sunday.

"I wonder what has arrive of the ladies and messieurs who occupy formerly the corner table?" said Louis, speaking English out of deference to Tom, the American waiter.

"We are well rid of them, I hope," said Vermilie; "and I wish we were rid of some people who followed them. Ugh!" She shook her pretty virginal shoulders as though casting off some memory.

"But they brought the custom," said Louis gloomily. "It is strange. The old gentleman—that Mr. Rainey—he has gone away; and one night he had arrive back. They talk much—and they never come any more. Twenty dollars less we make this week than last. If this shall continue ——"

"That old monsieur," said Vermilie, her face illuminated by a shy smile, "he was so nice—why did he ever eat with them—*qu'as-tu?*" Vermilie lapsed suddenly into French in her surprise; for Tom had exploded like one who can hold in no longer, and was choking with laughter over a crust of French bread.

"I hadn't ought to tell," said Tom when he had cleared his voice; "and I wouldn't if I didn't know he'd left town for good. I knowed him when I was waiting on the buffet at the Little Gold Dollar. A queer cuss, and pretty square if—anyhow he was always putting up funny games on people. He ate here because he was up against it after the police began to clean out the Twentieth Precinct. He kept me from losing my job once—that's why I didn't peach on him to yous."

"But who is he?" persisted Vermilie, pouting over this mystery.

"He's just about the slickest three-card-monte steerer on the road—he's Bill Foley, the con man, that's who he is!" said Tom; and he relapsed into immoderate laughter.

THE GRAND ORGANIZER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Who—me?" It was getting dark and Virgil hustled toward the door. "De Lawd don't onderstand my bizness. I ain't gwine to sleep in no sech place as dis."

. . . . . .

Virgil beat the byways and the hedges so diligently that dollars poured in; the Reverend Criddle got blisters on his fingers from writing out receipts. A receipt like that, with a big red seal in the corner, was worth a dollar of any negro's money. Criddle acquired a capacious rocking chair in which he could lock his fingers across his paunch and look impressive. Nobody being present, he winked at himself. "'Jeshurun waxed fat, an' kicked.' I ain't kickin'."

Virgil Custard harried the fields and thrashed the briers like a thoroughbred pointer; a bit clumsy perhaps, yet finding birds where there weren't any. He flushed them singly and by coveys, shooing them along to Criddle, who delivered his line of conversation about "de pestilence what walks in darkness," and "de dust dat shall return to earth agin." As a separator, this was a success; the new nigger always left his dollar and toted out a receipt.

Despite a complacent countenance the Reverend Criddle wasn't entirely easy in his mind. Every time that big policeman peered curiously through his door the fat Reverend felt himself shrinking up; but he made hay in the sunshine and trusted to be somewhere else when the storm broke.

Old Creaky oscillated back and forth from the Coffin Club, where he admired and envied, to his bench at the corner, where he mused upon the glories he had viewed and blinked at the street cars.

Silas Jeeter had become a curiosity—one of the few to hold out against the general epidemic of "j'inin'." "Hit's jes' stubbornness," Sister Kizzy declared. "Ef I was ter tell Silas to go to Hebben he wouldn't do it. An' he has spells—he has. 'Tain't no tellin' when he's gwine ter need dis here casket." Three times Sis Kizzy lured Silas back to Criddle, who admonished: "As fer man, his day is grass."

The stout old drayman shook his head. "I wish 'twas oats an' corn; I needs dat dollar to he'p feed my mules."

"Brudder Jeeter, you better lissen to yo' wife—'in her tongue is de law o' kindness.'"

Silas snorted angrily, climbed aboard his dray and slapped the mule with the reins. "Git up!"

Sister Kizzy gazed mournfully after her lost sheep. "An' 'tain't no tellin' what minit de mizry is gwine ter hit 'im."

Virgil Custard scuffled along just three seconds ahead of starvation; hope deferred made his heart sick. Criddle let him have an occasional fo' bits when there was no other way to choke him off from demanding that divide.

Another month rolled round; the members were not so enthusiastic about paying their second installment. They wanted a run for their money; some murmured and some clamored manfully for a parade. Criddle created the necessary diversion by calling a general meeting for the election of honorary pallbearers, during the heated politics of which he raked in the coin. These duly elected ones robed themselves in their regalia just to see how they'd look in the line of march. "Brudder Criddle, tell us dis: when we gwine to hab dat peerade?"

Forth spoke the Reverend: "'We knows in part, an' we prophesies in part.'" Every man glanced at his neighbor while the parson went on: "No man kin tell the medger o' his days an' nothin' don't happen till it takes place nohow."

His answer silenced, but did not satisfy; and Virgil dug up the dilapidated subject when the other members were gone. "I tell you, parson, 'ceptin' we has a funeral right sudden, dese niggers ain't gwinter stick. Dey wants deir money back."

Criddle knew it. "Sumpin has got ter be did. We better git a whole lot o' sickly fellers ——"

Anxiety had sharpened Virgil's wits. He caught on instantly and his face showed it. "Dere's Ole Creaky; he ain't long fer dis worl'. I kin git him right now, but Creaky ain't got no dollar."

"Dat don't signify—fetch him in. We got to hab a funeral. Can't prove nothin' ter dese niggers 'thout showin' 'em."

While Virgil hurried his rickety recruit his hungry eyes inwardly took the measure of Old Creaky's days. Plainly they were few.

During the next week Old Creaky fondled his Coffin Club receipt and exhibited the red seal thereof. He wasn't long for this world and a prudent man looketh well to his going out of it. As for the Coffin Club itself, he made hourly inspections, viewing it as the holder of a first mortgage looks upon a piece of property he is about to foreclose. Nodding upon his bench, he neglected his job of watching the street cars. Perhaps that is what he was doing when the crash came. "He couldn't ha' been a-lookin'," all the excited negroes agreed with one voice.

A construction car got loose from the motorman two blocks up Washington Street and ran wild. At the corner it jumped the track, tore through the flimsy wall and buried itself in that empty store next to Saul Jordan's barber shop.

Virgil and Reverend Criddle came bounding up the street. The rear platform of the car stuck out from the building. Inside was a mass of ruins and splinters. The shattered bench had been carried with the car. Old Creaky's hat and stick lay on the sidewalk.

"Whar's Old Creaky?" the Reverend Criddle shouted.

"In dere," a woman pointed; "an' never knowed what hit 'im. He was sound asleep."

"Blessed sleep," Criddle orated; "he shall return not unto his own house, needer shall de barber shop know him any mo'. Come, all you brudders o' Friendship, Help an' Burial, le's git 'im out."

In a frenzy of pop-eyed excitement Virgil labored beside Criddle, and they proved that there were giants in those days. Together they burst into that chaos of demolished counters and shattered shelving, jerking aside the wreckage to rescue those precious remains. Once Criddle paused to swab his face and whisper: "I reckon you better hustle roun' an' hire dat ban' right quick—an' git dat fines' hearse. We'll save 'im fer Sunday, so all dese members kin git off from deir work an' turn out to de peerade."

Virgil panted like a lizard. "I hopes he ain't mashed up too bad; won't he look splendid in dem new clo'es! Gwine to 'vide up, ain't we?" Obsessed by the one idea, Virgil continued to strain his hulky shoulder and tossed aside a broken counter. Old Creaky wasn't under it. Criddle raked through a pile of débris that had accumulated ahead of the car, but those authenticated remains failed to show up. Old Creaky persistently refused to be fished out of that mass of wreckage where the shelves had tumbled down. He wasn't beneath the car; he wasn't inside the car; he wasn't on top of the car. "I'm gittin' powerful oneasy 'bout Ole Creaky," Virgil confided to Criddle.

The two men coursed round and searched like hounds all through the uninjured rear of the store. They turned over every splinter and looked under every scrap of paper. Then the perspiring Criddle came out on the sidewalk, his shirt sticking to him and his collar flabby as a wet rag. The baffled Virgil stood dripping beside him. "Parson, Ole Creaky is jes' 'bleeged to be in dere. Le's go an' look some mo'."

A wall-eyed boy chirped up: "Ole Creaky ain't in dere; he done gone away from dis place."

"How you know, son?" Criddle shook the boy like a rat to get the truth out of him. "Yon's his hat an' stick."

The boy stuck up for what he said the first time. "Ole Creaky ain't studied nary hat, neither no stick. He turnt dat secon' corner like a rabbit jes' befo' dat car hit."

Criddle stopped staring at the boy and Virgil ceased gazing at Criddle. Both turned speechless to glare at Old Creaky, who came limping back to the scene of the disaster without hat or stick and looking mighty foolish. Criddle eyed him disgustedly. "How is dat—how is dat fer a thankless nigger? An' we ain't charged him nary cent."

The Supreme Organizer and the Grand Custodian slunk back ignominiously to their vacant Coffin Club. They sat in silence and they sat in sorrow, amidst all that useless panoply of interment. Presently Virgil uplifted a still small voice: "Parson, I reckin we'll hafter turn Ole Creaky out; he's too spry."

Criddle nodded gloomily. Virgil's cup of hard luck was just brimming when

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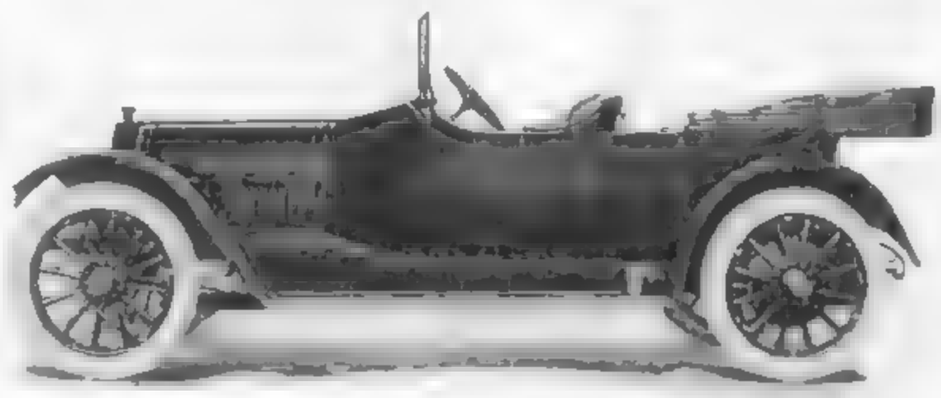

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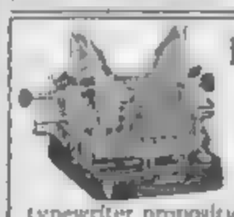
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Evalina Jeeter burst into the doorway. "Pappy's done dead an' he ain't never j'ined ain't never—j'ined."

Criddle bounded up and grabbed the girl. "Dead? When? How come?"

"Had one o' dem spells o' his'n; mammy couldn't ease de mizry." Evalina's eyes turned leakily toward that silver-mounted casket.

Virgil Custard collapsed into a chair. "'Tain't no tellin' whicherway luck or a balky mule is gwine ter run."

Criddle stopped pacing the floor and fronted his Grand Custodian. "Why'n't you make him jine?"

"I done all I could; I talked wid him on de outside an' fotch 'im to you. You couldn't beat no sense in his head."

"Dat was yo' job, man, to 'swade new members."

"'Twarn't my job no more'n twuz your'n. Ain't we 'vidin' half an' half? Didn't I fotch in more'n six hund'ed?"

"Yes; an' ain't it my Coffin Club? How come you got in dis Coffin Club anyway?"

Virgil rose desperately and stood beside the table. "'Tain't my fault dere ain't been plenty funerals an' I'm gwine to git outer dis club. I done my part an' wants my 'vide right now."

Virgil was a powerful hefty young negro to be pounding on the table, with that wild light in his eye. Virgil talked ugly and had the figures. "You got zackly fo' hund'ed an' twelve dollars—an' I wants two hund'ed an' six—right now."

This big brown boy scared Criddle into putting the soft pedal on his own wrath. "Never min', Brudder Custard, dat's all right. I'm gwine to fix dis wid Sis Kizzy. We kin tell her we j'ined Brudder Silas unbeknownst—jes' on her 'count. She won't say nothin'."

Virgil hesitated and dropped his menacing arm. "Criddle, you got sense like a lead mule."

The Reverend grabbed his shiniest hat and hustled hotfoot down to Sis Kizzy's house. His very entrance was a benediction. "Sister, de Good Book say: 'It is better to go to de house o' mournin', dan to go to de house o' feastin'.'" Then he spoke further words of precious ointment, before leading the bereaved sister gently aside. Once more Criddle made a "widder 'ooman's" heart to sing for joy.

Criddle split the street wide open getting back to the Coffin Club; then turned that establishment wrong side outward. Virgil's heart did a heap of singing while his legs did a mighty lot of walking. There was the band to engage, the best hearse to secure, and the duly elected pallbearers to be notified. Criddle sorted out the sashes, ranged the spears, and prepared that casket for its long-sought tenant. Meanwhile the Reverend did a bunch of rapid-fire thinking. He should have left Vicksburg a month ago, immediately after the second payment. It was precarious to remain; but so much cheerful cash came tumbling in that Criddle determined he would make it three straights and out. "Dis bein' on a Wensdy, de twenty-ninth, dat throws Saddy de fust o' de munt'—an' payday. All dese niggers will hab some money. I'll jes' save dem remains fer Sunday an' make 'em pay befo' dey march. Nary one can't peerade ef he's onfinancial."

So the word went forth, which was strictly according to Hoyle, with the constitution and by-laws to flank it up. That made Saturday a red-letter day; members who hadn't the essential dollar managed to borrow it. As each brother paid he received his pair of gloves, a gold-tasseled badge or sash, with the choice of spear or shepherd's crook.

That night the remains lay in state, with legally chosen watchers standing solemn, sentrywise.

The Sabbath sun shone down upon their proudly marching ranks, in open order so they could spread out and show up. All the gangling negroes wore shoetop breeches and the stumpy negroes had their trousers rolled up. That didn't matter, for none of them looked down at the ground; their thoughts were in the Heavens. Drums rattled, horns tooted, spears flashed, and plumes of black and white nodded from the hearse.

Sister Kizzy nobly did her part; she took on considerable at the grave. Virgil sloshed over with happiness and failed to note a hack that took position near the cemetery gate, hidden by a clump of cedars. He also omitted to keep one eye and both hands on the Reverend Criddle. Being engaged in watching Sis Kizzy take on, he did not observe the Reverend step aside, dodge behind the shrubbery and slip into that hack. Nobody noticed these important items of behavior.

When Virgil missed the Reverend and none of the members knew where Criddle had gone, he felt a sudden hunch. He was seized with nigger fidgets which lasted until he got back to the Coffin Club, then grew worse—for Criddle was not there. Criddle wasn't anywhere.

"I seen him drivin' to town in Gloster Darden's hack," some one suggested.

Virgil Custard lit out from that Coffin Club and hunted Gloster Darden. "Here you, Gloster! Whar's Rev'rend Criddle?"

"He jes' did have time to ketch dat fo'-'clock train fer St. Loouey."

"Gone?"

"Too long 'go to talk 'bout. He gwine to organize in St. Loouey. Criddle sho is bizzy."

Virgil leaned weakly against the fence. "He sho is; he ain't had no time to 'vide."

ON THE UPGRADE

(Continued from Page 11)

You may depend that I made some fast time between Brooklyn and Jersey City. I tired out a couple of cab horses, borrowed ten dollars from the ticket agent at the ferryhouse, with my watch as security, and induced the captain of the ferryboat to make extra fast time. I caught the train by a close margin—and that was the beginning of a long Western trip with the president of the United States.

It all came about, you see, because I stuck to that little criminal-court story instead of abandoning it for the easier course—home and to bed. Snodgrass sent me to catch the president's special because I was the only man quickly available in an emergency.

Oh, yes; chance had something to do with it; but the chance wouldn't have come to me if I hadn't already fastened my bulldog jaw on my immediate duty of the night. So I don't care what kind of job a man holds, he will make those chances for himself by being persistent in getting the best results in the tasks of his everyday work.

I was in the limelight now in earnest, and my work during the president's trip ultimately landed me in Washington as correspondent for my paper.

Then Rufe Robinson was made managing editor of the Sentinel and Snodgrass was advanced to the city editor's desk. They needed a night city editor and they wired me to come home. Rufe said he picked me not for my good looks or my classical English but because I got what I went after. He wanted me to hammer that quality into the men of the Sentinel.

"Hang it all, Buffington!" he said. "Hang it, we've got to get more of the sticking spirit into our boys! It's easy enough to get chaps who can write, but it's cussed hard to pick up men who will go out on a story and land it. They give up when they're half through and come back here like whipped dogs. Take a club to them, Buff; show them how you do it yourself."

There was a young fellow named Dobson in the city room—a weak-kneed chap, with just about get-up enough for society assignments. He was the first man I hit with my club. I suggested to Snodgrass that the morgue or coroner's office was the proper starter for Dobson; so for a time he was handed every gruesome and horrible job possible. Then we stuck him up in our police reporters' den, across the way from Number 300 Mulberry Street, which was then police headquarters. There is nothing like a police reporter's job to bring out certain qualities in a man if he has those qualities at all.

Dobson's knees began to stiffen up a little; but one night he came into the office and said he couldn't land a certain story and there was no use trying any longer. He was all in, he declared. It was a curious sort of crime story—a cross between a murder and a suicide. The police themselves were up in the air and no tangible evidence was obtainable. However, I resolved to teach Dobson once for all the lesson I was trying to impress on all my men.

"You get out and work on that yarn," I said with something of a bluff; "and

don't you show up here again until you've landed it. See here, Dobson, you don't know the meaning of work at all."

"I haven't had more than three hours' sleep in two days," he said.

"If you don't get something worth while on that story by Sunday night," I retorted, "I'll give you a chance to sleep for a month without pay. I want a good exclusive yarn, Dobson. Meantime you are relieved of all other work. Now let me see what's in you."

Afterward Dobson told me the full narrative of the events that followed.

First he made a list of every name even remotely connected with the affair; then he made a concise transcript of the case and studied it for a day, turning all the points in his mind. Finally, following out some possible theories, he began interviewing all the people he had on his list. It was a long, tedious job, involving much unpleasant detail and some short trips out of town. On the fourth night he struck something. Over in Hoboken he hammered a man out of bed whose name had never been given to the police. Dobson had picked it up in the course of his interviewing.

The Making of Dobson

This man happened to be under the influence of liquor when Dobson got him out of bed, and he was ugly. He went into the kitchen, secured a butcher knife, and tried to make mincemeat of his untimely caller—which he might have done except for a chair Dobson seized as a weapon.

The two battled in this way until they reached the sidewalk, and then Dobson hotfooted it, you can bet.

During the mêlée, however, the drunken man had let slip remarks that roused Dobson's curiosity. He reported the affair to the police and it proved to be the first step in working out a most mysterious murder. The Sentinel got a beat on it.

Dobson got all sorts of glory in the Sentinel office and was hailed as a great detective, but he and I knew there had been no detective work about it. It was nothing but horse sense and plain persistence that brought the results.

Dobson was one of our star men after that. He acquired the spirit and broadened his viewpoint. "Buff," he used to say, "you made me what I am. Before I got tangled up with you I had no conception at all of the results a fellow can get from real downright, unyielding, pertinacious grubbing. The boys in the office think I'm a genius. I'm sorry I'm not. What I get I work for—that's the whole secret."

I'd like to tell you in detail the subsequent history of this man Dobson, but it's a long story. Through an acquaintance he made during his newspaper work he got in with a large wholesale house and became its advertising man. Then he kept going up until he got to be general manager and a partner, and he sold goods on the same principle he had followed in going after news. The quantity of stuff the firm sold was amazing; and today Dobson lives in a mansion and has a string of automobiles.

There was also a man on the staff we called Spike, because he resembled one. He used to fall down on two-thirds of the assignments he got and he'd been fired from most of the newspapers in New York. Spike had a habit of trusting to the "flimsy"—news-bureau reports—wherever possible and taking things easy himself. It wasn't so much because he was lazy; he didn't have the point of view. That's often the case with men who fail to accomplish things. They haven't really risen to an appreciation of the big opportunities in their way. So Spike did not know, until I undertook his training, what persistence might mean to him.

I sent him up to a hotel one evening to interview a certain United States senator, who was before the public conspicuously just then on account of a sensational row on the floor of the Senate. The senator was a fighter from 'way back.

Spike returned to the office and reported that the statesman had gone to bed and would not talk.

"How'd you find that out?" I asked.

"I sent up my card to the senator," said Spike rather sheepishly.

This made me mad clear through.

"Spike," said I, pretty savage, I suppose—"Spike, if you don't get a hot interview with the senator inside of an hour you're fired. Sent up your card, did you? What do you take the Sentinel for—a sort of coronation affair where cards and ceremonies and presentations in knee-breeches are in order? Confound your cards! Go back to that hotel and get that interview if you have to step through the transom of the senator's room! You're tall enough to do it too!"

Spike disappeared in a hurry. He took me at my word. He hurried back to the hotel, went direct to the senator's door and pounded on it with loud authoritative thumps. Getting no response he stood on the doorknob and put his head inside the transom. By the dim light from the hallway he saw the senator in bed.

"Hi, there!" he called. "Wake up!"

The ghostly figure moved and presently sat on the edge of the bed.

"What's the matter?" it demanded.

"I'm Spike of the Sentinel, senator; and I want to know how you happened to get the worst of that racket down at the Capitol."

The senator hadn't got the worst of it at all—decidedly the reverse; so now he snorted his rage. Bounding to the floor he advanced toward the transom. With Spike still standing there, his long neck distorted as it twisted itself through the opening, the senator delivered one of the hottest interviews the Sentinel ever got. We ran it on the first page and it was the best thing we had in the paper that day.

Spike woke up after that and landed many a difficult story by pure sticking qualities. It wasn't long before he was put on a salary of eighty dollars a week—and he was worth it.

Spike, too, entered the mercantile field a few years later. He became a star salesman for a specialty house and afterward was sent to Europe to introduce his firm's goods in a tough and toilsome field. Today that firm exports from New York a huge quantity of merchandise and Spike is still over there managing the game.

The Men Who Get Ahead

"Buff," he said to me on one of his trips home, "I'd never have amounted to a whoop if you hadn't drilled into my thick cranium the fact that seemingly impossible things can be accomplished very often if men really keep after them and don't get discouraged."

For a number of years I remained night city editor; and then, when Alvy Snodgrass got into politics and picked off a fat job at Washington, I was made city editor. My promotion was a foregone conclusion.

In a way I suppose my development work corresponded with the development of an organization in a commercial business. Yet I have known many a commercial house, with a lot of fancy frills to its organization, that didn't hold a candle to my city-room organization of the Sentinel. We had no frills, no cabinet meetings, no gingering-up conventions or profit-sharing schemes. Perhaps we'd have done even better if we had. Those things are all right, I have no doubt. But I managed without them. I filled men with the pure love of winning. I made them clamor for action. I showed them that their future depended on doing things—that every little success was cumulative and meant in the end big achievements, such as Dobson and Spike pulled off in business.

Another paper took me away from the Sentinel and paid me a salary larger than I had ever dreamed of getting. My big job was to make the men under me competent and above all persistent.

Without this latter quality mere skill or competence means little; and that is why so many men with inferior qualifications in other respects get to the front. They are stickers. They get hold of the best things in life.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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Overconfidence in one's own judgment and the natural proneness to rely upon the recommendations of others, without regard to their ability or experience, are responsible for many unfortunate automobile purchases.

Therefore let us deliberately consider the influences and emotions experienced in the investigation and purchase of a motor car.

Your friends all have their favorite cars. Those who never owned an automobile and even those who depend upon advertisements and hearsay for their knowledge, have their favorites.

Some owners are trading or selling their old cars this year for new ones. Some will go back to the makers of their old car for newer models. Some will have nothing to do with another car of the same make as their old car. Yet these two types of buyers have owned precisely the same car. Surely then it cannot be the car that is responsible for such contrary opinions.

Such things shake your confidence with regard to the make of any automobile. It reflects the viewpoint of the individual and does not indicate the quality of the car.

You have read the catalogs. From your own viewpoint you have interpreted their meaning as you understand it. You have heard what your friends have to say. You have been around to the salesrooms and have seen the cars at the shows. You have compared the beauty of one car with that of another. You have had demonstrations, usually over the customary demonstrating route used by all the dealers in your section.

You sat in the cars and some appealed to you because of the comfortable lowness or the comfortable highness of the seats, according to your personal fancy. The cars have operated beautifully in demonstration and no matter how experienced you may be, each seemed to be perfection in the smoothness and ease of its operation and in the quietness of the motor, etc.

You are in the same dilemma as is the buyer of a piano. No matter how experienced he may be, it is impossible for him to retain in his mind the tone quality of one piano while he goes to another salesroom to listen to the tone qualities of another instrument. That being the case, very evidently it is impossible to determine automobile values the way in which most buyers do.

All Are Ready With Advice

There is hardly a topic as interesting as the automobile. Everyone freely expresses an opinion as to values. Everyone has his favorite just as everyone has a favorite cure for a cough. At first all believe that their favorite remedy is infallible but as they don't get on and the cough increases, they listen to the advice of friends and even chance acquaintances. Everyone is willing to tell what should be done. But 99 times out of 100 their remedies are just as ineffective as was our own. But the cough grows and finally we seek a specialist—some one who knows.

Even after the specialist has taken charge, any number of persons are willing to show that the doctor does not understand the case. Wise persons when they are ill choose a doctor in whom they have confidence. Napoleon said "He that hath no confidence in doctors, hath no need for doctors." Those who have had experience, implicitly follow the instructions of a doctor in whom they have confidence.

The Safe Way to Choose a Motor Car

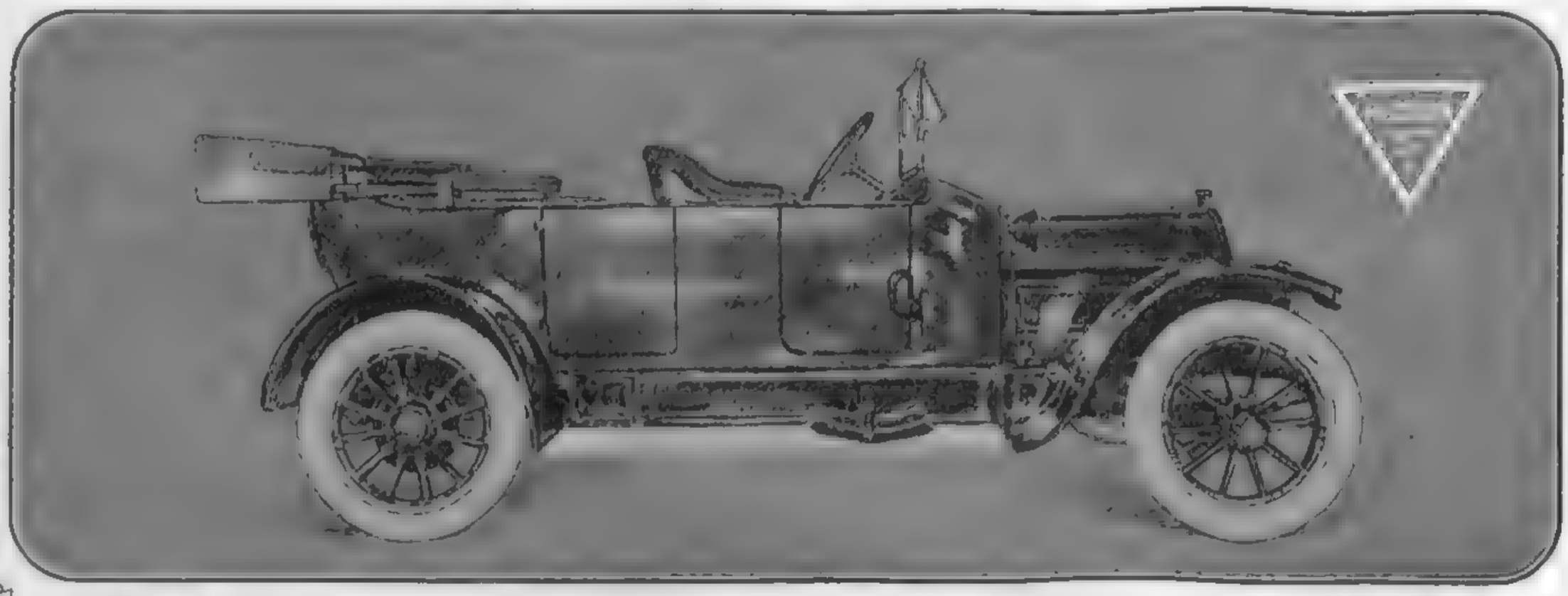
Can't you see in this that it is better to choose a motor car designed by men and manufactured by a Company in whom you have confidence than it is to accept the recommendations of the people you may know or chance to meet?

All cars give some satisfaction. All cars have their staunch admirers. All makers have their friends. Some demand one thing in an automobile that you do not ask for. Others are contented with the performance of cars that you would rather walk than be compelled to ride in.

Therefore their advice would not help you.

In choosing a doctor, you look up his record. You want to know what he has done, not for any one man but for all his patients. His personality, his appearance, the manner of his life, all impress you in either increasing or undermining your confidence in him.

Proceed precisely in the choice of a motor car as you would in the choice of a doctor, lawyer or in the selection of a friend, and read on the following page why so many thousands are happy in their purchase of HUDSON motor cars.



Can These 48 Experts Fail?

They Have Done Their Best in the *New* HUDSONS

By combining the experience of 48 engineers failure is minimized in the *New* HUDSON cars.

Experiment has been eliminated. The errors due to lack of experience and lack of knowledge have been left out of these cars.

Came From Everywhere

Gathered from everywhere, possessing the training and experience acquired in 97 factories, some of them in Europe, these men have helped to build over 200,000 automobiles.

At the head of this body of experts is the foremost leader of them all—Howard E. Coffin. Since he has done more as an individual in the designing and building of automobiles than any other, he knows the limitations of any one man and for that reason has surrounded himself with these experienced specialists.

Where One-Man Cars Fall Short

Any one man is limited in the scope of his knowledge. Forty-eight men bring to bear upon the same subject the viewpoint of each, and consequently a car built under such conditions does not possess the weaknesses that the personality or the limit of knowledge of any one man is bound to express.

These 48 men, with such broad experience and such marked ability, combined their experience in such a way that weakness is converted into strength by association with other experts.

Each expert is supreme in the work in which he leads. A badly proportioned car would be impossible under such methods of designing.

Imagine the completeness of a car designed under such conditions. These men are specialists. Some know nothing of motor designing. Others know nothing of body building. Their forte lies in other directions. Their ability and experience have been blended under the direction of Mr. Coffin in such a way that the imperfections and shortcomings of the car built by one man are entirely eliminated.

Trained soldiers under proper generalship make a fighting machine of greater efficiency than is possible with the same men working without such direction. Howard E. Coffin is the general of this organization. He is the inspiration and guidance and has brought out of his 47 assistants results of which they are incapable if working alone or if not under Mr. Coffin's direction and the influence of such associations.

How This Helps Your Choice

View the claims made for every car. Estimate values as you see them. Note the details of any automobile you may be interested in and consider the endorsement made for it by those who have owned the car. Can you from these viewpoints form an accurate estimate of the car's value? It is like establishing the credit of an individual from the reports of hearsay.

Banks require more definite information in assuring the credit standing of those in whom they are interested. A detailed statement is necessary and in choosing a motor car you receive more certain assurance if you first consider the character, experience, ability and accomplishments of the men who designed it.

When persons who can afford it are seriously ill, the patient's life is entrusted to not one doctor but to a board of doctors, and just so in choosing an automobile, you are safer if you select the car which is built by specialists who are combining their ability toward the perfection of the best they know. The largest body of men of the widest experience is made up of the 48 engineers who now offer the *New* HUDSONS, the "37" a four-cylinder masterpiece and the "54" a six-cylinder car.

HUDSON CARS

The "37"—a 4-Cylinder Masterpiece
The "54"—a "Six"

Electric Self-Cranking — *Electrically Lighted*

The "37"—a 4-Cylinder Masterpiece

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has built as many successful automobiles.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its detail of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best our 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Limousine, $3250; Coupé, $2350; f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupé, extra. Canadian prices either Touring, Torpedo or Roadster, $2425 duty paid, f. o. b. Detroit.

The "54"—a "Six"—65 Miles an Hour

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-away, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed of 65 miles an hour carrying full equipment, and will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Its equipment is complete in every detail, which includes an electric self-cranking, electric lighting—dynamo type—and ignition system, known as the Delco, patented. Illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36x4½ inch tires, 127 inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or overlooked.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster, $2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, Seven-passenger, $3750, Coupe, Three-passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupé at extra charge. Canadian price, either Touring Car, Torpedo or Roadster, duty paid, $3200, f. o. b. Detroit.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7561 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

197

Let's hurry for a piece of bread spread with Log Cabin Syrup—

Bread with Log Cabin Syrup fills the hollow place inside and tastes mighty good after school. Your grocer probably has

TOWLE'S
LOG CABIN
SYRUP

If not, send five 2-cent stamps, and get a little can full and a book telling how to make good things. Write to Jack Towle, care of The Towle Maple Products Co., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Give your children all the Log Cabin Syrup they want. It is strictly pure and wholesome. It is always in a Log Cabin can with patented double seal cap. Get some today.

The Towle Maple Products Co.
Dept. E. St. Paul, Minn.

Refineries:
St. Johnsbury, Vermont
St. Paul, Minn.

"From my camp to your table."
—Jack Towle.

Always look for the Log Cabin Can

"An Appetizer!"

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Pour a Tablespoonful Over a Rarebit before Serving!

Used by all Chefs in Leading Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants because it's Universally the Favorite Seasoning.

A Famous Relish for Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Game, Gravies and Rarebits.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

PITCHFORK PAT

(Concluded from Page 13)

She approached the subject with no misgivings, for after the first rush of anger the widow's resentment had cooled and she had joked about the affair frequently. However, to her mistress' intense surprise, the cook bridled at her words, though they were innocent enough.

"I'll attend to my own affairs, thank you, ma'am," the widow said stiffly, her round, comely face aglow. She added: "A big, strong man like him can look after himself, I guess."

Not a word about the legs—silent also on the freckles and red thatch. Mrs. Gee opened her eyes wide and stole softly from the kitchen. What she whispered to her husband in the dining room that noon set him to chortling and smacking his thigh.

So it went for another month, and Christmas drew near. We laid bets on who would win, for we all knew the widow would not remain single—no such cook could. The very notion was preposterous. Nearly every man in the outfit offered odds on Shorty, who was assuredly making hay while the sun shone. I expressed a desire to wager five pounds of candy on his chances; Mrs. Gee laughed scornfully and snapped up the bet.

On the day before Christmas Shorty assisted the Widow Martin to decorate the manager's place for the morrow. He was returning blithely to the messhouse for supper when Pitchfork stepped out from behind a corner of the barns and accosted him. There was nobody about, for a stiff norther was blowing and we were hugging a roaring fire indoors.

"I done been lookin' for you a long time," said Pitchfork.

"What's the matter, Pitchfork?" exclaimed Shorty. The tone startled him. He sensed instantly that all the comedy was gone from the situation and that a tragedy threatened.

"You know well enough," said Pitchfork steadily. "It's time me and you done come to a showdown. We can have it out right here."

"Pshaw!" Shorty attempted to laugh it off. "Let's be sensible, Pitchfork. You ain't got no kick comin'. I——"

"If you want to run," his erstwhile friend put in, "git a-goin' now; but don't never come back, for I aim to bust you. Yes, sir; you've got to come clean."

"You're twice as big as me," protested Shorty, dauntlessly squaring away nevertheless.

"That's so," Pitchfork agreed, a latent sense of fairness halting him. "Well, I'll let you take that there breastyoke then. That'll make it even."

Shorty waited for no second invitation, but seized the breastyoke.

"Come on," he shouted, brandishing it.

The big man snorted and ran in, swinging his arms wildly, and Shorty whacked him smartly on the side of the head, laying open a long gash. It stunned Pitchfork momentarily and he went down on one knee. Rising, he bored in again, taking a shattering blow on his right forearm, and crashed inside the raised weapon and seized Shorty round the waist. Deprived of the use of the breastyoke, the lesser combatant stood not the ghost of a chance. He struggled gamely, but Pitchfork heaved him from the ground with ease and laid him on his back. Then, with his knees in the pit of Shorty's stomach, he gripped the throat and squeezed for all that was in him.

Shorty's face purpled and his eyes began to roll. Had Pitchfork not shifted his grip the fight would have ended then and there; but, his fingers tiring, he tried for a better hold and that brought one of his thumbs in front of his antagonist's mouth. Shorty's teeth clamped on it in desperation and Pitchfork let out a howl and released him. In the effort he made to tear loose he was obliged to roll off Shorty, who jumped nimbly to his feet.

No time to draw breath, though both were panting. Shorty peered wildly about him. He could not see the breastyoke, and now he was beside himself. Darting off, with Pitchfork in pursuit, he sped into the bunkhouse and emerged next moment with a small target .22 rifle. Pitchfork was not more than ten feet distant, and running, when Shorty came out the door.

"Now, you ——," cried Shorty with a great gasp, "I've got you!"

A tiny spurt of flame, a sharp crack, and Pitchfork gave a grunt, wavered, and began to walk aimlessly round and round. Again Shorty raised the rifle—he would finish the job—but before he could use it there came a shrill cry, and a flying figure surged between them. There was the Widow Martin, bareheaded, bare of arm, her hair tossing in the wind. She ran to Pitchfork, who was now hunched on the ground and apparently thinking very hard about something.

"Oh, you poor dear!" cried the widow pityingly, and brushed his red hair back from the gash—but that was the lesser of Pitchfork's troubles. Then turning on Shorty, who was now looking with sudden horror on the damage he had wrought, she shrieked: "You go and put that gun up, you bloodthirsty little rooster! If you touch him again I'll kill you!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Shorty meekly.

He helped Pitchfork to his feet and propped him up on one side while the widow aided on the other; and thus they walked slowly to the bunkhouse. Both combatants seemed rather ashamed of themselves, but Pitchfork's shame was tempered by grave concern for his insides.

A doctor was brought and, after some probing, he extracted the bullet from the region of Pitchfork's stomach. After that the patient moved fast on the road to recovery. The widow nursed him, and when he was well Pitchfork was assigned a comfortable two-roomed house on the hill. There Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Thaddeus Talmage went to live, with the provision that she should continue to cook for the Gees.

Some weeks later Mrs. Talmage invited Shorty and me to dinner in celebration of Pitchfork's restoration to health. We arrived early, for a certain mystery was troubling me.

"What," I ventured when her husband was out of the room—"er—how was it that you didn't recognize Pitchfork when you saw him at the station?"

For answer Mrs. Talmage went into the bedroom and reappeared presently with a photograph.

"Look what the big idiot sent me with his letter," she said.

It was an excellent photograph of Chauncey Olcott in his palmy days.

Western Fortunes

THE great inheritances of the West have, in the main, been safeguarded and increased, and afford a striking contrast to many of those of the East. This is notably true of some Chicago fortunes, especially those made in the beef business. The habit of close industry established by the founders of these houses seems to have gone on to the second generation.

J. Ogden Armour is a good example. He was the principal heir to an estate conservatively valued at $20,000,000, when his father, the late P. D. Armour, died. He had the opportunity to sell out and could have chosen a life of ease. It was a great temptation. But the habit of work was strong within him. He refused the offer and accepted the inheritance, with a full sense of the responsibility it imposed. Two courses lay before him: he could either conduct the business along the old lines, or expand it at the cost of much time, worry, labor and a funded debt. He chose the latter.

The result was that in less than ten years he doubled the business. At the same time he has become one of the most powerful financial influences in the West, is a director in the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and is identified with various Chicago banks. He is today, perhaps, the best type of the rich heir who has inherited with money habits of industry.

The same is true, to a lesser degree, of Mr. Armour's colleagues in the beef business. Louis C. Swift has developed the large interests left him by his father, Gustavus F. Swift, and Edward Morris has added to the fortune left to him by Nelson Morris.

You now come to the greatest of all Chicago inheritances, that of the young Field children. There are many of Marshall Field's friends who believe that the greatest error of business judgment that he ever made was the leaving of the bulk of his fortune, now worth between $150,000,000 and $175,000,000, to his two grandchildren, the sons of Marshall Field, Junior.

6%

Invest Your January Funds in 6% Bonds

EVERY year increases the number and variety of investments from which you must choose. It is desirable, therefore, to confine your selections all the more closely to established types of demonstrated value. You can do this and secure the return your money is worth.

Good Bonds provide the best adjustment of the many factors entering into the ideal investment. Bonds backed by 25 years of successful business in the most valuable commodity of its kind in the world, and that commodity an absolute necessity, are investments of such merit as to demand your consideration.

Such are the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company. They are based on the Company's holdings of select realty in New York. For 25 years they have paid 6% and matured at par without loss or delay, returning to investors more than $10,000,000 in principal and interest.

They are issued in these two convenient forms.

6% Coupon Bonds
In denominations of $100, $500, $1000 and upward, paying interest semi-annually, and maturing principal in ten years.

6% Accumulative Bonds
Purchasable by instalments of $25 and upward and maturing $1000 or more in 10, 15 or 20 years. Interest compounded at 6%.

Complete descriptive matter and map of New York City showing location of our properties will be sent on request. Write today.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888 Assets $24,134,249.39
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Room 511
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Used by 26,000 People

Make Your letters look better—Get a

Bennett *Portable* Typewriter

Here's a little machine that does the same work as big typewriters and yet costs $32 to $82 less

What better gift could you make to a friend—what else could you buy for your own use better than this machine that cuts out the drudgery of hand writing and makes your letters look business like?

It's low priced because it's simple. No typewriter is made better. It's built by the men who make Elliott Fisher Billing and Adding Machines selling at $175 to $1000. It's simple in construction, having only 350 parts, and, therefore, just as durable as the big typewriters of 1700 to 3500 parts.

As Easy to Carry as a Book

The Bennett has 84 characters—prints the lines perfectly straight—makes two carbon copies—allows for wide or narrow margins—and keeps writing always in sight. Size only 2x5x11 inches. Weighs only 4½ lbs. Will go in grip or overcoat pocket.

Let Us Prove that the Bennett is Durable, Simple and Portable—Money Back Guarantee

We will send you a Bennett Typewriter under a money-back-if not-satisfied guarantee—you can see how easily it is operated, how perfect a typewriter it is—send it back if you wish.

Send for catalog today.

C. O. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY
366 Broadway New York
Good Agents Wanted

OUR POLITICS AND JOHN BULL'S

(Continued from Page 15)

There are two great parties in England—the Liberal party and the Unionist party. The Liberal party is now in power, with its representatives in the ministry, and is therefore the government, proposing all legislation of a national character. The Liberals can best be compared to a party composed of Democratic and Republican Progressives. This is as nearly as we have anything like it. Of course there are radical differences, and policies naturally are not much alike; but, in general idea and tone and program, the Liberals, and a Liberal party composed of the Progressives in both the old parties in the United States, would be similar. The Liberals are the Progressives of Great Britain, and they are responsible for the social and economic reforms of late years.

The Unionist party, of which the official designation is the National Unionist Association, is the minority party. It is now more united than it has been for a long time, owing to the combination between the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives, or Tories. Joseph Chamberlain formed the Liberal Unionist party in 1885 when he broke away from Gladstone on the question of home rule for Ireland, and Lansdowne supported him. Since that time, by a long process of give and take, the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives have come into reasonable accord on almost every great public question. Chamberlain kept his Liberal Unionist party intact because he had so good a machine. A complete merger was made in 1912 and the title of National Unionist Association adopted. The Unionists can best be compared to those Republicans and Democrats who believe in a measure of protection to home industries—not stand-patters, but moderate protectionists.

In England, as elsewhere where government is to be maintained, the question of revenue is uppermost and the tariff problem is the overshadowing one. It is the great problem in the United States and it is the great problem in Great Britain. The Unionists are in favor of tariff reform, which in the case of England means added tariff, for the country is now practically on a free-trade basis.

The Liberals stand for absolute free trade on the principle laid down by Cobden sixty years ago. They will not consent to any change in the present tariff system and will fight to the last the imposition of any protective duties in any shape or form; they are against retaliation through tariff against any country that lays a tariff, no matter how high, against British goods; and also oppose the granting of any preferential duties on goods of any kind produced by the British colonies. They refuse even to aid their own people if so be they could aid them by giving them the preference on their manufactures and products. Their battlecry is: "We shall not interfere with the relations between producer and consumer; nor shall any imports or exports be taxed in any way." There are duties on tea, tobacco and spirits, resembling our internal revenue taxes to some degree; but these are revenue taxes only. Whenever an article is produced in Great Britain as well as imported from abroad, a countervailing excise duty equivalent to the customs duty is placed upon it. There are no dissenters in the Liberal ranks on the question of free trade. They are a unit on it.

The Creed of the Unionists

Opposed to the Liberals on free trade is the Unionist party, which has a tariff-reform program. The Unionists are not wholly united on this, but are well enough committed to tariff reform to make it a party principle. It must be remembered that tariff reform, as the term is used in England, differs from tariff reform in its general acceptance in America. With us tariff reform means a reduction of customs duties—a reduction of protection—while in Great Britain tariff reform means the imposition of duties, the getting of a measure of protection. Inasmuch as there is no tariff now, any tariff change must come in the way of imposing duties.

Chamberlain proposed a series of protective duties in 1903. It is a fact that Chamberlain got most of his protective tariff ideas from Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, then representing Rhode Island in the Senate of the United States, and the greatest tariff expert in any English-speaking country. The result of the Chamberlain proposals for protection was a split in his party. Many of his supporters left him; but most of these, especially among the older men, have come back into line—all, indeed, except the great cotton spinners of the north, who are firmly opposed to an import duty on cotton, which again proves the General Hancock axiom: "The tariff is a local issue." There are some high protectionists in the Unionist party, including men like the Right Honorable Henry Chaplin, most of whom represent agricultural interests. There are others, like Cromer and Balfour, who think the only tariff reform necessary is embodied in retaliatory duties against other countries and a preference for the manufactures and products from the English colonies.

As opposed to the Liberal policy of free trade, the majority of the Unionist party have a tariff program that sounds like tariff propositions made by tariff reformers in the United States. The Unionists stand for no duties on absolutely raw materials; graduated duties for protection on imported manufactures; retaliatory duties against any nation that puts high duties on British goods; and preferential duties for the goods and products of the English colonies that shall be equal, at least, to the preference given by the colonies to British goods.

The Sliding-Scale Income Tax

Americans will hear a lot of talk along these lines in the coming Congress; and they will hear, also, the favorite argument of the Unionists exploited. That argument is that a tariff on foreign goods will provide more work for British workmen, which they sadly need, and will raise wages in all parts of the United Kingdom. The Liberals meet these Unionist statements with the claim that no preference can be given the British colonies without putting a tax on foodstuffs and raw materials—as the bulk of the colonial importations are wheat, meat and wool. The Liberals claim that any tax on any imported article will raise the price of that article the amount of the duty—they found that out in the United States—and that if there should be an increase in wages it will be more than offset by the increase in the cost of living. Further they say the consumer will pay more for what he gets and will not share in the profits that will come to the manufacturers. In the nine years that have elapsed since Chamberlain first made his protective tariff proposal the Liberals have gained and held many votes by shouting: "Dear food!" They have frightened the working men, and now get a large support in that quarter.

The English derive little revenue from customs duties, and the question of internal taxation is always of vast importance, for revenues must be secured. The two parties are not so far apart on tax principles, but diverge widely on the application of them. In a broad sense the Unionist party stands for the spreading of this great and necessary taxation over as wide an area as possible, and think any deficit or any increased expenditure should be provided for by taxes that will affect all equally—the rich man as well as the poor man—such as an income tax and a duty on tea. Still, so far back as the days of Sir William Harcourt there began an attack on the intrenched wealth of the nation; and now both parties, with partisan modifications, are not at all averse to getting a share of the unearned increment. Sir William Harcourt imposed death duties, whereby great fortunes left by rich men were taxed heavily; and he also took for the state a slice of the great legacies.

When Lloyd-George, the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced his budget in 1909 he extended the principle of taxing the rich more heavily and reduced the taxes on the poor whenever possible, with the result that his name is a hissing and a byword among the moneyed classes in England and he is the idol of the poor. The expenses of England have made an income tax necessary for a long time. Lloyd-George graduated that tax, so the man with the moderate income pays eighteen cents on every five dollars of income, or nine pence to the pound, while the rich man pays thirty cents on each five dollars, or fifteen pence to the pound. Lloyd-George went farther than this and put supertaxes on very large incomes, increased the death duties and put

AIR Fingers with the HUMAN Touch

How the patented pneumatic action of the Manualo secures the same perfection of technique and the same variety of expression as heard in the playing of a virtuoso.

When you play a piano, pressing down a key (A) raises an abstract or rod (B) which in turn makes a hammer (C) strike a string. In precisely the same way, when you play the Manualo, pedaling exhausts the air from a pneumatic or air finger (X), making it collapse and press down. This raises a player key (A-1) attached to it. The player key, being always in direct contact with the lug on the rod (B), raises the rod, making the hammer strike the string. This construction is patented.

IN the production of player-piano music, pneumatic or air fingers (one for each note) take the place of the human fingers. The more closely their action resembles the human finger action both in direct control of the piano hammers and in expressive "touch", the more closely does the music resemble hand-playing.

Look at the diagram and you will see that in the

Baldwin Manualo

The Player-Piano that is all but human

every air finger controls its corresponding piano hammer just as directly as the human finger controls the hammer. There are no more parts involved when a Manualo air finger makes a hammer strike a string than when the human finger strikes a piano key. And the action is precisely the same and absolutely as certain. There is no resistance, no lost motion, no weakening of the control at any point. It is obvious that no other pneumatic action could give more direct control over the piano action. This is a patented feature to be had only in the Manualo

Now, as to feeling: The pedaling does not exhaust the air from a Manualo air finger the same way every time that particular note is to sound, but exhausts it to various degrees according to the energy in pedaling, or, in other words, the musical feeling of the performer. For instance:

When your musical feeling makes you pedal vigorously, as in the finale of a brilliant march, the air fingers almost totally collapse, making the hammers strike the strings with great force and giving the same loud effects as vigorous hand-playing Pedal lightly, as in a lullaby, and the air fingers but partially collapse, making the hammers strike lightly as if you were playing softly by hand. Exert a sudden, powerful pressure, as in the final climax of an inspiring grand opera chorus, and the air fingers entirely collapse instantly, making the hammers strike violently and producing the crashing chord of hand-playing.

In a word, every light and shade of feeling instinctively expressed in the pedaling is reflected in the working of the air fingers. They therefore make the hammers strike the strings with the same infinite variety of accent and secure the same unlimited range of expression in the music as the human fingers.

When you buy a Manualo, you have—not the kind of music that sounds mechanical—but the sure, positive, intimate, individual, lifelike effects of the human touch. Send for our book giving complete details of the many exclusive features which place the Manualo in a class of its own.

The Baldwin Company
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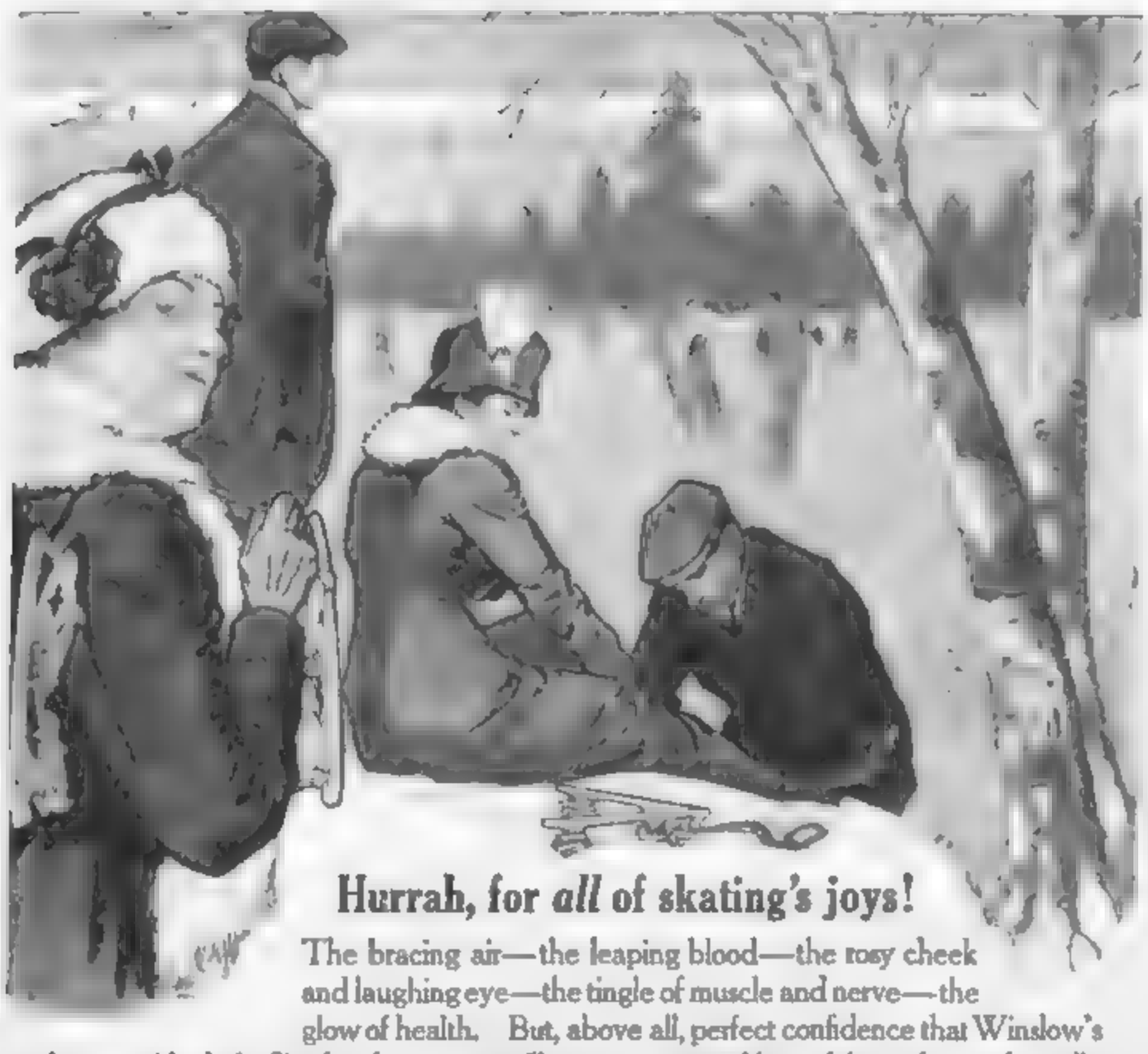

Hurrah, for *all* of skating's joys!

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a tax on the incremental value of the land. Naturally this incensed the great landowners; and when he announced that he had a plan for still greater land taxation the dukes and other landowners had grave fears for the stability of the nation.

This question of land taxation and tax on unearned increment will one day be of great interest in the United States. Lloyd-George is not a single-taxer—not a disciple of Henry George, our own protagonist. He contends there are vast areas of immensely valuable land in Great Britain, especially in the cities, which have acquired their tremendous value in money not by the efforts of the landlord or owner but because of the efforts of the community at large—that is to say, land like the land owned by the Astor family in the city of New York did not get its enormous value because of anything the Astors ever did to make it valuable, but did get this increase in value because of the people who built up the city round it, carried on trade and commerce there and gave to this land its increased valuation by their efforts.

Much land of this character in Great Britain is practically exempt from taxation, owing to old grants and old laws, and kingly favors extended centuries ago. In many instances it is still rated as agricultural land owing to some old dispensation. Lloyd-George wants the dukes and others who own this land to pay a just proportion of taxes on the present value of the land—not on the value of the land when it was granted to the dukes. Also he is after the men whose ancestors inclosed vast tracts of rural land that has been handed down under a nominal taxation. The stock example is the Duke of Westminster, whose noble ancestors in the time of Queen Elizabeth leased the Ebury Farm for twenty pounds, or one hundred dollars, a year, and acquired the farm. Most of the fashionable quarter of London now stands on that old farm and the duke is paying taxes on an agricultural valuation of a few shillings an acre, though the estate is worth a hundred million dollars or more. Lloyd-George contends that neither the original duke nor any of his successors did anything to create the bulk of this vast wealth; that the added value was given to the land by the efforts of the community; and that the duke should pay taxes on the present value instead of the Elizabethan valuation.

The Unionists are bitterly opposed to this land-tax plan, and there are a good many Liberal landowners who are none too favorable to it; but Lloyd-George intends to press the matter to a conclusion and will strive to make it a Liberal policy. Even if the party does have to go to the country with it, there is little doubt that it will be returned by the people, whose taxes are much heavier than they are in the United States, taking the residents class for class.

Insurance and Pension Laws

This Liberal party taxation scheme, with which we have nothing in common as yet save the trial for an income tax, which is still in progress by an amendment to the Constitution, does much to comprehend the Liberal plan for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. The social question is uppermost and is being considered in all its various economic phases, and the labor question is ever present. We have no such conditions in the United States as exist in Great Britain, especially in the large cities, and are not yet facing all their problems. There has been a gradual change among the Unionists also—the Conservative party. After the sweeping Liberal victories of 1905, when some forty labor members went into the House of Commons, including several socialists, the Unionists saw they could never again win by going to the country on a platform composed of a protest against home rule for Ireland and support of the established church.

The workingmen of England had a taste of their own power and were determined to have old-age pensions, shorter hours, more wages, better tenements, more sanitary conditions of living, and the right to combine in labor unions for their own protection. Thus, though a great many of the Liberal plans for social reforms have been opposed in method by the Unionists, no great reform has been opposed in principle. The fact is that almost all the members of the younger section of the Unionist party, built on the remains of the old Tory party, are as democratic as the most advanced Liberals.

The Unionists came pleasantly along when Lloyd-George proposed and passed an insurance law, which insures certain classes of workers against sickness by means of a stamp tax imposed on both the employer and the employed, and pays the doctor a certain price for attendance. The funds collected under this law are disbursed according to a certain set of specifications. Broadly, the man who employs a servant pays a few pence a week and the servant pays a few pence by the purchase of stamps, all of which goes into a fund out of which are taken sick benefits when the servant becomes ill. It is a complicated scheme of course; but the only argument the Unionists made against it was that it was hastily presented and badly constructed—an argument that has some weight, by-the-way—and should be worked out step by step. So, too, the principal Unionist opposition to the old-age pension scheme was that it should have been based on a contributory instead of a non-contributory basis. The Unionists had to assent to a minimum wage for the coal-miners, by which the coal strike last spring was settled, though they were not pleased over it.

Parties Split on Suffrage

However, in all these matters, in all questions of social reform, which are pressing questions in England and elsewhere in the kingdom today, the Unionists are in the opposition merely because they have to oppose, being in the minority. In reality they are ready to go as far as the Liberals, for they are all politicians and are all playing for the great vote of the workingmen, and realize fully the conditions under which the bulk of those workingmen live. Both parties are politically in the same attitude toward labor and its allied problems as the parties in the United States, but fortunately the laborer in the United States is in far better condition and in need of no such assistance as his fellow in England.

There are forty-two labor representatives in the House of Commons. Except on questions of expenditures for the navy and army, and other armament plans, these labor representatives generally vote with the government, or Liberal party. This labor party is not socialistic, though three of its ablest members—Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald and Philip Snowden—are genuine Marxian socialists. There may be a few other mild socialists of other brands. The bulk of them call themselves Liberal Trade Unionists, who are there to promote the interests of trade unionism and not to reorganize the social fabric. The miners are conservative in thought and action.

No party in England has ever indorsed woman suffrage nationally, just as no party in the United States, except Mr. Roosevelt's Bull Moose party, has ever indorsed it nationally. Still, in the United States as in England, there are many voters of the majority party who favor equal suffrage and many others who are against it; and the same applies to the opposition party. In England there is no party line drawn on it. In the Liberal party Premier Asquith, Home Secretary McKenna and about half the ministry are strongly, almost fiercely, opposed to it; while Lloyd-George and the other half of the Cabinet favor it. The Unionist party is divided in the same way.

Woman suffrage for Ireland was decisively defeated when the matter came up in the discussion of the Home Rule Bill, which was under consideration when this was written; but on former occasions no party whips have been put on when they come to vote on the plan, and the individuals have been left to vote as they please, which threw Liberals and Unionists together both for and against. Asquith, the premier, has adroitly avoided committing the government, as a government, to any opinion on the subject. He has promised, however, that when the Manhood Suffrage Bill now before the House of Commons comes up for discussion he will allow an amendment that will grant votes to women, and let the Liberal party vote as they please on it. The Unionists will give their members the same opportunity. The amendment will probably be defeated.

There is little in common between the other main English political policies and the policies of the United States. England is in Europe, and is spread out all over the world through colonial possessions. Her foreign policy must necessarily be of greater import to the politics at home than ours. So far as the United States is concerned, the official policy of both Liberals and Unionists—of government and opposition—is to maintain the best possible relations with

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Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that

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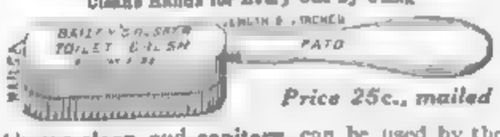

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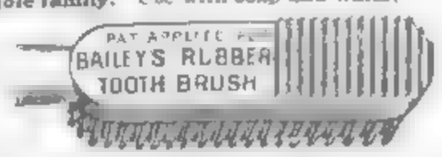

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[illegible] its healthy, urgent action upon the pores [illegible] the drag-off for waste which [illegible] blood and [illegible] surface. It [illegible] and renewed vigor courses through the body.

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the Republic. Premier Asquith stated the position of the nation, irrespective of party, when he eliminated the United States from all calculations regarding the maintenance of the naval and army standard; and he said, by inference at least, that Great Britain does not consider that the United States can, by any conceivable set of circumstances, be regarded as a part of any possible naval combination against Great Britain.

There were some hostile comments on the United States during the reciprocity fight last year, but these were only part of the political game being played by the Unionists, who saw in reciprocity with Canada the killing of their preferential tariff scheme with the colonies. Of course government relations and political relations must continue friendly. There is no doubt, however, that the English, as a race, are none too friendly to the people of the United States. They are very keen for American money, but they do not care particularly for the American people as a whole, which is a subject I shall write about at another time.

So far as the kingdom's general foreign policy is concerned, the Liberals and Unionists are agreed on nearly every phase of it. Sir Edward Grey, who is the present foreign secretary, which corresponds to our secretary of state, has worked generally along the lines of Lord Lansdowne, his Unionist predecessor. Lansdowne broke away from the traditional English policy of "splendid isolation" by making his treaty of alliance with Japan. Lansdowne also began to hold out the olive branch to France. Grey has renewed the Japanese alliance, is working assiduously to keep on good terms with France, and has brought about an entente with Russia. The Unionists have supported him in all these policies.

England and Germany

Grey has maintained a cold attitude toward Germany, and this has brought down on him considerable criticism from the peace-at-any-price members of his own party, who constantly are trying to make him look pleasantly at the Kaiser. Grey, the great bulk of the Liberals and all the Unionists maintain a defensive attitude toward Germany. They do not want a war with Germany; but, if Germany keeps on making ready to go to war and building a great navy, Great Britain will build a greater navy than Germany dare build. Churchill expressed this attitude, as First Lord of the Admiralty, when he said Great Britain must always maintain a sixty-per-cent margin over Germany in dreadnoughts and other capital ships. The opposition to Grey's policy comes from the labor element and the peace-loving Liberals, who contend that Germany would follow Great Britain in a reduction of a battleship-building program.

The remaining phases of the politics of Great Britain have no counterparts in the United States. We have no church to endeavor to disestablish; we have no Ireland fighting for home rule; we have no musty House of Lords to vex. The Liberals favor home rule for Ireland in purely domestic affairs, and the Unionists are opposed to any form of self-government for Ireland. The Liberals are—in theory at least—in favor of severing the connection between church and state in England, Scotland and Wales. The crux of the matter, in reality, is disendowment. The church has a great revenue derived from properties bequeathed to it, which have become very valuable, and does not want to turn these revenues over to the state. If it were not for the intense and fanatical Nonconformists of Wales this question would not be a political issue, for the bulk of the English people care nothing about it one way or the other.

The Liberals are out to reform the House of Lords. They have taken away the power of absolute veto over the House of Commons, and are pledged to remake that ancient and entailed affair into a popular and representative legislative body, chosen by the electors. The Unionists conform to the idea that the hereditary principle shall be abandoned.

The men who are doing these things in England are the same sort of men who are doing similar things in the United States. As I have said, politics differs in form in the two countries, but it does not differ in aims or in the manner of accomplishment. They are all tarred with the same stick, these politicians; their politics may have different brands, but the materials in the packages are essentially the same.

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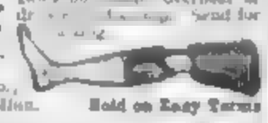

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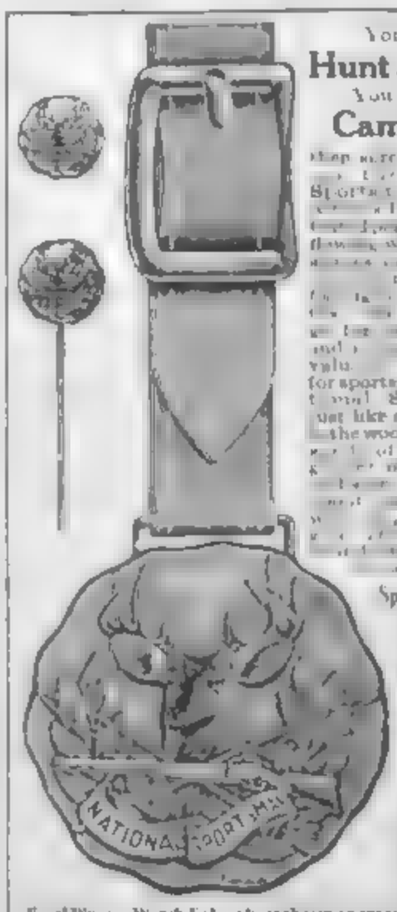

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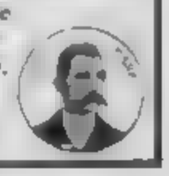

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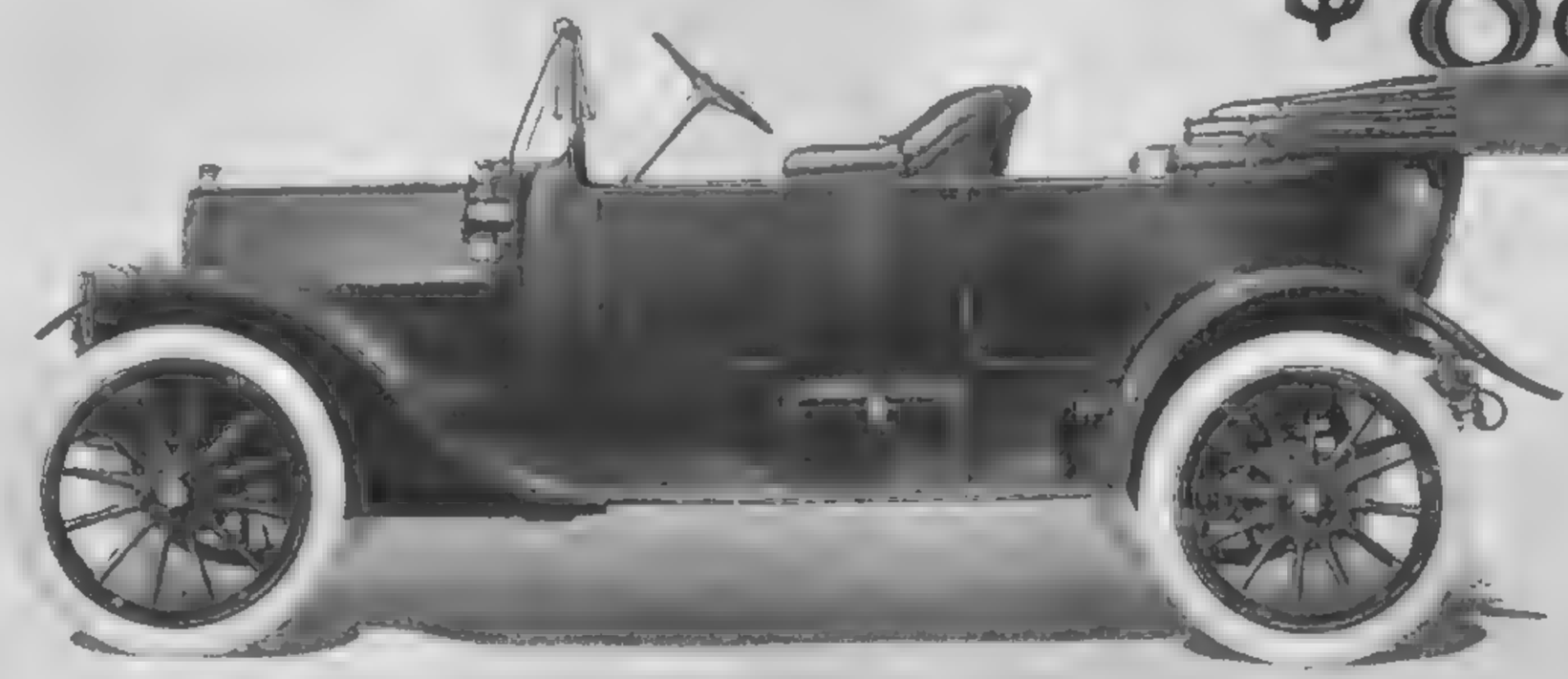

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Five-passenger, four cylinders, long stroke, 3½-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 102-inch wheelbase

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Demountable rims
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Extra rim
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Tire holders
Full set of tools
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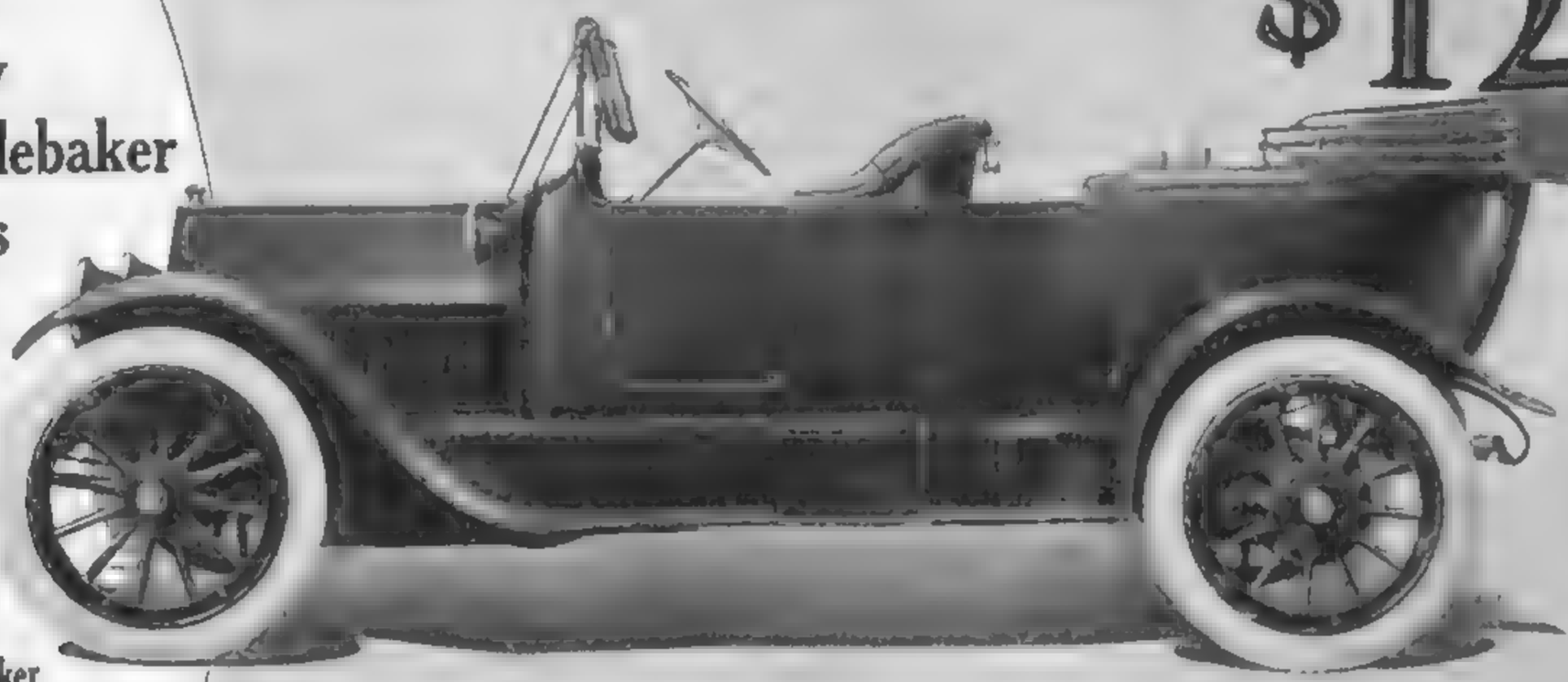
Tool box
Full elliptic springs

Studebaker "35"



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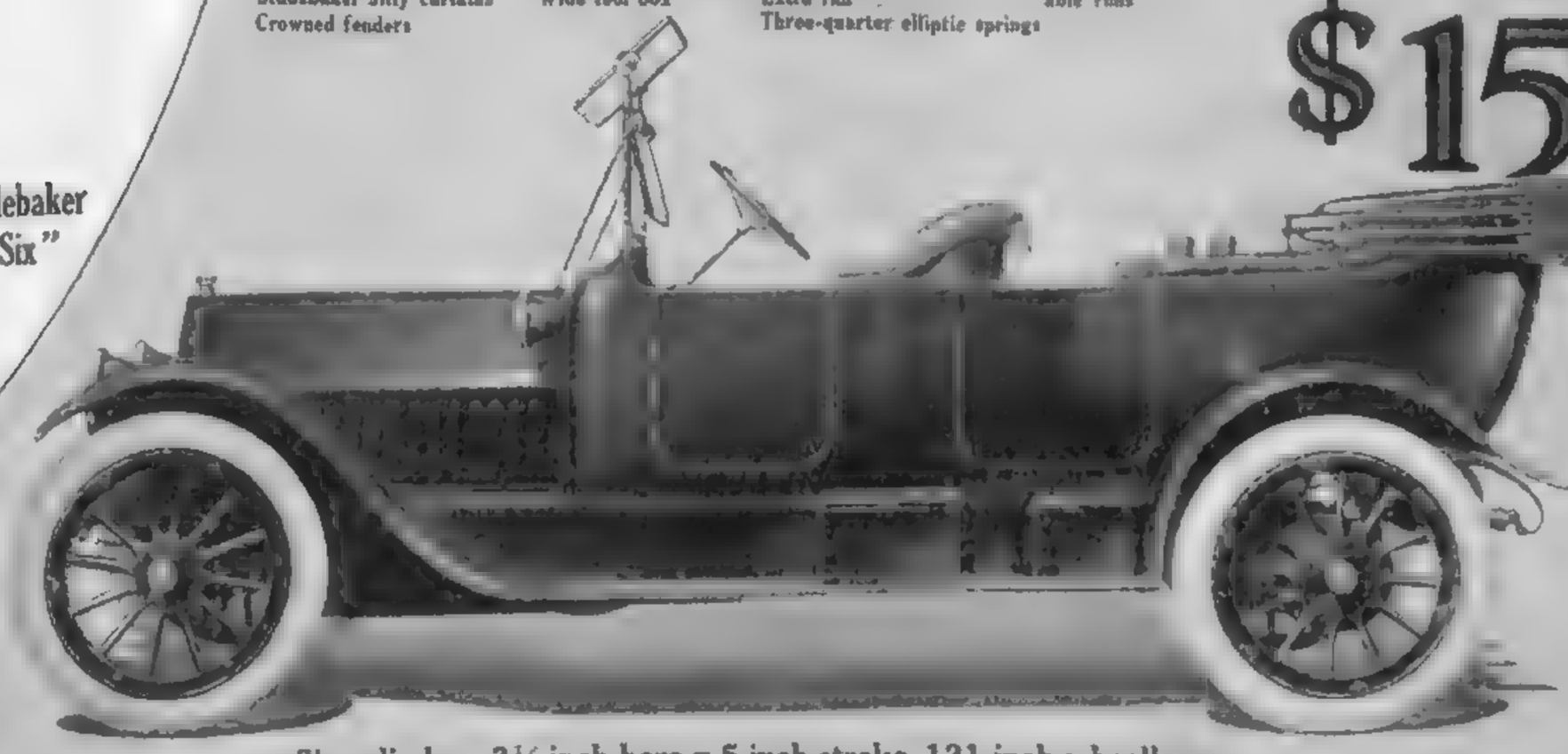
Four cylinders, 4½-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 116-inch wheelbase

Six-passenger body
34 x 4-inch Goodrich tires
Luxurious upholstery
Studebaker Jiffy curtains
Crowned fenders
Electric horn
Electric lights
Electric self-starter
Wide tool box
Silk mohair top
Clear-vision windshield
Speedometer
Extra rim
Three-quarter elliptic springs
Tire holders
Full set of tools
Detachable, demountable rims

Studebaker "Six"



$1550

Six cylinders, 3½-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 121-inch wheelbase

Electric self-starter
Electric lights
Electric horn
Studebaker Jiffy curtains
Six-passenger body
34 x 4-inch Goodrich Tires
Luxurious upholstery
Crowned fenders
Silk mohair top
Full set of tools
Clear-vision windshield
Speedometer
Detachable, demountable rims
Extra rim
Tire holders
Three-quarter elliptic springs

IT'S MIGHTY POOR BUSINESS

To Eat the Doughnut and offer the hole as collateral

There's a man out in Illinois who owns a bank and lends money to farmers.

He wanted to get at both sides of the question of borrowing and lending, so he took a half-section of land and farmed it on the principle of a square-deal to the soil.

What he found out was this: It's bad business, both for the farmer and the banker, for the farmer to eat the doughnut and offer the hole as collateral on a loan.

It's one of those simple solutions of a big financial problem that engaged the attention of the President of the United States and a group of governors, meeting at the White House to discuss this great problem, only a few weeks ago. Presidents of Insurance Companies, bankers, men and institutions with money to invest, farmers who want to borrow money—all these people will agree with us that Mr. Harris has thrown the searchlight of common-sense on a subject that seemed as thick as a London fog.

There is a host of good things in next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman*, but—

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By B. F. HARRIS

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HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE (January 11th)

Knowing How About Hogs

If a man can raise hogs that are good enough to win the highest honors at the greatest livestock show in the world he must know something about what is good for a hog. That's what we thought when we asked H. T. Morgan to write us an article on what to put into a hog to get the most out of him. More than once Mr. Morgan has [illegible] for how [illegible] International Livestock Exposition that won highest honors on foot and on the block. A [illegible] contest has been fed rightly. Morgan knows how. His article will be in the next issue. Read it.

A Lot of Little Worlds

Down in Maryland Nature has made a ragged job of the shore line. Every few miles there is a long inlet or estuary and boats run way up into the country to get the farmer's produce. Farmers fifteen miles apart have different boat lines, and for that reason they don't get together as often as most farmers. Going across a river presents more difficulties than crossing the road—the hen stays on the other side, too. J. Russell Smith went down there and found that each [illegible] world by itself, growing its own [illegible] [illegible] that are not outdone by oyster beds. The first [illegible] next week.

My Little Farm

This is a story written by a man who is "his own boss" and who doesn't "believe in cutting wood with a bucksaw." He came from England a poor man and settled in Canada. His first job was with a truck gardener, and he tells how he improved on his employer's methods and finally came to own a farm of his own. It is a simple story of a man who worked with his shirt and his mind open. Get it in next week's issue.

Eating Our Heads Off

That's what some of us are doing. In the [illegible] Americans [illegible] It's a shame. You [illegible] that eating [illegible] on you, and makes you thank something else is the matter with you. Heart disease, liver complaints, uric acid, [illegible] gallstones, indigestion. The human body is like a gasoline engine which when loaded up on poor gasoline gets carbon clogs up some [illegible] stops. The farmer has the finest food available, but does he use it right? Dr. Roger J. Perkins tells of the evils of Pie and Fry in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN next week.

The Cereal of the South

We have a growing rice industry. This food crop, the mainstay of several nations, can be grown to perfection on lands available [illegible] in the Southern states. It is [illegible] profitable when [illegible] intensive. It does not greatly exhaust the soil. It is a crop worth studying. Read about it in the article "Where Rice is King," by F. G. Moorhead, which appears next week.

A Corncob Conserver

"The reason men succeed who mind their own business is because they have so little competition." This is the motto that hangs in the living room of a business farmer. He has minded his own business so [illegible] prairie land and the biggest battery [illegible] cattle in the county. [illegible] when [illegible] where he started. He says a man ought to [illegible] years. He has [illegible] better. [illegible] written a mighty interesting [illegible] this man and his affairs which will be published next week. Look for it.

EVERYMAN'S GARDEN

Are you willing to pay three cents a week for a year's instruction, telling you every week, almost in words of one syllable, what to do with that little garden of yours? You are too wrapped up in business to take time enough to learn gardening—but you insist on pottering around your garden and blaming the seedsman for your failures. It's our job to prevent the failures. And we propose to do it each week of the coming year in a simple, practical way.

Buy a copy and judge for yourself. Inquire at any News-Stand, or of any SATURDAY EVENING POST Boy.

Five Cents a Copy. One Dollar Fifty the Year.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 5)

All was confusion—a mixture of sewing and playthings and garlic-flavored cooking. What can one do with six children to feed and clothe? Maria made no apologies. This was home, and home to her was a plant for the rearing of children. We seated ourselves at a bare wooden table and she brought out a bottle of red wine as light as new cider. I drank good health to Maria and success to Tony.

I asked him many questions out of honest interest and he answered me frankly and with eagerness, as your true pioneer ever does, because of pride in his accomplishments. He told me he had come here three years ago to work for Dardoni, who had a grand estate—ten times as large as his—on the other side of the town. He had saved a little money before he came, and with that and what he earned later he had bought these few acres of his own. Since then he had earned his living and something over. The thing that impressed me at the time, but the full significance of which I did not realize until later, was that he found a market for his eggs and produce right here in the village. Some of it he exchanged at the store for groceries, but much of it he sold from door to door. It sounded like carrying coals to Newcastle.

I passed a pleasant hour with Tony and then went back to my house, where I puttered round the rest of the day doing odd jobs. When I came home that night and told my experiences to Ruth she only laughed to herself and made no comment. I told her I was going to take four or five of my own men out there next day and she said she guessed I would save time that way.

From that point on the work went along swimmingly. After getting all the buildings straightened up I brought down a couple of carpenters to do the shingling. At different times Seth and Jim and Josh came along to watch proceedings. They bore no ill-will and offered me plenty of advice. At first I resented this, but after a while I learned not to mind. I couldn't help liking the men after a fashion and I enjoyed their stories. They took as paternal an interest in my affairs as though I were a tenant and they were landlords. They were like children in the intimate questions they asked, but I found that they were not at all disturbed if they received no replies.

After the shingling I began on the plastering. I knocked down the old plastering in every room and found that the lathing was all of the old split-board kind. This really made a stronger and firmer background than the modern lathing. I made another good find—two fireplaces, which had been bricked up to accommodate air-tight stoves. I was mighty well pleased with this, because I'm fond of fireplaces and had wondered how I was going to build one without tearing the house half to pieces.

The next thing we did was to putty up the holes and cracks, and paint every speck of woodwork inside and out a dead white. Ruth insisted on white.

"Somehow I shouldn't feel I was living in the country if my house weren't white," she said.

I agreed with her, for to my mind there's no color so fresh and bright looking. The very first coat brought the old house to life. It's wonderful what paint will do. It didn't make the house look new in the sense of making it appear like a house of today, but rather carried it back to its youth. It was like making an old man young again. We could hardly wait for the paint to dry before starting the second coat, and that carried us back another twenty-five years. Even Seth, who at the start allowed the old shack wasn't worth repairing, admitted now that it began to look real nifty.

The inside looked as fine as the outside too. When we began, the woodwork was discolored both by age and by dirt. This made the whole interior look worse than a cheap tenement. Twenty dollars' worth of white lead and oil changed this as though by magic into a clean white, as fresh as when the house was first built. There's nothing that shows age more than paint, and there's nothing so easily remedied. If the owners had done what I had already done they would have made almost three hundred per cent interest on their investment. In three weeks, at a cost of four hundred dollars, I had added fifteen hundred

The Appreciated Chocolates

Nothing will bring the smile to her face quicker than the name "Johnston's." She knows that every piece of candy in the box will be one long, perfect delight, delicious to taste, good to remember. There's every kind to choose from, because we make

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Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper. PRESS $5, larger $18, Rotary $60. All easy, rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog TYPE, cards, paper, etc.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

in value to the place—and it was a legitimate value. My paint hadn't covered up defects; it had simply brought out the honest worth of the structure.

With the floors painted and the windows drawn we were now ready for the personal details which should make this house into a home. It was then that we had a great stroke of luck in hearing of an auction in another village, some eight miles away and off the main road. Seth told us about it and said if I was looking for old trash he reckoned I could find enough of it there. He said he wouldn't give a quarter for the whole lot, which didn't sound very encouraging; but Ruth said she had heard them talk like that before and, anyway, it would be good fun to go.

One clear summer morning, then, we rose early; Ruth put up a lunch and we boarded the train. The nearest station was five miles away and there we hired an old white horse and a buggy. We jogged along over the country roads at a three-mile-an-hour clip and reached the place just before the auction started at ten o'clock. We found some thirty or forty natives there. Most of them had come just to look on. They always had time for that. Even in the busiest season it was as easy to gather a crowd in these out-of-the-way places as it is during the noon hour on Broadway; and they wouldn't come for an hour, but for all day.

We found rather a romantic story in connection with this auction. The story ran, and I guess it was true, that the man who had been living here as a bachelor for forty years had originally built and furnished this house for his bride. Just before they were to be married she had died, and he had moved into the house and lived there ever since by himself.

When Ruth heard that she said to me:

"Billy, do you know, I think he'd be glad for us to have his things!"

"I don't know how he'd feel about me, but I'm dead sure he'd be glad for you to have them," I said.

"He wouldn't if it weren't for you," she answered with a smile.

I'm not saying she was right in this deduction, but I made up my mind she'd have whatever she liked at that auction.

There's a lot in luck at auctions—for the buyer—and we were certainly in luck that day. There were no stray automobile parties in the group to boost things up for the fun of it, and no professional furniture buyers. It was a real country auction, with a country auctioneer and a country crowd. Seth and Jim and Josh were there, and the rest of the group were all of their kind.

Presently the auctioneer was begging our kind attention to examine a collection of extremely useful articles which, he announced, he was going to include in a single parcel. Into an old tin pan he counted, one by one, a rusty egg-beater, two iron spoons, a kitchen knife, three glass preserve jars, a doughnut cutter, a crockery door-knob, and finally a dozen ordinary tin coffee cans. Then, with his hands on his hips, he stood back and beamed with pride upon the collection.

"How much for the lot?" he demanded.

He himself looked like one of the odds and ends he was selling. Though not over thirty-five he was round-shouldered and dyspeptic. He wore glasses and, though smooth-shaved, his beard still showed. His clothes hung loosely about his spare frame and he seemed to be always in pain.

The bids started at two cents and quickly went to five, while the crowd laughed good-naturedly.

I gained a better impression of the auctioneer right off by the earnest, sober way he went at his business. He had a trick of leaning over the crowd, with his long bony finger outstretched, and calling earnestly: "Once; twice ——" He made a little pause there that made you feel as though you were missing a great opportunity.

"Twice," he repeated. And in the excitement of the moment I was on the point of bidding six, when he brought both hands together with the decisiveness of a decree of Fate, and I escaped.

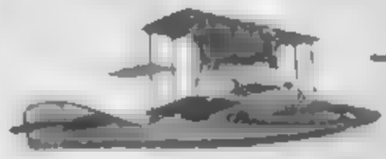
Ruth had detected my temptation and pulled at my sleeve.

"Look here, Billy," she warned; "you mustn't bid on anything except what we really want."

"Think of all those things going for five cents," I answered.

"And when the man gets home with them he'll wonder why he ever bid two," she said.

Drive a "Flying Boat"



—the Greatest Sport with the *Greatest Safety* for Red-blooded Sportsmen!

For exhilarating, sensational sport, *without danger* (and this can be proved to any man or woman's satisfaction), drive a Curtiss "Flying Boat." It combines the glories of the aeroplane and motor boat, without the limitations of either, and is easier to handle than the simplest automobile or motor boat. ¶ This sport offers rare opportunities for employment. Men who learn to drive and care for the Curtiss "Flying Boat" can earn good salaries. Opportunities are plentiful.

Curtiss New Model Flying Boat

is built for safety and speed and enjoyment. It will carry two persons 65 miles an hour *over* the water and 55 miles an hour *on* the water. It is fitted with the Glenn H. Curtiss dual control, so that either person may drive.

Sportsmen, here is the greatest of all sports. Come to the Curtiss winter training camp at San Diego, Cal., and know and understand this marvellous "Flying Boat." *Try it once!* You will have one, sure thing

Write quickly for information about the winter training quarters and how the cost of the brief course applies on purchase of a machine.

THE CURTISS AEROPLANE CO.,
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The Awful Number of **Life**

is coming. Will contain everything that is undesirable to print. May be the last number of LIFE ever issued.

FREE

The 500,000 edition of the Miniature Life is rapidly being exhausted. No more editions will be printed. If you wish a copy, send a two cent stamp. We will mail it to any address.

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WHITE bread with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on it makes a food of richest nutrition, so the food experts say. Give the children all they can hold.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is nothing but peanuts, roasted and salted and crushed to a creamy nut butter

For lunches, party sandwiches, and the "kiddies' after school—*bully!*

Insist on Beech-Nut brand, for only Beech-Nut is sealed in Beech-Nut Airless-sealed glass jars, which keep the subtle, elusive roasting-oven flavor in full aroma till you pull the lid. Try a 15c jar *today*.

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BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, 42 CANAL ST., CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

The auctioneer disposed of the junk first and always found a bidder, if only for a worthless basket filled with broken bottles; and there wasn't a man who bought those things who didn't have his woodshed cluttered up with similar waste.

Finally he came to six wooden kitchen chairs. They were painted yellow and had seats three inches thick. They were handmade and fastened together with wooden pegs instead of nails, and were as stout as when first built. Ruth had picked these out at once.

"I'd better start them at a quarter," I said.

"No," she whispered; "you keep quiet. Let me do the bidding."

"How much apiece for the lot?" inquired the auctioneer.

The man who had the adjoining farm started them at two cents.

"Why, you'd pay more than that for kindling wood!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "But two I'm offered. Will any one make it three?"

I nudged Ruth, but she didn't open her mouth.

"Three," called some one.

"Three I'm offered; who'll make it four?"

No one answered.

"Three I'm offered, once ——"

I nudged Ruth again, but she remained as though dumb. In my excitement I was standing on tiptoe.

"Three I'm offered, twice. Going—going ——"

I was all out of breath when Ruth spoke up as cool as you please—"Four."

"Four I'm offered."

He extended his finger toward the first bidder.

"Now make it five," the auctioneer coaxed.

The man shook his head.

"Make it a half."

Again the man shook his head.

"I'm offered only four cents apiece for these fine hardwood chairs. Make it a half; make it a quarter! Going—going—going!"

He paused again, with an eager tantalizing smile. Then he brought his hands together.

"And sold to Mr. ——"

"Carleton," I answered quickly.

"Oh!" gasped Ruth. "They are really ours!"

We bought another lot of eight at twelve cents apiece. We bought a third lot, cane-seated and painted a handsome black, for nine cents. Besides this we bought a mahogany-veneered bureau, with old brass handles, in perfect condition, for four dollars and a quarter. I learned later it was worth at least twenty-five dollars. We bought a grandfather's clock, with pine case and wooden works, made in Winchester, England, for thirteen dollars and a half.

We took on a solid mahogany four-posted bed for twenty-two dollars. We bought a hardwood kitchen table for two dollars. We bought three feather beds at a dollar and a half apiece—the goose-feathers alone in each being worth at least five or six dollars.

We bought a set of black-and-white ware, consisting of a teapot, sugar-bowl, milk-pitcher, and nine cups and saucers in perfect condition, for five dollars—less than you'd pay for ordinary crockery.

We bought a mahogany-veneered kitchen clock for two dollars. We bought a bird's-eye maple rope bed for four dollars.

In addition to this, we bought beautiful old bedspreads and rag rugs and mirrors—all for a song; in fact, we took about everything in the house that was of any value and paid less than ten cents on a dollar for what it was worth merely as furniture, and less than two cents on a dollar for what most of it should have brought as antiques.

I accomplished two things that day—I furnished my house for a song and I introduced myself to my future neighbors, for my reckless buying became the gossip of the neighborhood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

This Beautiful
Meister Piano
At $175.00
will be sold to you on terms of:
$1 a Week or $5 a Month
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We ask no cash payment down.
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No need to put up with the old-fashioned studs. Larter Studs "Save Time and Worry for Men in a Hurry." Send for the trial model and prove it.

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Made of Inexpensive metal and sent free to prove Larter advantages.

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Larter Vest Buttons are equally convenient in any kind of vest. If your jeweler cannot show you Larter Studs and [illegible] the back of a Larter Stud or Button, a new one will be given in exchange
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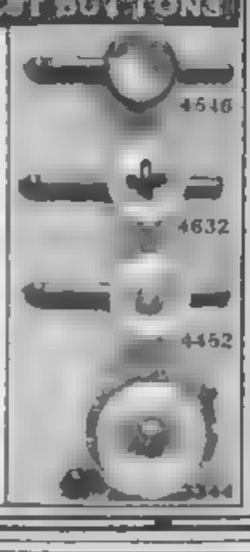

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HAVERS SIX

An Announcement That Was Withheld Three Years.

¶ Thirty-six months ago the first HAVERS "SIX" was built—pioneer of the moderate priced car of its class. It was planned to be the equal—in *every* practical essential—of the costliest "SIX" manufactured. Its builders made no other type, but bent their energies to the perfecting of this one car.

¶ That first HAVERS "SIX" is still in service—in good, hard, steady service. So are hundreds of HAVERS "SIXES" that have followed. These cars were sold in restricted territory, where their performance could be watched. They were found to be right in principle and in material. They established the fact that a "SIX" of exclusive quality *can be made and sold for less than $2500.* Naturally—the HAVERS factory has never been able to meet the demand. It has never tried to. Nor did it wish a national market until the car was fortified by the test of time and until the year of the "SIX" should come.

This Is the Year of the "SIX"—
The HAVERS the "SIX" of the Year

¶ Old-time makers of "FOURS"—in many instances—are hurrying out "SIXES" to meet the insistent demand. This is that time for which the HAVERS Company has planned steadfastly for three years. And this is the announcement of the HAVERS "SIX"—the result of those three priceless years of experience.

¶ With its car perfected, the HAVERS Company stands ready. It has purchased the large E-M-F plant at Port Huron and has installed its own men and machinery. This year more HAVERS "SIXES" will be made than in the past three years combined, for the car is now a proved success. Beautiful in line, perfect in action, exquisite in appointments, it requests your very *first* consideration. For a thousand dollars less than you expect, it gives you everything you can ask for in six-cylinder luxury and service.

"3,340 Miles Without a Single Repair"

¶ After a racking tour from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, over mountains and across wildernesses, Mr. W. P. Palliser, of Rochester, N. Y., sends this word in an unsolicited letter. Add to such a record just the *average* HAVERS economy—15 miles to a gallon of fuel—and you begin to know why HAVERS owners are so enthusiastic. We will give you a hundred more proofs of quality if you will drop us a line. Do it at once. We will answer with equal promptness. Ask for a booklet of Mr. Palliser's trip across the continent.

HAVERS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Port Huron, Michigan

At the New York Show

The HAVERS will have a prominent exhibit at the National Automobile show January 11 to 18.

All dealers and motorists who are interested in the best are invited to inspect the big Electric Self Starting and Lighted HAVERS "SIX 55" and the standard "SIX 44"—Grand Central Palace, Space 127, Mezzanine Floor.

Study These Features Carefully

Havers "Six 44"

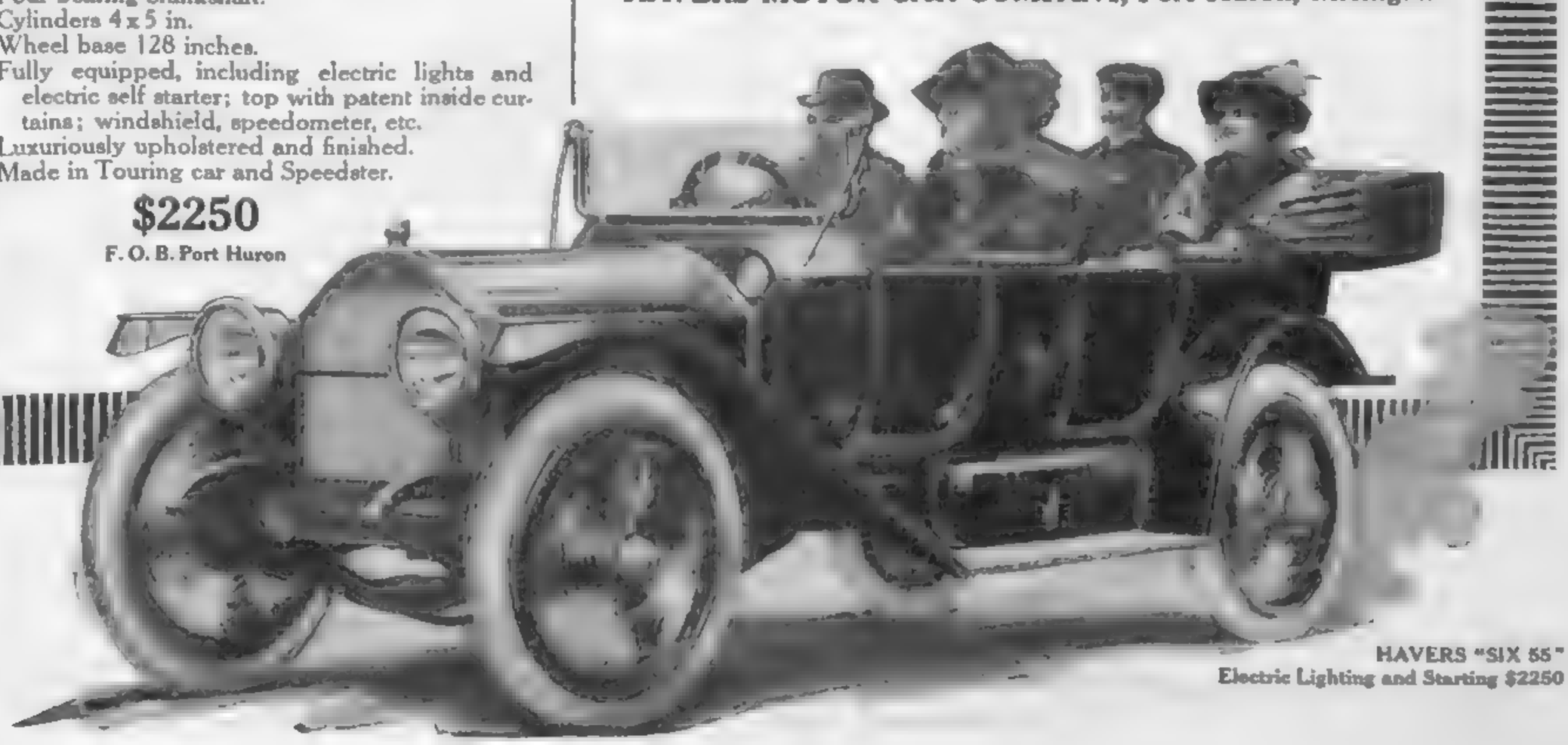
Unit Power Plant, three point suspension.
Four bearing crankshaft.
Cylinders 3¾ in. by 5 in.
Wheel base 122 inches.
Upholstery and finish, the finest quality.
Disco self starter.
Made in 4 and 5 passenger Touring Car and Roadster.

$1850

Havers "Six 55"

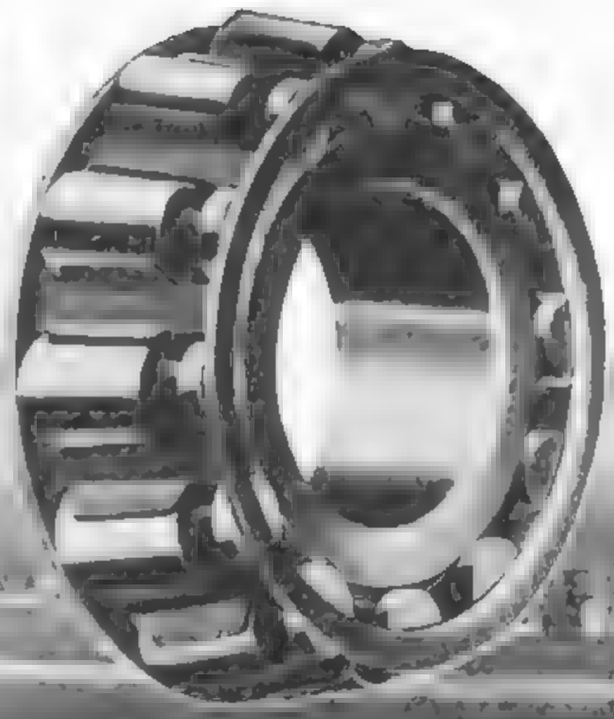
Unit Power Plant, three point suspension.
Four bearing crankshaft.
Cylinders 4 x 5 in.
Wheel base 128 inches.
Fully equipped, including electric lights and electric self starter; top with patent inside curtains; windshield, speedometer, etc.
Luxuriously upholstered and finished.
Made in Touring car and Speedster.

$2250
F. O. B. Port Huron



HAVERS "SIX 55"
Electric Lighting and Starting $2250

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS



Read Your Answer in the Cars

DO Timken principles of axle and bearing construction work out in practice? Are their merits acknowledged by the leading motor-car builders?

These questions are natural and just. You have read the Timken stories of axle and bearing importance in previous advertisements.

You have felt, as you read, that Timken principles were right, that they must have proved right on many a steep hill and stony road.

Nor did you err, for hundreds of thousands of Timken-equipped motor-cars, pleasure and commercial, are daily demonstrating the worth of Timken principles and Timken construction.

At the points of severest service—there you are most likely to find Timken Equipment

Because front axles and the bearings on their spindles *must* stand up to the tests of every day travel and meet the emergencies, builders of good cars dare not take chances at these vital points.

On the right are listed nearly all of the cars using Timken Tapered Roller Bearings and Timken-Detroit Axles. Among them, you will agree, are most of the best known and highest grade cars made in the country.

All of the makes of cars listed here use Timken Bearings or Axles on one or more models, throughout or in part.

To be specific, 97¼% of all these cars have Timken Bearings at the points of severest service—on the spindles of the front axle

In addition to that, 93¾% of the entire list have Timken Axles or Bearings at all or some of the following points: rear axle, rear wheel bearings, differential and pinion-shaft bearings, transmission bearings, commercial rear axle and jackshaft and their hubs and bearings.

Also 61⅜% of the pleasure cars and 72⅛% of the commercial cars listed at the right have Timken-Detroit Axles, front or rear or both.

Coming back, then, to the questions: "Do Timken principles of axle and bearing construction work out in practice? Are their merits acknowledged by the leading car builders?"

You can read your answer in the cars.

A Timken-Detroit Front Axle for Pleasure Cars

On the spindles and bearings of the front axle are concentrated the severest shocks, stresses and vibration of motor-car service.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

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THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 21)

The stricken Hedrick knew not whither to direct his flight; he dared not dash for the street with this imminent tattered incubus—she was almost upon him—and he frantically made for the kitchen door, only to swerve with a gasp of despair as his foot touched the step, for she was at his heels; and he was sickeningly assured she would cheerfully follow him through the house, shouting that damning refrain for all ears. A strangling fear took him by the throat—if Cora should come to be a spectator of this unspeakable flight! If Cora should hear that horrid plea for love! Then farewell, peace, indeed; farewell all joy in life forever!

Panting sobbingly, he ducked under the amorous vampire's arm and fled on. He zigzagged desperately to and fro across the broad, empty back yard, a small hand ever and anon managing to clutch his shoulder, the awful petition in his ears:

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!"

"*Hedrick!*"

Emerging from the kitchen door, Laura stood and gazed in wonder as the two eery figures sped by her, circled, ducked, dodged, flew madly on. This commonplace purlieu was become the scene of a witch-chase—the moonlight fell upon the ghastly flitting face of the pursued, uplifted in agony, white, wet, with fay eyes; also it illumined the unreal elf following close, a breeze-blown fantasy in rags.

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!"

Laura uttered a sharp exclamation. "Stand still, Hedrick," she called. "You must!"

Hedrick made a piteous effort to increase his speed.

"It's Lolita Martin," called Laura. "She must have her way or nothing can be done with her. Stand *still!*"

Hedrick had never heard of Lolita Martin, but the added information concerning her was not ineffective; it operated as a spur; and Laura joined the hunt.

"Stand still!" she cried to the wretched quarry. "She's run away. She must be taken home. Stop, Hedrick! You *must* stop!"

Hedrick had no intention of stopping, but Laura was a runner and, as he dodged the other, caught and held him fast. The next instant, Lolita, laughing happily, flung her arms round his neck from behind and held him fast.

"Lemme go!" shuddered Hedrick. "Lemme go!"

"Kiss me again, darl ——"

"I—woof!" He became inarticulate.

"She isn't quite right," his sister whispered hurriedly in his ear. "She has spells when she's weak mentally. You must be kind to her. She only wants you to ——"

"*Only!*" he echoed hoarsely. "I won't kl ——" He was unable to finish the word.

"We must get her home," said Laura anxiously. "Will you come with me, Lolita dear?"

Apparently Lolita had no consciousness whatever of Laura's presence. Instead of replying, she tightened her grasp upon Hedrick and warmly reiterated her request.

"Shut up!" hissed the goaded boy.

"Perhaps she'll go if you let her walk with her arms round your neck," suggested Laura.

"If I *what?*"

"Let's try it. We've got to get her home; her mother must be frantic about her. Come, let's see if she'll go with us that way."

With convincing earnestness Hedrick refused to make the experiment until Laura suggested that he remain with Lolita while she summoned assistance; then, as no alternative appeared, his spirit broke utterly and he consented to the trial, stipulating with a last burst of vehemence that the progress of the unthinkable pageant, whereof he was to form so spectacular an adjunct, should be through the alley.

"Come, Lolita," said Laura coaxingly. "We're going for a nice walk." At the adjective, Hedrick's burdened shoulders were racked with a brief spasm, which recurred as his sister added:

"Your darling little boy will let you keep hold of him."

Lolita seemed content. Laughing gayly, she offered no opposition but, maintaining her embrace with both arms and walking somewhat sidewise, went willingly enough; and the three slowly crossed the yard, passed through the empty stable and out into the alley. When they reached the cross-street at the upper end of the alley Hedrick balked flatly.

Laura expostulated, then entreated. Hedrick refused, with sincere loathing, to be seen upon the street occupying his present position in the group. Laura assured him that there was no one to see; he replied that the moon was bright and the evening early—he would die, and readily, but he would not set foot in the street. Unfortunately he had selected an unfavorable spot for argument—they were already within a yard or two of the street; and a strange boy, passing, stopped and observed, and whistled discourteously.

"Ain't he the spooner!" remarked this unknown, with hideous admiration.

"I'll thank you," returned Hedrick haughtily, "to go on about your own business."

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!" said Lolita.

The strange boy squawked, wailed, screamed with laughter—howled the loving petition in a dozen keys of mockery, while Hedrick writhed and Lolita clung. Enriched by a new and great experience, the torturer trotted on, leaving viperish cachinnations in his wake.

The martyrdom was at an end. A woman, hurrying past, bareheaded, was greeted by a cry of delight from Lolita, who released Hedrick and ran to her with outstretched arms.

"We were bringing her home, Mrs. Martin," said Laura reassuringly. "She's all right; nothing's the matter except that her dress got torn. We found her playing in our yard."

"I thank you a thousand times, Miss Madison!" cried Lolita's mother, and fluttering ly plunged into a description of her anxiety, her search for Lolita; and concluded with renewed expressions of gratitude for the child's safe return, an outpouring of thankfulness and joy wholly incomprehensible to Hedrick.

"Not at all," said Laura cheerfully. "Come, Hedrick. We'll go home by the street, I think." She touched his shoulder and he went with her in stunned obedience. He was not able to face the incredible thing that had happened to him; he walked in a trance of horror.

"Poor little girl!" said Laura gently, with what seemed to her brother an indefensibly misplaced compassion. "Usually they have her live in an institution for people afflicted as she is, but they brought her home for a visit last week, I believe. Of course you didn't understand, but I think you should have been more thoughtful. Really, you shouldn't have flirted with her."

Hedrick stopped short.

"Flirted!" His voice was beginning to show symptoms of changing this year; it now rose to a falsetto wail, flickered for a moment and went out.

With the departure of Lolita in safety, what had seemed bizarre and piteous became obscured, and another aspect of the adventure was presented to Laura. The sufferings of the arrogant are not wholly depressing to the spectator; and of arrogance Hedrick had ever been a master. She began to shake; a convulsion took her, and suddenly she sat upon the curbstone, without dignity, and laughed as he had never known her to laugh.

A horrid distrust of her rose within him: he began to realize in what plight he stood, what terrors o'erhung.

"Look here," he said miserably—"are you—you aren't—you don't have to go and—and *talk* about this—do you?"

"No, Hedrick," she responded, rising and controlling herself somewhat—"not so long as you're good." This was no reassuring answer. "And polter to Cora," she added.

Seemingly he heard the lash of a slave-whip crack in the air. The future grew dark.

"I know you'll try," Laura said, and the unhappy lad felt that her assurance was justified; but she had not concluded the sentence—"darling little boy!" she capped it, choking slightly.

"No other little girl ever fell in love with you, did there, Hedrick?" she asked; and, receiving an incoherent but furious reply, she was again overcome, so that she must lean against the fence to recover. "It seems—so—so *curious*," she explained,

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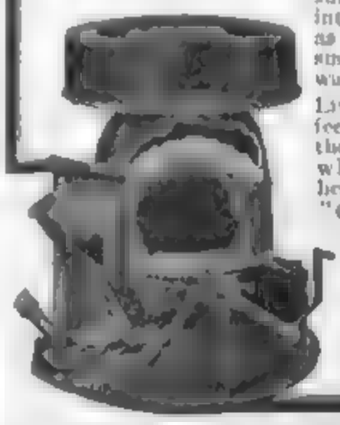

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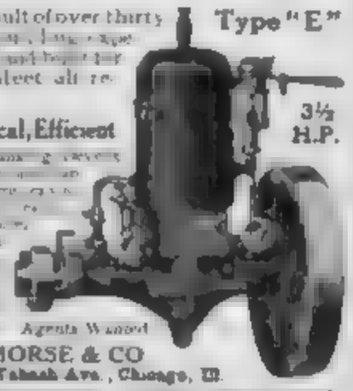

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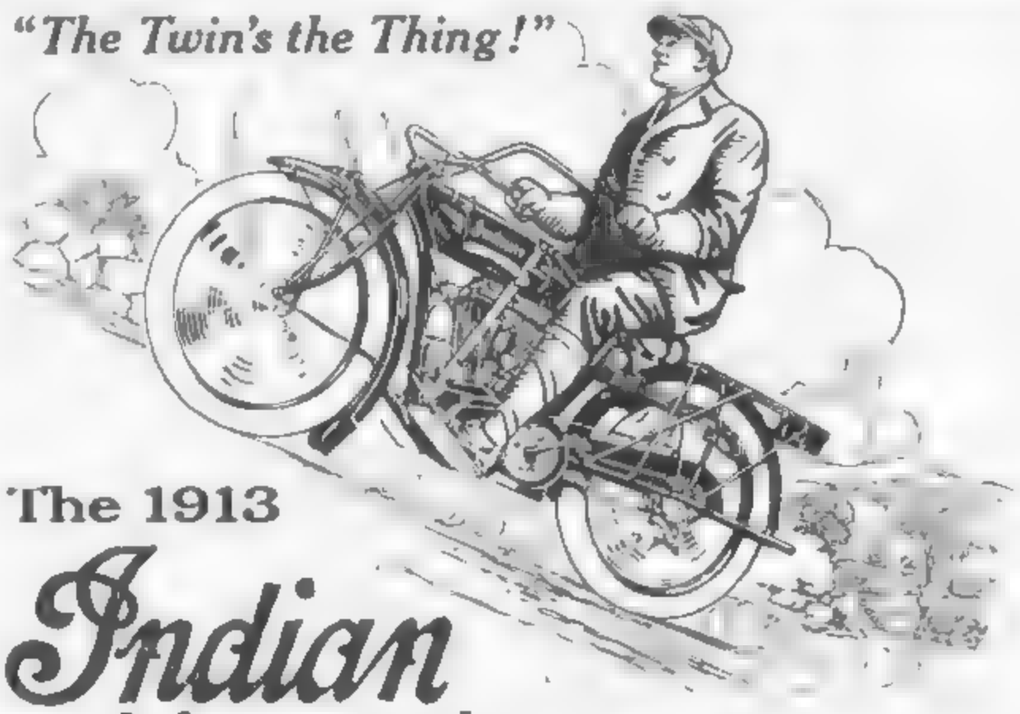

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gasping, "that the first one—the—the only one—should be an—a—an ——" She was unable to continue.

Hedrick's distrust became painfully increased; he began to feel that he disliked Laura.

She was still wiping her eyes and subject to recurrent outbursts when they reached their own abode; and as he bitterly flung himself into a chair upon the vacant front porch he heard her stifling an attack as she mounted the stairs to her own room. He swung the chair about, with its back to the street, and sat facing the wall. He saw nothing. There are profundities in the abyss which reveal no glimpse of the sky.

Presently he heard his father coughing near by, and the sound was hateful because it sounded secure and unshamed. It was a cough of moral superiority, and just then the son would have liked to believe that his parent's boyhood had been one of degradation as complete as his own; but no one with this comfortable cough could ever have plumbed such depths—his imagination refused the picture—he was bitterly certain that Mr. Madison had never kissed an idiot!

Hedrick had a dread that his father might speak to him; he was in no condition for light conversation. But Mr. Madison was unaware of his son's near presence and continued upon his purposeless way. He was smoking his one nightly cigar and enjoying the moonlight. He drifted out toward the sidewalk and was accosted by a passing acquaintance, a comfortable burgess of sixty, leading a child of six or seven by the hand.

"Out taking the air, are you, Mr. Madison?" said the pedestrian, pausing.

"Yes; just trying to cool off," returned the other. "How are you, Pryor, anyway? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"Not since last summer," said Pryor. "I only get here once or twice a year to see my married daughter. I always try to spend August with her if I can. She's still living in that little house, over on the next street, I bought for her through your real-estate company. I suppose you're still in the same business?"

"Yes. Pretty slack these days."

"I suppose so—I suppose so," responded Mr. Pryor, nodding. "Summer, I suppose it usually is. Well, I don't know when I'll be going out on the road again myself. Business is pretty slack all over the country this year."

"Let's see—I've forgotten," said Madison ruminatively. "You travel, don't you?"

"For a New York house," affirmed Mr. Pryor. He did not however mention his "line." "Yessir," he added merely as a decoration, and then said briskly: "I see you have a fine family, Mr. Madison—yessir, a fine family. I've passed here several times lately and I've noticed 'em: fine family. Let's see—you've got four—haven't you?"

"Three," said Madison. "Two girls and a boy."

"Well, sir, that's mighty nice," observed Mr. Pryor—"*mighty* nice! I only have my one daughter; and, of course, me living in New York when I'm at home and her here, why, I don't get to see much of her. You got both your daughters living with you—haven't you?"

"Yes, right here at home."

"Let's see—neither of 'em's married, I believe."

"No; not yet."

"Seems to me, now," said Pryor, taking off his glasses and wiping them—"seems to me I did hear somebody say one of 'em was going to be married—engaged, maybe."

"No," said Madison—"not that I know of."

"Well, I suppose you'd be the first to know! Yessir." And both men laughed their appreciation of this folly. "They're mighty good-looking girls—*that's* certain," continued Mr. Pryor. "And one of 'em's as fine a dresser as you'll meet this side the Rue de la Paix."

"You mean in Paris?" asked Madison, slightly surprised at this allusion. "You've been over there, Pryor?"

"Oh, sometimes," was the response. "My business takes me across now and then. I *think* it's one of your daughters I've noticed dresses so well. Isn't one of 'em a mighty pretty girl about twenty-one or twenty-two, with a fine head of hair, sort of lightish brown, beautiful figure, and carries a white parasol with a green lining sometimes?"

"Yes; that's Cora, I guess."

"Pretty name too," said Pryor approvingly. "Yessir. I saw her going into a florist's downtown the other day with a fine-looking young fellow—I can't think of his name. Let's see—my daughter was with me and she'd heard his name—said his family used to be big people in this town; and ——"

"Oh," said Madison—"young Corliss!"

"Corliss!" exclaimed Mr. Pryor with satisfaction. "That's it—Corliss. Well, sir," he chuckled, "from the way he was looking at your Miss Cora it struck me he seemed kind of anxious for her name to be Corliss too."

"Well, hardly, I expect," said the other. "They just barely know each other—he's only been here a few weeks; they haven't had time to get much acquainted, you see."

"I suppose not," agreed Mr. Pryor with perfect readiness. "I suppose not. I'll bet *he* tries all he can to get acquainted though; he looked pretty smart to me. Doesn't he come about as often as the law allows?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Madison indifferently. "He doesn't know many people about here any more, and it's lonesome for him at the hotel. But I guess he comes to see the whole family; I left him in the library a little while ago talking to my wife."

"That's the way! Get round the old folks first!" Mr. Pryor chuckled cordially; then in a mildly inquisitive tone he said: "Seems to be a fine, square young fellow, I expect?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Pretty name—Cora," said Pryor.

"What's this little girl's name?" Mr. Madison indicated the child who had stood with heroic patience throughout the incomprehensible dialogue.

"Lottie—for her mother. She's a good little girl."

"She is *so!* I've got a young son she ought to know," remarked Mr. Madison serenely with an elderly father's total unconsciousness of the bridgeless gap between seven and thirteen. "He'd like to play with her. I'll call him."

"I expect we better be getting on," said Pryor. "It's near Lottie's bedtime; we just came out for our evening walk."

"Well, he can come and shake hands with her anyway," urged Hedrick's father. "Then they'll know each other, and they can play some other time." He turned toward the house and called loudly:

"Hedrick!"

There was no response. Behind the back of his chair Hedrick could not be seen. He was still sitting immovable, his eyes torpidly fixed upon the wall.

"Hed-rick!"

Silence.

"Oh, *Hed*-rick!" shouted his father. "Come *out* here! I want you to meet a little girl! Come and see a nice little girl!"

Mr. Pryor's grandchild was denied the pleasure.

At the ghastly words "little girl" Hedrick dropped from his chair flat upon the floor, crawled to the end of the porch, wriggled through the railing and immersed himself in deep shadow against the side of the house.

Here he removed his shoes, noiselessly mounted to the sill of one of the library windows, then reconnoitred through a slit in the blinds before entering.

The gas burned low in the drop light—almost too dimly to reveal the two people upon a sofa across the room. It was a faint murmur from one of them that caused Hedrick to pause and peer more sharply. They were Cora and Corliss; he was bending close to her; her face was lifting to his.

"Ah, kiss me! Kiss me!" she whispered.

Hedrick dropped from the sill, climbed through a window of the kitchen, hurried up the back stairs, and reached his own room in time to be violently ill in seclusion.

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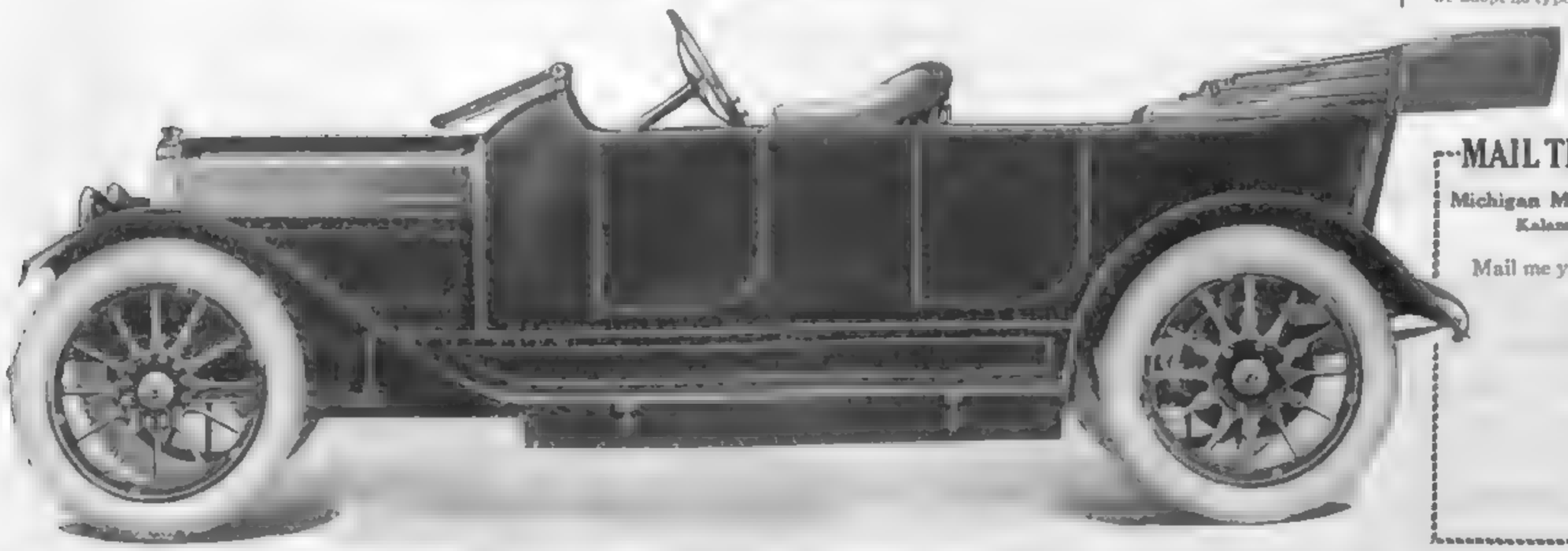

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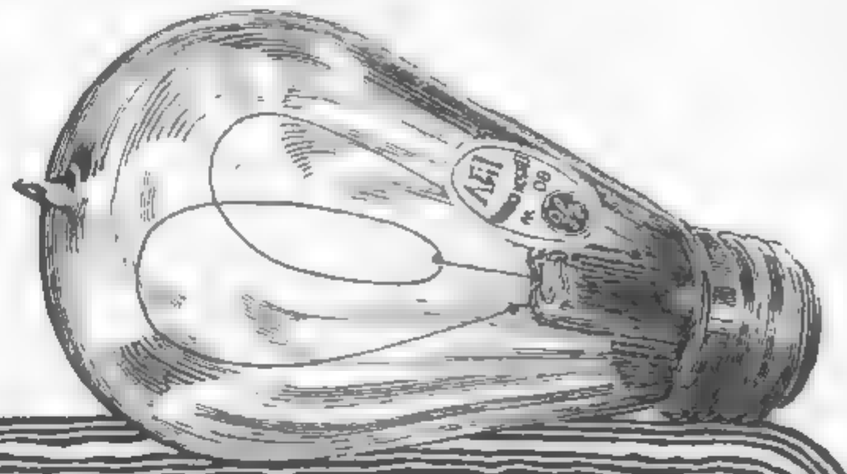
Use 3 lights at the old cost of One



For the same money that you now pay for current for the old-style carbon lamp, you can have your choice of

3 times as much light in each room—or 3 times as many rooms lighted—or
3 times as many hours of light

if, instead of the carbon lamp, you use

Edison Mazda Lamps

Do you know the difference between the Edison Mazda Lamp and the old-style carbon lamp?

Look at the pictures. Note the difference in the internal construction of these two kinds of lamps. Then look at *your* lamp. Which kind are you using?

Your nearest electrical dealer or lighting company will gladly show you the various sizes of Edison Mazda Lamps.

General Electric Company

Largest Electrical Manufacturer in the World

Sales Offices in all Large Cities. Agencies Everywhere

This Symbol on all Edison Mazda Cartons

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

Ask for the
Emery
Shirt

$1.50 up

The Shirt That Fits

No bulging at the front—*Emery* shirtmakers know the art of overcoming this common fault.

Neckbands are pre-shrunk; and there are sleeve lengths for all men.

Guaranteed *fit, color and wear*

A New Shirt for One That Fails
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W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Philadelphia

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is in store for you if you will send for Free Samples

"STEERO"
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co. New York

Place a Steero Cube in a cup, pour boiling water on it, and you'll have, instantly, the most delicious, wholesome bouillon you've ever tasted. Just try it once.

If your druggist, grocer or delicatessen dealer hasn't Steero, send 35c for box of 12 cubes, enough for 12 cups, postpaid. Tins of 50 and 100 are more economical for regular use.

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Your shoes, traveling bags, driving gloves—protect them from rain, snow and dampness, make them wear longer by the use of

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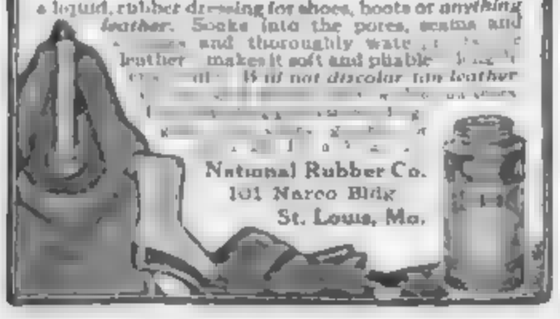
a liquid, rubber dressing for shoes, boots or *anything leather*. Soaks into the pores, seams and [illegible] and thoroughly water[illegible] leather makes it soft and pliable [illegible] will not discolor any leather



National Rubber Co.
101 Nacco Bldg
St. Louis, Mo.

Interest—The Business Mainspring

(Continued from Page 18)

taught the street-car men what may be accomplished by taking the public into their confidence.

Another interesting parallel might easily be drawn between the telephone and the express companies.

Almost from the beginning of the telephone business its management has dealt directly with the public, explaining operating difficulties and asking for coöperation. How far this seeking of public interest goes was shown by a recent incident in one of our cities. The telephone management there reaches out for its customers. Neighborhood and women's clubs, merchants' associations and similar organizations are invited to visit the company's principal exchange in a body, and are taken through the plant to see how telephone service is rendered. These visits are timed so the guests see the operating force shifted, and then the company entertains them at lunch which is served in the operators' lunchroom and is like that eaten by employees every day.

This company had a prize kicker—a physician of considerable reputation in the city and rational enough on most subjects, but a confirmed crank on telephone service. He regularly complained about shortcomings in his own service, and opposed the company on general principles. The sales department had tried various devices to win his good will, but without success.

One day the doctor's wife was in a party that visited the exchange, and the sales manager heard about her coming, in advance. About the nicest young fellow in the office was assigned to accompany her personally through the plant and see that she not only saw every detail, but also understood everything and had an enjoyable time. He did his work so well that the doctor's wife converted her husband, for every time he complained of the service after that his wife would say:

"Why, John, that may seem unreasonable to you, but if you could see how many operations it involves at Central and what pains they take, you'd be more patient."

Express Companies Unpopular

Work of this sort to interest the public has marked the telephone service in many communities, with the result that there is decidedly less hostile criticism of telephone companies than of some other public-service corporations.

With express companies matters are just the opposite. No steps have been taken to inform the public about their methods or problems. The man who pays charges on a package, only to find later that they were paid in advance by the sender at the other end, does not know that this double collection is probably due to a slip in the company's routine; for the company has not taken the trouble to explain the chances for such an oversight. Therefore he jumps to the conclusion that the company is dishonest. Express rates have been figured in a complex way and are mysterious to the public, and sometimes the express people have been a bit proud of the rate expert's ability to figure himself out of a tight corner. In one case, for instance, merchants complained about an alleged discrimination in express rates from a certain wholesale center. After the matter had been thoroughly agitated the company made a change, setting a rate that was apparently lower. This satisfied the merchants and complaints ceased. It also satisfied the company, for by a subtle kink in figuring the rate experts made it possible to get a larger revenue from that traffic than was received under the old rate.

Persistent silence for years on the part of the express companies has gradually built up strong public prejudice against them. Today their management wonders why there is so little tolerance for them. Yet the corporation manager in a field of public service where openness in dealing with the public is the rule knows that the express companies have many good points and that explanation of their methods and problems would be interesting to the public and make them friends.

Much of the popular prejudice about which the railroads now complain is undoubtedly traceable to similar causes. Instead of trying to make their methods clear

COLT REVOLVERS
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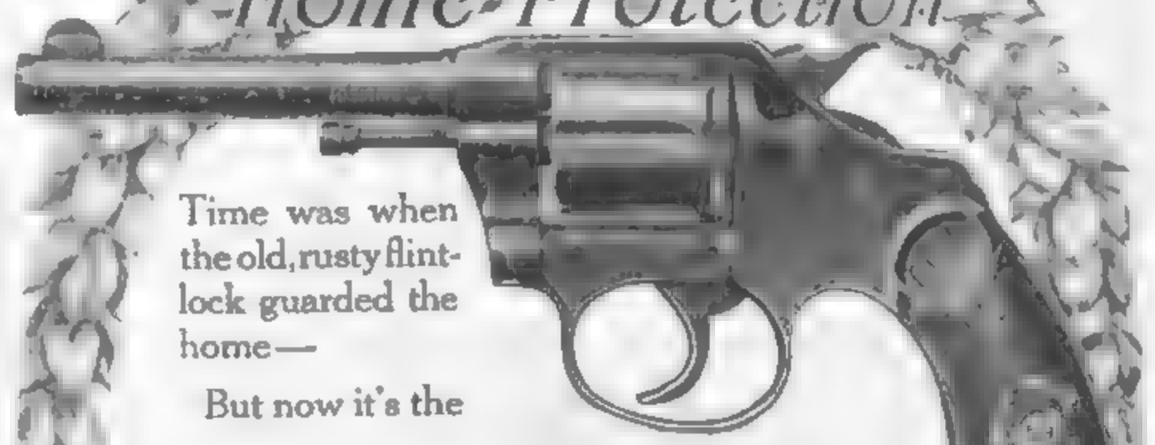
for Home Protection



Time was when the old, rusty flintlock guarded the home—

But now it's the

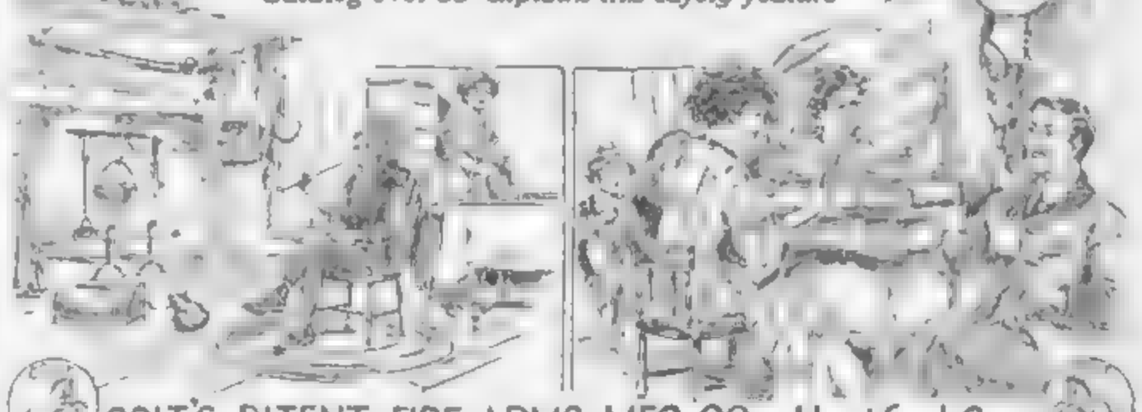
COLT REVOLVER

And between the two a century of achievement wherein the name COLT has become pre-eminent throughout the world.

You Can't Forget to Make It Safe

Accidental discharge absolutely prevented by the *"Positive Lock"* found only in the COLT

Catalog No. 85 explains this safety feature



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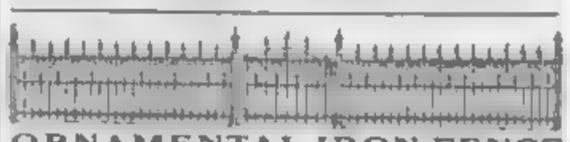

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Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Holmes Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

The Improved 1912 Model
Hand and Stand
"CLIPLESS"
Paper Fasteners

Salesmen Wanted

Make their own fastening out of the paper itself. Clips, pins, or staples not necessary.

Every office needs one for every employee. $3.50 either style.

This is the old style

Hand Fastener $2.00

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Sole Manufacturers of the "Cliplets"
Beware of Imitators!
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For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative [illegible]

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Send for Booklet "Partial Plan for saving investors"

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.

If You're a Live Boy

We want to hear from you. Thousands of boys all over the country are making lots of money selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours and on Saturdays. Besides the profits, we're giving thousands of the sort of premiums that a boy wants. If you want to try it send us a line.

Sales Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

IF YOU NEED MONEY

A YOUNG lady totally inexperienced in our work needed money and needed it badly. An advertisement of ours attracted her attention. She wrote a letter, and on September 1, 1912, enlisted as our representative. Within one month—her first, mind you—she earned $204.00. Fifty dollars a week wasn't bad for a person entirely without business experience. Her annual income, based on her first month's profits, will approximate $2,500.00.

The experience of this young lady is not unique. It is a fair standard by which *your* profits can be reckoned should you, as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Country Gentleman*, show the interest, zeal and stick-to-it-iveness which are essential to success in any business you may choose to follow.

We require intelligent representatives—not "canvassers." We need persons of reliability and good address—men or women—to look after our new subscriptions and renewals. If you are sincerely anxious to increase your income and believe that you can represent our company creditably, we shall be glad to hear from you.

Bear in mind that we do not require seasoned veterans. If you possess the fundamental qualities of industry and courtesy, we will show you the rest and work with you until you attain success, for we are as interested in the result as you are.

Many of our representatives are working for us only during their spare hours. We do not require a person's entire time, though the more time devoted to the work, the greater will be his or her earnings.

Just as soon as we hear from you we will tell you how you can earn as much as hundreds of other agents are now earning and as thousands of others have earned in the past.

Address your letter to

Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

and interesting to the public, railroad men have gone on multiplying technical difficulties. It has been estimated that there are now more than eighty-six million different railroad rates in force throughout the United States, and that freight is subject to something like twenty-three thousand separate classifications. With the rate man making matters ever more complicated, and the public concerned chiefly with finding out where the darky was hid in the woodpile, even if it had to hire a rate expert for the purpose, it is only natural that popular misunderstanding and mistrust should have grown up. Today railroad executives are astonished at the hostility of the man in the street toward their industry, based on his partial knowledge of their methods and problems. They are taking steps to explain the situation to him more clearly, for his interest is vitally necessary. His opposition is cutting off capital for extensions and improvements, and limiting earnings.

The need for public interest is gradually transforming our public-service corporations and giving them personalities.

A large company in the East had become the target for attacks and abuse all through the territory where it operates. Investigation showed that this hostility rested on the same familiar basis—lack of understanding on the part of the public. The company's routine was highly satisfactory, much of its business being handled almost automatically, but it had no personality. A customer out in a country district had to take his complaint to New York, though he did most of his business in some prosperous city near by. When he got to the general offices he was referred to somebody who understood little about his community, and probably talked to him in technical jargon, showing that the company's routine was not to be departed from. Disputes arose over trifling regulations, and hard feeling was bred by charges for trifling services.

Making Friends of Customers

About two years ago, however, this company changed those conditions and now it has a distinct personality. Management was decentralized to a degree that permitted each section of the territory to be in charge of a branch manager, located in the large town or small city where people transact their other business. The branch man is known by name, accessible, deals with customers direct, and has authority to decide all ordinary questions without refefring them to the home office. He is, moreover, a man of some consequence, with an investment in the company, and the equal of other able men in that community. He knows the leaders in business, community affairs and social life, and is the company's spokesman in that section, making statements about its plans. Within less than a year after this new method of dealing with the public was adopted complaints decreased in number, opposition died down, and important extension work, which had been blocked, went ahead with public approval.

The manufacturer and merchant find it necessary to have the public's interest, and it is being sought not in private business alone, but by public officials conducting public business. A handy illustration comes as an echo from the severe drought of 1911, when water supplies in many cities ran dangerously low. Under our old-fashioned and liberal plan of furnishing the householder all the water he can use or waste for a stated sum a year, people learned to let water run as a matter of course. No shortage ever threatened, and the more one consumed in his house the better value he got for his money.

The great drought year forced economy in the use of water. Waterworks authorities had to take steps to cut down waste in every home and at once; so newspaper statements were made, explaining the situation. Pamphlets were published to show how much water a dripping faucet would waste. At a pressure of thirty-nine pounds an opening the size of a needle, the thirty-second part of an inch, will allow about a dollar's worth of metered water to flow away monthly, figuring by New York City rates. Inspectors were sent from house to house in big cities to see that leaky fixtures were repaired. To the public this was a wholly new idea. Water waste had been due to thoughtlessness and lack of knowledge of conditions. When the question was brought to general attention, waste showed a tremendous drop in a few months.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and final article in Mr. Collins' series.

In the mountains, at the seashore, on the boulevard, at the country clubs, wherever you meet people of wealth and discrimination—there, in increasing numbers, you find the Lozier.

Safe and Sure Everywhere

IN A LOZIER you feel confidence in your car *everywhere*. If you're driving *down town*, or home from the theatre or spinning out into the country for a week-end you *know* you will *get there quickly* and *safely*. If you're thousands of miles from home *en tour* you never question whether you'll be able to *go on*. It's only a question of *what road*. This *confidence* is a part of the Lozier. Every Lozier owner *has* this confidence—a confidence bred in the strength, the power, the wonderful construction of his car. The

LOZIER "LIGHT SIX," $3250

commands this confidence in the same degree as the big Lozier. Because *it is* a Lozier, built true to Lozier tradition in every line and every part.

Ride in the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" for thirty minutes and no one could say anything that would either increase or lessen your admiration of this car.

You will *know* it is the easiest riding car you ever rode in. Not merely as easy *riding* as any other car but the *easiest riding!*

You will *know* it has all the *Lozier strength*, or it would not bear the Lozier name.

You will *know* it has all the mechanical *precision* and *finesse* of a Lozier, for it *is* a Lozier.

You will *know* how flexible it is after you have felt it creep through crowded traffic at *three miles per hour* on high without choke or miss, then jump to *fifty miles* in the open, if you want it, without jerk or jar.

You will *know* it is a *perfected* Six, because this is the *sixth year* of *successful* Lozier Sixes.

You will *know* these things. And the fact that we have found a way to build and sell such a car—a Lozier Six—for $3250 will increase your respect for Lozier *efficiency*.

You will marvel too at the *completeness* of this car. A more perfectly equipped car has never been produced. Everything that you could *ask* for is on the car. Electric self-starter—electric lighting—Warner speedometer—windshield *built into body*, adjustable for ventilation and rain vision—silk mohair top, top cover, curtains quickly adjustable from seat—instantaneous locking tire carrier—clock—electric horn—trunk rack—everything that makes a car really *complete*. And remember, the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" has left side drive, center control, a "stream line" body and many other advanced features, without which no high grade car should deserve your serious consideration. Lozier "LIGHT SIX" is built in five body types: touring and runabout $3250, Coupé $3850, five-passenger fully enclosed Limousine and six-passenger semi-fore-door Limousine $4450.

The Lozier Big Six, in all body types, $5000 to $6500.

See these cars at your Lozier dealer's, or ask for catalog by mail

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 211 Mack Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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"My Best Recipe" Exchange and Kitchen Economy Department

Conducted By Mary Jane McClure

Wanted! Your "Best Recipe"

We Pay in Books and Bouillon Cubes—Distribute Generous Cash Prizes

We want every skillful housewife in the United States to send us her "Best Recipe" for Armour's Monthly Cook Book.

Nothing fancy or elaborate, or hard to make—but recipes that the most women can make the best use of.

In return we will send you Armour's Monthly Cook Book for three months (each month a new issue) together with samples of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, both Beef and Chicken.

One look at the cook book, or trial of the cubes, will convince you that you have received most valuable prizes.

The cook book gives you every month 196 new and original recipes, that will never appear anywhere else—the bouillon cubes introduce you to one of the greatest of household conveniences—delicious, appetizing, stimulating bouillon that is made in a minute with no more trouble than boiling a kettleful of water.

If your recipe is especially novel, economical or practical, or perhaps all three, it may in addition win a generous cash prize. **$539 in prizes is awarded this month in our prize recipe contest—divided into $5—$3—$2—$1—prizes,** one of each denomination for every state in the Union, including District of Columbia.

Such a division of this prize money makes prize winning easy. **Four women in every state win a prize this month,** and have their recipe and their name and address published in the next issue of Armour's Monthly Cook Book, an honor that women who realize the great importance of appetizing, nutritious and hygienic cooking will appreciate.

The month's prizes are given in the panel just below—196 in all, amounting to $539. Your "best recipe" may very easily win one—better try your luck. It will anyway bring you **three issues** of the Cook Book and Bouillon Cube Samples—most valuable prizes in themselves.

$5—$3—$2—$1 Prizes

49 of Each

Will Be Awarded This Month As Follows

The $5 prizes are for the best ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef, the great kitchen economizer. Housewives who know this product find it so valuable in good and economical cooking that everyone should know some recips. Remember, there is a prize for every state and send yours in. One $5 prize will be awarded in every state—49 in all.

There are 49 prizes of $3 each waiting for Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard recipes—for bread, cake, pastry, etc., or for any of the delicacies that are fried in deep fat. Don't try to get up anything extra—send something you make every day—home recipes are the most likely to be prize winners.

This month's $2 prizes are for dishes made from some one of Armour's *Veribest* Brand of Meats or one of the various loaf mixtures or for some new way of utilizing "*Veribest* Pork and Beans."

Forty-nine prizes of $1 each will be awarded to housewives who know especially appetizing ways to prepare Armour's "Star" ham or bacon. Both are so good that they invite culinary skill—you can't fail with the "Star" brand. Tell us how you broil or bake or fry or mince, and the $2 may very easily be yours.

Awards are made for economy, practicability and originality. Please write in ink on only one side of the paper and put your name and address on every page. Pin all pages together and mail to Mary Jane McClure, Dept. 243, Armour and Company, Chicago.

This month's contest closes January 15, and names of winners and the prize-winning recipes will be published in the February issue of Armour's Monthly Cook Book.

Rich Meat Dishes at Lowest Cost

Pure, rich flavor that makes any meat dish you prepare as appetizing as porterhouse, is yours in every jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. With it you can serve the cheaper cuts of meat without risking a protest from your family. It puts in the lacking flavor, and allows you to serve plenty of rich gravy, which makes any meat dish delicious. For utilizing leftovers Armour's Extract of Beef is invaluable; you need never waste a scrap of meat if you have it always on hand.

ARMOUR'S BOUILLON CUBES change the making of bouillon from five hours to a matter of five minutes—less if there is boiling water ready. Try a cup made from one of the cubes we send you and decide if we haven't given you the best bouillon you ever tasted—a convenient soup course, a welcome "pick-me-up," something handy as well as delicious to serve at any hour with the complete elimination of trouble.

Veribest Products That Help Out the Housewife

Instead of cooking all day Saturday to provide for Sunday's luncheon or company supper, choose some one of Armour's *Veribest* Brand of Meats, or perhaps a loaf mixture, and serve just as they come, or as the basis for a fancy dish. There is Beef, Chicken and Tongue, Deviled and Loaf mixtures of Ham, Chicken, Veal and Beef, all especially appetizing and delicious. *Veribest* old-fashioned Pork and Beans always are welcome, and for dessert there is mince pie made from *Veribest* Mince Meat, the best of all winter time desserts.

Good Cooks Everywhere Vote For "Simon Pure"

Wherever you find a housewife that excels in cake and pastry and hot bread making—who knows just how to fry chicken and oysters and croquettes in deep fat, you will find that this housewife uses Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard both for shortening and for frying. For the purest and finest of leaf fat, tried out in open kettles the way we do it makes the most delicate of all shortenings. When it comes to frying, Armour's "Simon Pure" hasn't an equal. Use the same kettleful over and over again—it doesn't absorb taste or odors.

Best of Good Eating Yours in "Star" Brand

Epicures everywhere know that there isn't a greater treat than a fine Armour's "Star" ham baked or boiled or broiled or fried or prepared in some especial way that some one housewife knows. The secret is quality—young, juicy ham cured and smoked in the good old-fashioned, painstaking way.

Armour's "Star" bacon is just as good as "Star' ham—nothing equals it for breakfast and for garnishing other dishes or with a nice fresh egg.

Remember, every prize winning recipe every month is published in Armour's Monthly Cook Book, together with the name and address of the winner—which makes it especially interesting as well as valuable.

Fine cooking is the leading branch of Domestic Science and Economy, to which prominent women everywhere are paying the closest attention—studying, learning, and passing on their knowledge for the benefit of others. Which last is what we ask of you.

The Stearns-Knight Car—

The Choice of Men Who Choose From All The World

Last year the Stearns-Knight car was the choice of a thousand men—men who search the markets of the whole world, and demand the best.

All of them, practically, were experienced motorists. They knew the inherent faults and complications of the poppet valve motor. And they grasped at a glance the soundness of the sleeve-valve principle.

These thousand men took our entire output. Others of their class waited for us to offer a car of greater power. Now we announce such a car—

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In sheer, exhilarating power this new model is a worthy successor to the old 30-60 H.P. Stearns—one of the greatest cars the world has ever known. In silence, flexibility and ease of control, in comfort and convenience, it is a supreme achievement in motor-car luxury.

The equipment is absolutely complete. It includes Gray & Davis electric starting and lighting system, Warner Auto-Meter, top, windshield, Mea magneto, Klaxon horn, demountable rims, and many other appointments.

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A WINTER NECESSITY

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Prevents
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qualities.
Send 4¢ in stamps
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